

The Carolinian

1913

Anniversary Number


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CAROLINIAN



The Annual published by
the students of the State
Normal and Industrial
College, Greensboro,
North Carolina.





FOREWORD

OUR CHIEF WISH FOR
THIS ANNIVERSARY
VOLUME IS THAT IT
MAY BRING THE
STUDENTS OF
TODAY AND THE
STUDENTS OF
YESTERDAY INTO
CLOSER₁ TOUCH
AND FULLER
SYMPATHY

The Editors



CAROLINIAN



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DEDICATION



O our elder sisters, our faithful friends, the Alumnae, who, though scattered far and wide, have ever shown the deepest interest in all our undertakings, who upon repeated occasions have given us the strongest evidence of their love for their Alma Mater, and to whose loyalty our Institution owes no small part of its present usefulness, the class of nineteen hundred and thirteen, affectionately and gratefully dedicates this Anniversary Volume.



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Died Oct. 7, 1912



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In Memoriam



Charles Brantley Aycock

The Educational Governor of
North Carolina

"A man of pure heart, clear vision and unflinching
courage—the best loved man of his people"

Born November 1, 1859

Died April 4, 1912



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R. T. Gray



ROBERT TERELIUS GRAY was born in Randolph County, North Carolina, June 3, 1848. He was educated at Bingham School, Mebane, N. C., and at the University of Virginia. Later, he read law under Chief Justice Pearson, and in 1873, settled in Raleigh for the practice of his profession. In 1875 he was married to Miss Caro Lilly, of Fayetteville. Three children were born of this union.

Mr. Gray served as trustee to a number of institutions having as their purpose the uplift of humanity. He was a member of the Board of Trustees of Rex Hospital and of Edenton Street Methodist Church, Raleigh, N. C.; a member of the Board of Trustees and of the Executive Committee of the University of North Carolina; and a member of the Board of Directors and of the Executive Committee of the State Normal and Industrial College. His service to the latter institution began in 1892, as one of the donors of the site on which the first buildings were erected, and continued until his death, October 7th, 1912.

Such, in barest outline, are the facts in the life of Robert T. Gray. But who that knew him will rest content with such an outline, or admit that in it are found the excellencies of the man we loved? For eleven years he gave freely of his best thought to the development of this College, and none of all its benefactors have served it more cheerfully or devotedly. A man of large views, warm-hearted, companionable, and courteous, he exemplified at their best both the virtues and the graces of manhood. In his cheerful presence all the better qualities of our nature seemed called into active existence:—all pessimism and selfishness, and rudeness, effectually rebuked. To know him was to love him; and to enjoy his friendship, a distinct mental and spiritual uplift. Men found in him their model of chivalry; women a high and noble nature eminently worthy of their trust, and children—a sweet-tempered counsellor and friend.

On this page, sacred to his memory, we would sound no note of woe. To do so would ill requite his services and prove us no apt pupils of his cheerful faith. We loved him, and in all the relations of life we found him worthy to be loved. His coming added an element of largeness to life: manners grew sweeter, labor lighter, and duty less a task-master. His passing cannot change these things nor rob us of our heritage. There are lives the very memories of which are as benedictions, and such to us will ever be the life of Robert Terelius Gray.



CAROLINIAN



In Memoriam



R. T. Gray

Born June 3, 1848

Died October 7, 1912



CAROLINIAN



Carolina

Carolina, mother mine,
State upheld by right divine.
Thou of great and noble heart
Good and bounteous too thou art;
We, thy children, honor thee,
From the mountains to the sea.

Thine the sons who bravely fought,
Thine the hands that patient wrought;
Theirs the faith that faltered not,
Theirs the record without blot.
Deeds heroic thou hast seen
Carolina, proud, serene.

Can we fail thee, mother, now?
Will the future cloud thy brow?
Not while flowing in our veins
One drop of patriot blood remains!
Keep us ever truly thine,
Carolina, mother mine.

—*Alice Sawyer, '16.*

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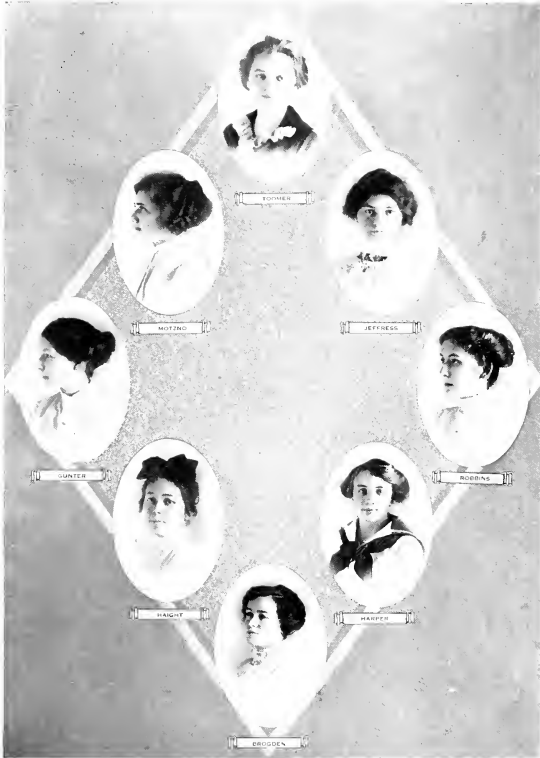


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TO DR. FOUST

(A TOAST)

"TO you, our cheerful friend
—to you who seem to be
an exquisite architect for-
ever building up the castle of
happiness for those about you—
to you who can always see the
silver lining to every cloud,"
who can share our sorrows, and
share our joys, and be content
to serve, we honor ourselves
in toasting you.



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The Old North State

Carolina, Carolina,—Heaven's blessings attend her;
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her.
Though the scorner may sneer at and wittings defame her,
Still our hearts swell with gladness whenever we name her.

CHORUS:

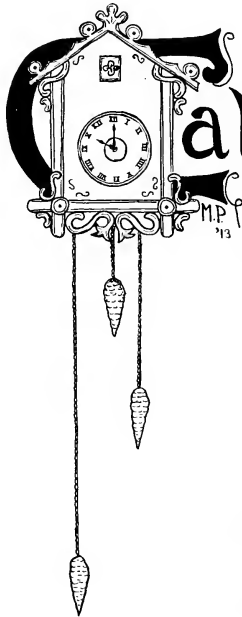
Hurrah! Hurrah! The old North State forever;
Hurrah! Hurrah! The good old North State.

Though she envies not others their merited glory,
Say, whose name stands the foremost in Liberty's story?
Though too true to herself e'er to crouch to oppression,
Who can yield to just rule a more loyal submission?

Then, let all those who love us, love the land that we live in,
As happy a region as on this side of Heaven,
Where plenty and peace, love and joy smile before us;
Raise aloud, raise together, the heart-thrilling chorus.



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alendar

1912—SEPTEMBER 18. Wednesday—
Examinations begin.

FOR NEW STUDENTS:

Registration.

Entrance Examinations.

Examinations for Advanced Standing.

FOR FORMER STUDENTS:

Examinations for Removal of Conditions.

Examinations for Advanced Standing.

SEPTEMBER 21. Saturday—

Examinations end.

Registration of Former Students.

Registration of Students who enter by Certificate.

SEPTEMBER 23. Monday—

Regular College Work begins.

OCTOBER 5. Saturday—

Founder's Day.

NOVEMBER 28. Thursday—

Thanksgiving Holiday.

CHRISTMAS—

Recess from Dec. 23 to Jan. 2, inclusive.

1913—JANUARY 27. Monday—

Spring Term begins.

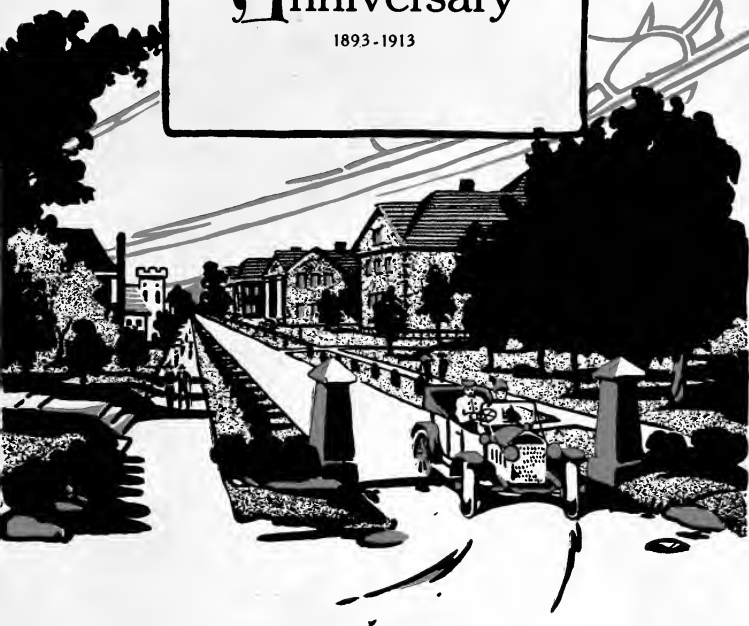
MAY 24, 25, 26, 27. Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday.

Commencement Exercises.

JUNE 11. Wednesday—

Summer Session begins.

Book the
First
Anniversary
1893-1913





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Charles D. McGiver



CAROLINIAN



Charles Duncan McIver

"Leadership that endures only comes through loving service."



ERTAINLY Dr. McIver won the place he holds among North Carolina educators by loving service. The place is his because he did patiently and well the preparatory work which of necessity must be done. From early years he seems to have had it in him to hold to his convictions with a grip that would not let them go. As a child, he was taught by his mother implicit obedience and a high regard and reverence for the truth, and he was so far true to her teaching that he never had any patience with disobedience, falsehood or deceit in any form. In my opinion, his success in his life-work was due in no small measure to his continuous faithfulness and the careful training which his good parents gave him.

He had also a remarkably clear vision which enabled him to look far into the future and make present work part of a great plan. All of us who knew him well realized that the foundations for the great work he did for the cause of education were carefully laid in years of preparatory thought and study of the State's educational problems. He was learning his lessons, whatever the special work upon which he was engaged, whether teaching in private or public school, traveling from county to county in the cause of education, or discussing these problems which seemed to him most vital, with the State's political leaders. Dr. McIver's place in the State was won by his patient continuance in effort to establish the truth as it was revealed to him.

His plans for this College were not limited to the years in which he was to be its President; he cast his work far in advance, and made it a part of an endless plan. To erect buildings and plan courses of study were mere incidents in his designs. He proposed to build character, and thus help to build a greater State. Realizing the important mission of the home in the accomplishment of his purpose, he made it his chief concern that ours should be a State whose women are educated.

"For he was made, not after the power of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life."

This passage I have held rather sacred to his memory, since he was taken from us, for it seems to me to typify his life and work. His plans were not made for time as we measure it, but the endless years stretched out before his vision and he showed his wisdom when he invested his time and strength in the great work to which he gave his life.



CAROLINIAN



Browning's beautiful words are a fitting characterization of this, the State's acknowledged educational leader:

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake."

Let us hope that his purpose may be recognized and fulfilled by all who enter this College, and that we may all be inspired and controlled by "the power of an endless life." In Dr. McIver's own words, let us "Live more abundantly through more abundant service, striving hopefully for the larger things of life."

In life like this and service such as his,
Our thanks are rendered to the God who gave;
And pray while time is given us here to serve,
We too may follow where he saw the light.





History of the Establishment of the State Normal and Industrial College



THE AGITATION for Normal Schools in the State, and the growing realization of its people as to the need of Normal Schools was felt as far back as 1839. In those early days there were some petitions sent to the School Fund Committee, which composed the only School Board of the day, and who had charge of a few paltry thousands for school purposes, urging the erection of a school for women. These petitions, however, did little or no good, except perhaps to lay some sort of foundation work for the future fight for a Normal School for the women of the State. There were, previous to the

Normal and Industrial School for Women, a number of small town or community schools scattered throughout the State. These schools were for both men and women teachers, and were held only during the summer months. They were very inadequate for the needs of the State, and not very well supported by the people in general. Perhaps the greatest service that they did was to help show to the people of North Carolina the great need of a place where the women of the State could get real training in teaching. It made them realize that the only hope of educating their children was through the service of trained teachers. So the work for the founding of a Normal School in the State began. This campaign lasted for about ten years, and during this time there was some of the noblest and some of the very best work done that has ever been done in all of the history of our State.

To the Teachers' Assembly, which was organized in 1883, should be and is given the credit for the most influential work done in this campaign. In *The Teacher*, an educational journal, in which all of the sentiments and transactions of the Teachers' Assembly were recorded there were frequent editorials, paragraphs and articles on the subject of a normal school. These began almost immediately with the founding of the assembly, and are found scattered through the journal all the way from 1883 to 1891, which latter date was after the passage of the normal school bill. However, it was not until 1886 that the Teachers' Assembly took definite steps in this direction. In June of that year at their annual session at Black Mountain, they drew up a set of very worthy resolutions in which such principles were set forth as, "Whereas, the large majority of North Carolina teachers are women," and "whereas, a course of pedagogics has been established at the University for men and no suitable provisions have been made



HISTORY OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE

for female teachers; therefore, be it resolved, that it is the sense of this assembly that a permanent college for men and women preparing to teach ought to be established by the State." So in a long petition they gave their reasons for believing that a normal school



MAIN BUILDING AND OLD BRICK DORMITORY

should be founded. They asked for an annual appropriation of \$10,000, and asked that the school be managed by a board of directors who would be appointed by the Board of Education. The committee appointed to memorialize the General Assembly



HISTORY OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE

at this time was composed of three members, E. A. Alderman, S. M. Finger and Mary R. Goodloe. This bill was submitted to the Senate and had the unanimous approval of the Committee on Education, but on vote it failed to pass in the House. The committee at this session of the Assembly was asked to continue to keep their request before the General Assembly, and to urge it as much as possible.

The Teachers' Assembly thoroughly realized the necessity for the normal school, and "would yet have it," reads their notes, "even though they were compelled to elect



GUILFORD HALL AND THE MCIVER BUILDING

a Legislature that would establish it for them." *The Teacher*, an educational journal, which was the mouthpiece for the assembly, and which claims to have "organized and built up the great assembly," says in speaking of the assembly: "It has originated the movement for the great State necessity, the North Carolina Normal College, which the next Legislature will give to our teachers."

The memorial of 1886 then was the first that was sent in from any source. In



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HISTORY OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE

a way, it started the movement off, if you could say that it was started off, for like most things concerned with education, it was a gradual growth and awakening on the part of the people themselves, and had been going on for some time. There is no doubt but that a great many people in the State realized the need of a normal school as much as did the Teachers' Assembly, but who did not talk and agitate it. Now from this time on memorials and petitions began to come before the General Assembly, and the normal school began to be talked of throughout the State. It has been said that it was not until 1889 that the question really came before the assembly for serious consideration, which goes to show how hard it was to accomplish anything along this line, and how the hard, honest work of certain organizations and individuals was finally made to show up for something, even though they were hardly recognized at first. The Teachers' Assembly took similar means as in 1886 to appeal to the General Assembly in 1887 and 1888.

In 1889 there was a memorial sent which read: "Memorial in behalf of the North Carolina Teachers' Training School." This was a direct appeal, written in a very simple way, for the girls of the State. It did not attempt to submit any plan for the organization or appropriation for the school, as the memorial of 1886 did. It was simply a very short, but well worded and forcible plea for such an institution. The committee that appeared before the Legislature at this time was composed of exactly the same people that were on the committee of 1891. They were Charles D. McIver, chairman; E. G. Harrell, E. P. Moses, E. A. Alderman, George T. Winston, D. Mat Thompson and Mrs. J. A. McDonald. All of these names are very prominent ones in the educational history of our State, so we can readily see what a power was behind the fight for a normal school. This bill passed the Senate three to one, but failed in the House by sixteen votes. The bill, as we see, came very near passing, and with a renewed effort on the part of the men that were urging it, it was not very far from being carried through.

During this time other organizations and persons in the State were beginning to follow in the path set for them by the Teachers' Assembly, and to urge the cause of the normal school. The Women's Christian Temperance Union endorsed this petition which failed to pass, as the ones previous to it had. Governor Fowle in his message to the Legislature also urged the establishment of an institution for the higher education of girls. The Farmers' Alliance passed resolutions at its meeting in Asheville asking the State for such an institution. It can readily be seen what an influence such a proceeding



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HISTORY OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE

on the part of this organization would mean in the winning of this battle. In such a State as ours the farmers form a very great factor, and the people who were fighting for the erection of a normal school felt that the victory was half won when the farmers declared themselves in favor of it. Major Finger also did some very effective work for this cause in his reports to the General Assembly. Honorable J. L. M. Curry



STUDENTS' BUILDING

also appeared before the Assembly and made a very forcible plea for the normal. He offered the assistance of the Peabody School Fund. This must have undoubtedly been great inducement to them, for the money for schools in those days was very little, and North Carolina immediately became poverty stricken when the word "schools" was ever mentioned to her.



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HISTORY OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE

Now, the Legislature sent out in September of 1889, instead of establishing the normal college, two men to do institute work. That is, to hold institutes for teachers over the State and to talk to the people about education. These two men, who were Charles D. McIver and E. A. Alderman, worked for this cause as they had never worked before. They realized that this was their chance to get the people of the State, as a whole, interested in education, and also to get them particularly interested in the higher



CURRY BUILDING

education of women. Not only did they go through the State and hold schools in every county to show the teachers how to teach, but they also talked to anybody and everybody about the need for a normal school. They talked to them on the street corners, in their homes, and just anywhere they happened to meet them. They also held public meetings and made speeches to arouse the people. When the Assembly of 1891 met, Dr. McIver went to Raleigh to work for the normal school among the legislators



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HISTORY OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE

themselves, and among the people, asking them to demand that the legislators vote for a normal school. This work was not in vain, and at this session of the Assembly there was an act passed establishing a Normal and Industrial School for white girls. The committee from the Teachers' Assembly suggested the adding of the industrial part to the



LIBRARY BUILDING

normal school, so this suggestion was carried out. The bill passed after three readings in the House, and after many amendments has been proposed. There was only one of the proposed amendments carried, however, and read:

"Provided further, that each county shall have representation in proportion to its white school population, if it desires, and should any county fail to avail itself of its pro-



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HISTORY OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE

portionate number, the board of directors may recognize applicants from counties which already have their proportionate representation." The bill itself provided the name of the institution, which should be the "Normal and Industrial school." It also said that the school should be managed by a board of directors which should consist of nine

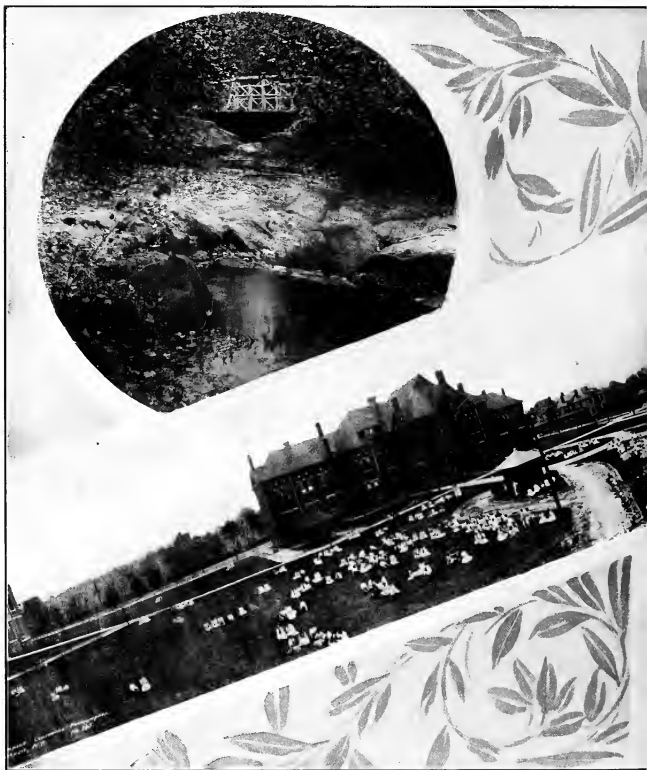


SPENCER DORMITORY

persons, one from each of the congressional districts of the State, and that they should serve ten years. "The objects of the institution shall be, "as described in the bill:

"1. To give to young women such an education as shall fit them for teaching.

"2. To give instruction in the arts of drawing, telegraphy, typewriting, stenography and such other industrial arts as may be suitable to their sex and conducive to



PANORAMIC VIEW OF CAMPUS AND ST



NTS AND SCENES IN PEABODY PARK

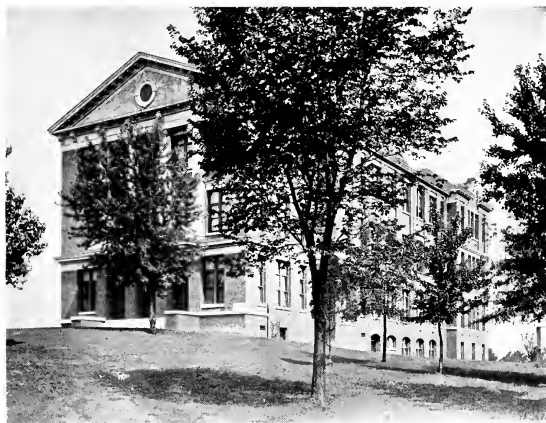


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their support and usefulness. Tuition shall be free to those who signify their intention to teach upon such conditions as may be prescribed by the board of directors." Many other sections providing for the session, site, buildings, requirements for admission, etc., were included.



MCIVER BUILDING

With the passage of this bill a new era began for the women of North Carolina. It was the fulfillment of the noble work of a few men who realized the need of such an institution in our State, who realized the necessity of educating the women of the State as well as its men. It was a significant day in the history of our State for, while it took a great deal of force in the shape of memorials and petitions to make the Assem-



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bly realize the need of it, the great fact remains that they did finally wake up and give their much-needed consent.

The first members of the Board of Directors had charge of all of the arrangements for the launching of the College, and the building of it began immediately. By the next October, even though it was not entirely completed, the students began to come.



NEW INFIRMARY

Of course the first thing to be considered was the location of the college. The bill said, "at some suitable place where the citizens will furnish the necessary buildings, or money sufficient to erect them." Greensboro, Graham and Thomasville, all made offers of sums ranging from twenty to thirty thousand dollars, and a suitable site. There was a great deal of dissatisfaction on the part of the other three towns when Greens-



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boro was selected, and a great many unpleasant things were said about it, but taking everything into consideration it was very evident to most people, at least, that the board had made a wise selection. Greensboro made a bond issue of \$30,000, and donated it to the College. The site for the college was selected at once and donated by Messrs. Pullen and Gray, E. P. Wharton and others. A main building was erected, in which the class rooms, auditorium and offices were situated, and the main dormitory was



WOMAN'S BUILDING

started, but when about halfway completed the funds gave out, and the members of the board gave their own bond for enough money to complete the building. At the next meeting of the Assembly these men were relieved of their notes. By October, 1892 the plant was in good enough shape for the students to come, and on October 15 the first regular work began.

That first year, as I suppose all first years of institutions are, is a very unique one



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in the history of the college. There was a very limited equipment, with scarcely any of the modern conveniences as compared to our present plan. Dormitory and class room were both very limited. The Dormitory capacity was limited to less than one hundred and fifty boarders, while there were only fifteen class rooms in the main building, including the chapel and offices. Everything was more or less in a state of chaos. The faculty were new and were practically strangers to each other. There was necessarily no course of study at the very first, and there were 223 students whose varied experiences and advantages made them very hard to classify. However, the faculty joined their efforts and after a short while things were put into some sort of order. The courses of study were about the first things to be planned. The bill establishing the college provided for instruction which could be covered by only three departments; a normal department, a commercial, and a domestic science department. Three courses of study were arranged which embraced these three departments. The first course was a regular academic course, including science, history, Latin, English, etc.; the second allowed special attention to domestic science, and the third allowed special attention to the commercial department. There was a graduating class of eleven the first year, and all of these except one, were graduates of other colleges for women in the State.

This, then, is the history of the establishment of the State Normal and Industrial College, which includes the campaign carried on prior to the passing of the bill for its establishment, and the history of the first year, the real test of its final establishment. Nineteen years of steady growth have intervened between then and the present time, and many changes and substitutions have been made. For this reason, and also on account of the space given this article, the writer has not attempted to portray the history of the College any further than the first year. There are numerous sketches, however, in the succeeding pages of this book that will, when summed up, make a very good history of the nineteen following years. It is hoped that these sketches will give the readers at least an insight into this history, and it will be left with them to draw their own conclusions and estimates of the ideals and accomplishments of the College.



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The First Week at the State Normal College

"Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight,
Tell an old story, show an old sight."



IF WE, as students of history, are to see events in their proper light, giving them their just significance, meting out credit where credit is due, and withholding it where it is undeserved, we must view the events in a sympathetic way. Thus it is well, in considering the great growth of the State Normal and Industrial College, to forget present conditions for a little while and to see the College through the eyes of the students of 1892.

The opening of the Normal School had been postponed from September 28th to October 5th, owing to an unexpected delay in getting the heating apparatus. When the great body of girls arrived at the small Greensboro station on the late afternoon of the 5th, they were met by a young man, slightly over thirty, whose face was beaming with cordial welcome. He told them he was President McIver, gave them a few words of kindly greeting, and sent them in street carriages directly to the Normal School. Surely real pioneers moving westward into unexplored territory experienced no more strange or tremulous sensations than did these girls on that long ride over the rough, almost desolate country road. At last, with a final bump, the carriage came to a standstill on the Normal grounds. Here the girls found that six buildings had been erected; the main building, which contained all the class rooms; the president's house; the brick dormitory; another dormitory called Midway; a two-room cabin, where the laundry was done by hand, and a barn. Some of the buildings were not yet finished. The scaffolding was still unremoved, the workmen's chips and other debris were scattered broadcast. Lighted candles, which had been placed in each window, shed their cheerful rays unobstructed by shades or curtains.

The girls went directly to the main entrance of the brick dormitory. There, in the big unfinished hallway, they found Miss Kirkland, the gracious lady principal, waiting to assign them their permanent abiding places. After meeting the girls, she gave them their keys and sent them off to find their rooms. There were no "old girls" to pilot the homesick ones around and speak a word of cheer. All were new and for the most part, strangers to each other.



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THE OLD CHAPEL



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That night, when the tired girls were preparing to retire, they ingeniously substituted black petticoats for curtains. As they had arrived so late, they did not receive their baggage that night, and were forced to sleep on beds devoid of pillow or cover.

The next morning after breakfast, a big bell fastened under the water tank, on the back of Main Building, summoned the girls to chapel. Dr. McIver and the other eleven members of the faculty, sat on the rostrum. All were young enthusiasts, scarcely



AUDITORIUM OF STUDENTS' BUILDING

older than the maturer pupils. About two hundred students were present that first morning. Later, the number was increased to two hundred and twenty-three—a girl for every pound their president weighed, as one of the number amusingly remarked.

After the girls had assembled in chapel, religious exercises were held. The president then said a few inspiring words to the students, and introduced each teacher to them in such a way as to require the teacher to make a speech. In order to get a general



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personnel of the students, Dr. McIver asked them several questions about the subjects they had previously studied, and the ones they now desired to study. Then he explained to them that the Faculty would have to arrange programs and recitation schedules, and while they were thus employed, he wanted the students to occupy themselves taking examinations. By these the teachers would be enlightened as to the knowledge of the students, and the students would be given something to do. Thus, that first day, under the supervision of one of the older students, the girls began taking examinations, which continued throughout the week. The honor graduates of reputable schools had most of their work accepted without any examinations. All the students, however, were required to take examinations on arithmetic and English, and all were given the same questions on these, regardless of their previous attainments.

The Faculty, meanwhile held long committee meetings, lasting from eight to twelve hours, and attempted the difficult task of preparing a curriculum to meet the needs of girls whose educational advantages differed greatly.

During the first week at College the girls had little work to do. There were no books to study, no lessons to be learned. Some household duties, however, claimed a part of their time. The candles used the first night were in a few days replaced by oil lamps. Each girl had to fill and care for her own lamp. Woe to the girl who overlooked the task until night, for the oil was fast behind lock and key. Carpenters were still busily at work. Every morning the girls had to sweep shavings out of their rooms. Moreover conveniences of water were lacking, so each girl had to bring her daily supply from a pump in the yard.

The first few days were very happy ones for the girls. In spite of discomforts, a genial spirit of sympathy existed, not only between fellow students, but also between Faculty and students. The privations and struggles against existing conditions caused the closest friendships to be formed. These were the condition under which was born that spirit of loyalty which has ever characterized a Normal student.

KATHRINE MCDIARMID ROBINSON. '13.



Reminiscences of the Fire



THE EVENT in the year of 1904 that stands out most vividly is the fire which occurred on the early morning of January 21st, when the old brick dormitory, the kitchen, the dining room, and the laundry—\$80,000 worth of property—were totally destroyed. The fire was discovered by Miss Carrie Lilly, whose room was near where it originated. She ran from hall to hall, giving the alarm. There was no panic. The true Normal spirit was exemplified. One of the girls, writing home the next morning, said: "You must not think that the girls were not brave. As soon as one of them discovered the flames, she ran down the hall, arousing the girls, before she left the building. Another girl rang the fire-bell. Another turned on the fire-alarm, and some turned on the hose in the front hall and held them until the firemen came. The girls have all been cheerful, and this morning were sitting in groups, singing 'Give us some clothes, and we'll go home.'"

Many incidents that now appear to be amusing happened during the fire and on the next day. While the flames were leaping over the building and the smoke was filling her eyes, one young lady nobly pitched the bowl and pitcher out of the window and ran down from the fourth-story with a soap dish in her hand. It was all that she saved. Another, equally as heroic, found herself outside of the burning building with an iodine bottle clutched in one hand and a broken umbrella in the other. Still another, in a very calm and collected manner, stood in the middle of the floor and debated as to whether she should take her comb or her brush. She ended by saving her hand-mirror. One of the girls, in a letter which she wrote home, said, concerning the girls after they had come out of the burning building: "And sights most of them were. One had on her nightdress and a \$15 hat stuck on her head; another her coat suit and hat, but no shoes; one had a sheet wrapped around her; and one had her manicure set and powder box. Another came rushing down the steps, bumping a small trunk on behind her. Nor did she stop until she had pulled it across the street in front of Dr. McIver's home, when she sat down on it, happy as she could be, unaware of the fact that her costume was a little inadequate.." Some one remarked that Joseph's coat of many colors could scarcely have vied with the costumes of clashing hues and various complexions that were donned the next day.

The source of great thankfulness to every one was the fact that all of the three



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hundred and twelve persons who were in the Dormitory were saved, even without injuries. Another cause for thankfulness was that the weather, which had been exceedingly cold the night before, had moderated so that the girls did not take severe colds from the exposure.

The Normal can never forget the prompt and efficient care that the men and women of Greensboro took of the shelterless girls. More homes were offered than there were girls to accept the invitations. Mr. Charles D. Benbow, of Benbow's Hotel, improvised a kitchen on the college lawn and served breakfast to all those who, because



RUINS OF OLD BRICK DORMITORY

of their scanty wardrobe, could not go out in town. Two thousand dollars was quickly raised by the citizens for the benefit of those who could not replace what they had lost. Boxes of clothing were sent from many of the surrounding towns. The street car line was at the service of all, free of charge. Nothing was left undone that a kind and generous people could do.

There were those who thought that the fire would cause the Normal to close. But those people did not reckon with the courage and persistency of Dr. McIver, the Faculty and the students in the face of apparently hopeless disaster. Dr. McIver, who was re-



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turning from a trip, did not know of the fire until the next morning when, as he was getting in a carriage at the station, the driver said: "Boss, did you know your school burned this morning?" With his characteristic optimism, he was soon on the college grounds, planning and executing what was for the best of all. So the college was suspended for only about five weeks. When the girls returned they found that the Students' Building, which was then in the process of erection, had been converted into a "little white city" of long rows of spotless booths and dainty alcoves, each of which contained a bed, a chair and a combination washstand and dressing table. A temporary dining room and kitchen had been built on the tennis courts. So instead of causing the college to close, the fire only made the girls more experienced in self-control, and better fitted them to meet the emergencies of life. Their spirit of loyalty and service to the institution and to its founder could not be daunted.

MILDRED RANKIN, '13.





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The Old Well

(Then and Now)

Lightly tripping went a maiden,
With her snow white pitcher laden,
To fetch her water from the well,
At early morn and as even fell.

In the spring time, in the fall,
Any time of year at all,
With lightsome heart she water drew,
For this she deemed no task to do.

No old oaken bucket hung in the well,
No moss covered bucket cast a spell,
But a new fashioned pump instead
Drew the crystal drops from their dark cool bed.

Shadows across her pathway lay,
Happy birds twittered as in May;
Through the sunshine, o'er the grass
Tripped the jolly Normal lass.



She put her pitcher 'neath the tide
Drew it with water o'erflowing its side,
Sunshine played in her wavy hair,
Lo a—Rebecca—but no Isaac there.

One day a germ, they sadly tell,
Came and dwelt within the well,
Its sparkling waters all annoyed
With the dreaded ill typhoid.

No more the sparkling waters dripped,
No more the crystal drops were sipped;
For they round which the fell charm hovered
With heavy timbers all were covered.

A vine clad house stands o'er the site,
Where once the waters sparkled bright.
'Tis now a trysting place ideal,
Where Isaacs and Rebeccas real

Meet beneath the trembling leaves
To tell sweet thoughts on summer eves;
And Normal girls their secrets tell
Above the horrors of the well.

—Ione Grogan, '13.



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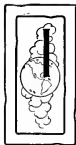
TRAINING SCHOOL



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The Training School



IT IS generally accepted among the Seniors that downcast looks and a woe-begone smile indicate nothing more serious than a bad hour at the Training School. But though we pretend to look forward with dread to that period of the day we spend in teaching, there is not one of us but is grateful for the privilege of a year's training under a wise supervisor, preparatory to teaching. Nor are we unconscious of the advantage of observing a skilled teacher in the work of organizing and controlling her grade.

In the year 1893 the Training School had its modest beginning in a wing of Guilford Hall, one of the dormitories. Ten little girls and boys, under the guidance of Mrs. Fannie Cox Bell and Prof. P. P. Claxton, were the subjects of much speculation and study by the Seniors of that year. The number increased so rapidly that the school was soon incorporated in the public school system. Seven grades were formed, one teacher supervising two grades. Miss Annie McIver, who attended this school at its beginning, declares those were golden days, for every other hour was one that the children could spend profitably and enjoyably in drawing tears to the eyes of the Senior in charge.

In 1901 Prof. Claxton left the college to take up a broader field of work. Dr. J. I. Foust filled this place until his election to the president's chair. Since Dr. Foust's resignation the school has been under the direction of Mr. J. A. Matheson, formerly superintendent of the schools of Durham. The year of Dr. Foust's coming was marked by the removal of the school to its present home. Here large, sunny rooms made the work of teaching more pleasant to both the children and the teacher. Each grade had its own supervisor, who carefully guided her Seniors in their accustomed tasks.

The importance of the work of the Training School can not be overestimated. There Seniors and Students of Special Pedagogy learn wise methods; there they gain self-control, self-confidence and the power of self-expression. They are led into the broad fields of child study, losing their own selfish interests in the all-absorbing problem of the child. Seeing the efficiency of the teachers who are sent out from the Normal year after year, who could overestimate the work of the men and women who have been and are the means of carrying on this work in the State?

MARGARET MANN, '13.



The Evolution of the Infirmary



UR COLLEGE has always used well the little that it had at its disposal, in the meantime striving and planning for better things. Nowhere do we see this better exemplified than in the management and evolution of our Infirmary. During the first few years of the College there was nothing here worthy of such a dignified name as "infirmary." There was, however, a substitute which was located in the old brick dormitory, and was nothing more than one room fitted up with double beds (which were by no means comfortable). Sometimes, when a larger capacity was necessary, another room was called into service; this one being a regular bedroom, occupied by eight girls, and situated directly over the parlor. Imagine the inconvenience at all times, but particularly in the case of infectious diseases. It was simply impossible to protect the girls properly, and the erection of a larger and separate Infirmary seemed absolutely necessary.

This need was filled to a certain extent when the now "old" brick dormitory, with its five small rooms and several baths, was erected next to Guilford Hall. Here the resident physician, with the help of a practical colored nurse, could manage the sick much better than they could have hoped to do under the previous circumstances. In cases of epidemics, such as measles and typhoid fever, the capacity had to be increased still more, and Guilford Hall was used. This was made possible by partitioning certain parts of that dormitory from the rest of the building, and here the students could be carefully attended to. But even this did not suffice to satisfy the needs. As the dormitory capacity continued to increase, there was need for steady enlargement of the infirmary. It was so hard to separate the girls with colds, la grippe, and tonsilitis from the other patients, and an addition to the building seemed the only possible remedy. Here again the authorities of the College practiced economy, for the then unused practice rooms attached to Guilford Hall were moved and annexed to the infirmary. In this way, those suffering from infectious diseases could be quarantined, thus protecting the other students. This arrangement worked very well until a year or so ago, when the increase in the number of students necessitated the erection of a still larger infirmary. Fortunately the Legislature had appropriated enough money for a well equipped building; one planned with regard to convenience and comfort. This is the only building which provides for the largest possible increase of students. As it now is, it has a ca-



capacity of twenty-nine beds, with a possibility of enlargement. These rooms are arranged in such a way that three infectious diseases can be handled at one time, provided the number of patients is not so very large. The different wings, each with its own bath and exercise rooms, are cut off by heavy fire-doors. Then, too, the annex, a regular quarantined wing, is separated from the main building by a latticed porch, in this way eliminating all danger of infection, because a strong current of air is constantly blowing through there. In this annex there are sun parlors, both upstairs and down, where convalescents can get the sunlight and imagine themselves outdoors. (It feels good to get out and see something beside spotlessly white walls, walls which you have a wild desire to see crack—anything to relieve the pure whiteness which stares you blankly in the face at all times.)

Perhaps the feature which appeals most to the student is the third-floor arrangement. Here is where the toast is made and "the" egg is poached. (This, the one place debarred to miserably sick mortals who have nothing to do but get hungry.) All the food for the students is prepared here and sent down to the several other floors by means of the dumb waiter.

The second floor is perhaps the most used part of the whole Infirmary, for here there are only big rooms and baths. There are also bedrooms and baths on the first floor, but in addition, there are the sitting room, the physician's office, and a resting room for those town girls who should happen to get sick while at school. All the floors over the entire building are hardwood, and are kept beautifully. Downstairs on the ground floor are the servants' quarters; the dressing rooms for the students who take physical examinations; the fumigating room, where all infected clothing is fumigated; and the incinerator, in which all the trash and waste material is burned.

The entire building is characterized by perfect simplicity. It seems to radiate a certain sort of restfulness, quiet and calm, which does much toward the recovery of any one who is sick. In addition to the pleasant environment afforded by the building itself, we have our resident physician and nurses who try in every way to make our stay over there one of enjoyment and benefit, and it may be added that they usually succeed in this undertaking.

SADIE RICE, '13.



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North Carolina State Normal and Industrial College Library

BY MISS ANNIE M. PETTY, LIBRARIAN.



WHEN the State Normal and Industrial College modestly opened its doors in October, 1893, its library was merely "the substance of things hoped for," the consuming desire for books not seen. But from the first day the optimistic founder of the institution spoke confidently of "the Library we are to have," and the first donation of reference books came from his own library. The heads of the various departments followed his example, and either lent or gave valuable books to be kept in their respective recitation rooms and used there by the students.

Dr. Alderman, teacher of English and History, brought from his private study and set up in a corner of his class room an old-fashioned "what-not," whose shelves he asked his maturer girls to help him fill "with books that have helped you individually. No ramby-pamby stuff, no milk-and-water stores, but the great thoughts and nice notions of men and women who have tried to uplift humanity."

It can not be denied that in some cases it cost a struggle before the owner could lay the loved companion of her nights and days upon the altar of the general good, but no one could long resist Dr. Alderman's enthusiasm, and soon the "what-not" was filled with well-worn volumes, the annotation in which no stranger's eye had ever seen—the loved personal property of teacher and class.

The year was half-gone before the College could afford to make an order for books that should belong to a permanent College Library. When this was done at last, what excitement there was! What joy when each new box was opened! What awe when Dr. Alderman led the Seniors and Juniors into the Library and Reading Room to meet "the spirits of the true aristocracy." In connection with this room, he hoped they might remember naught but happiness, for here they were to associate with the best of all ages.

The Library soon outgrew this home, and is now in its fourth home. Each one has been larger and better equipped than its predecessor. The last home a building to itself, the splendid gift of Mr. Andrew Carnegie in 1905, being the first library to be given by him to a woman's college, and making Greensboro the first city in the United



States to contain two Carnegie Libraries. The building is of red brick with granite trimmings, and contains seven rooms on the first floor and two on the second. It is finished in light oak and furnished throughout with Library Bureau furniture, which is artistic, durable and convenient in every respect.

With less than 100 volumes twenty years ago, the Library has grown to over eight thousand volumes, a large per cent of which are reference works.

Almost from its foundation, the Library has been considered the true workshop of the College, and has been made to co-operate in every way with the work of the departments.

For the first twelve years the Library had no income for books, etc., except what could be spared from the general funds of the College, and this did not average more than two hundred dollars per year. The two literary societies, every ready to be helpful to the college, gave for many years a stated sum for the purchase of books, and also furnished an assistant from their number to help in the work of administration of the Library. With the going into the new building, a library fee was charged, which now amounts to over one thousand dollars per year. With this increase in income, the Library has been able to very materially enlarge its usefulness, and many sets of standard authors have been added to the different departments.

The reading room is supplied with all the leading magazines, both general and technical, and many State and National newspapers. The bound magazine section of the Library is becoming an important factor in the reference department, and complete sets are being added each year.

The Library has a fireproof stack-room which has a capacity of 30,000 volumes, and also a fireproof vault. It is making only one special collection, and that is on North Carolina history and literature. It would welcome any additions from friends and former students of the institution in the form of books, pamphlets, newspaper clippings or magazine articles. This collection is yet in its infancy, but there is hope that it may grow larger in the coming years.



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According to her own statement, Aunt Amanda Rhoads, who has been at the College since its founding, heard that the Seniors were "making a book of the old days, and decided in her faithful heart that she wanted to pay tribute to the great-hearted man who was the inspiration and life of those early times. The poem which follows is the result. We have left it just as it was given to us, feeling sure that, aside from its message, it would be of interest to many students who knew "Aunt" Mandy in the past.—The Editors.

A Tribute

I saw a monment standing on the ground
It looks like Dr. McIver if it could only turn around
This monment stands on the Normel ground
The very place that Dr. McIver found

In the year 1892 Dr. McIver came two
And he began to walk and talk and see what good he could do
For the benefut of the Normel School
Sometimes he would ride sometimes he would chide
Over the hills and far away
And then come back another day

In those days when he would return home at night
And the girls would see him come in sight
They would run and meat him with torch lights
You may no it was a Pretty Sight
He would tip his hat and give a smile
And then turn around and talk awhile



When we hear them laugh and shout
We would no that Dr. McIver was about
And then the girls would begin to sing
The Old North State and how it would ring
The Eccoes would go up and the Eccoes would go down
And then turn around and talk awhile
Sometimes we would hear his whistle blow
Zeak would run on his tip toe
Down the hawls and around the wals
Two answer two his cawls

So one day when he had gone away
Angel stolen him and taken him one day
Away from wife and children two
It was sad to think what would they do
But this is one thing I no he was good to the
Collerd Peopple as well as the white and we beleave
He have done his best and is now gone to rest
And I bleave when he meats our Heavenley father
He will say two him as he did two the two hired
Servents that had 1, 2, 3, 4 & 5 tallents he will say
Unto him well done thou good and faithful
Servent thou have bin faithful over
A few things now I will make the Ruler
Over many things Enter in the Joys of thy Lord.

—Aunt Amanda Rhoads.



CAROLINIAN



JOHNSON



ZEKE



UNCLE WILLIAM



NANNIE
THE FRIEND OF THE SENIORS



AUNT HANDY

A FEW OF THE FAITHFUL



Some Old Servants of the College



WHILE WE, in this twentieth anniversary of our College, are paying tribute to those who have served it in past years, it is fitting that we write a few words to show our gratitude to some of our old servants, who have served our Alma Mater long, faithfully and honestly. It is not only because they have done well the duties that they were paid to do that we are indebted to them, but because they have always done willingly whatever task fell to their hands. The way in which they have lived faithful to the College motto, "Service," may serve as an example to many of us.

We have the space here to remember only a few of these faithful old servants, though there are many of them whose loyal service deserves recognition.

Zeke's name heads the list, for, conspicuous in Main Building since the beginning of the College, he is now the acknowledged "power behind the throne." Though small in stature, he is large in dignity, and perfectly capable of carrying off his important position. He came to the College when Dr. McIver first came, acting as his valet and body-servant, and as janitor at Main Building. After Dr. McIver's death, he remained faithful to his old post of janitor. During recent years he has been promoted to the position of supervisor of all the janitors, and his promotion was well deserved. No member of the faculty has ever felt more responsible for the College than Zeke has; nor has he ever acknowledged any superior to it, either within or without the State. Once in the College's early days, the University of North Carolina kindly sent us a surplus amount of library books, which happened to be on hand. It was with great reluctance and with the greatest disgust that Zeke finally allowed the "trash" to be unpacked. Last year we had a fine example of Zeke's trustworthiness and ability, when he caught a burglar stealing stamps and car tickets from the stationery room. Not only is Zeke necessary in such matters of importance as this, but he is also indispensable to the social life of the College. He ushers in guests with a politeness, ease and dignity not to be easily acquired, and he possesses the qualities of a butler born, not made—namely, dignity, vigilance, tact and agility.

Aunt Amanda is another of the servants who has continued to serve from the beginning until now. There isn't a girl who has lived on Aunt Mandy's hall whose love she hasn't won by her irrepressible enthusiasm and by her interest in the girls and in everything that they do. There is never an athletic contest that she doesn't don colors and



root for her side. I don't think that last year's Seniors will ever forget the big cake she made for them. Especial tribute should be paid to Aunt Mandy for remaining at the College during the terrible fever epidemic, when nearly all of the maids deserted. I would introduce Aunt Amanda here as the composer of the poem at the end of this article. It will show you, as I can not, Aunt Mandy's big heart, and her appreciation of Dr. McIver.

Uncle William is probably our most talented servant. Let me explain before going any farther, though, that we don't call him "Uncle" because he is old, but because we "spect" him, and that he limps on account of his rheumatism. Uncle William can pack, wrap and dispatch packages, deliver and open "boxes," fix electric lights, force the most difficult trunk locks, and a hundred other necessary things. He came here from Dr. McIver's home in about the eighth year of the College. There he had been working in a store, where he had learned his useful accomplishment of tying and dispatching parcels, and several of the other things which have proved of so much use to the College. One of William's most admirable traits is his sense of humor, displayed in a quiet sort of way by quaint and brief remarks. Once, when he was opening a box for Dr. McIver, he extricated and handed him what he thought was a bottle of wine. Upon Dr. McIver's discovery that it wasn't he grinned and mumbled cheerfully, "Ha, I reckon this'll las' the longes'."

We can just mention a few more of the many servants who have proved indispensable to the College. There was Uncle Henderson, an old cook of the College, and an interesting character, who died in service here. The numerous callers at the College will doubtless remember "Little Mandy," so designated to prevent confusion with "Aunt Mandy," who ushered them in bashfully and probably went back to ask the name a second time. She has served as Miss Kirkland's maid for thirteen years. Johnson, janitor at the Training School for many years, has always won the love and respect of both teachers and children by his integrity, his faithfulness and his polite and willing service. Nannie, his wife—and an ideal couple they are—is now maid in Senior Dormitory, and the sworn friend of every Senior. She has been a maid at the College for eight years. There are some of the younger generation of servants who bid fair to equal the old ones in faithfulness and willingness. Junius, Gene and Plez not only attend to their respective duties in Students' Building, Library and McIver Building, but they are entirely indispensable at our banquets, plays and other social functions—in arranging, decorating and attending to lights and curtains.

MARIANNA JUSTICE, '13.



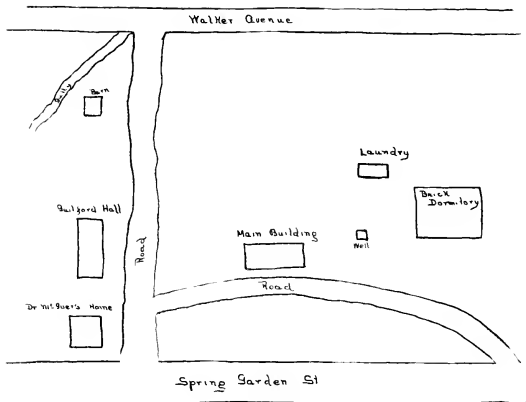
The College Campus



NO BETTER concrete example can be given of the growth of the State Normal and Industrial College than the improvement which has taken place in its grounds. In 1892-93, the first year of the school's life, absolutely nothing had been done to beautify the campus. Its appearance was very barren and unattractive. In 1912-13, although much remains to be done, the place has become beautiful. In that first year the College owned only ten acres of land, the plot bounded on the north by Walker Avenue, on the south by Spring Garden Street, and on the east by the line on which is now growing the tall privet hedge, and on the west by College Avenue. The buildings on this ground were a rude shack used by the washerwomen and as a servants' quarters, the Brick Dormitory, and a portion of the Main or Administration Building. As these structures could not give the necessary room, Dr. McIver and the Board of Directors, on their personal note, borrowed nine thousand dollars from the State Literary Fund, and used it to help supply the need. With it they purchased the three-acre strip of land lying between College and Forest Avenues, Walker Avenue and Spring Garden Streets, and erected on this plot a rough barn. The south end of Midway, or Guilford Hall, as it is now called, and a residence for the president. Although these last-named buildings and lands did not actually belong to the Normal during its first year, they did belong to those who controlled the college and were used in the same way as those which the school owned. Therefore they may be considered a part of the original campus.

Because so many things were of greater importance in those early days of organization, the improvement of the College grounds was necessarily neglected. The campus was a stretch of barren clay. In front of the Main Building and the Brick Dormitory there was a gradual slope to a marshy stream, along whose course grew a few indigenous maples and willows, the only trees on the ten-acre plot. Back of these buildings, the descent to Walker Avenue, a deeply gullied road, was by washes and gullies. The present College Avenue was then scarcely more than a path. Back of the McIver residence and Midway was a strip of woodland which stood just as nature had planned it, and was the only spot on the grounds that could break the monotonous barrenness of the main part of the campus.

That strip of woodland is still standing; its trees are a little larger, its grass is a little thicker, its honeysuckle is a little more matted. In no other way is it different. But



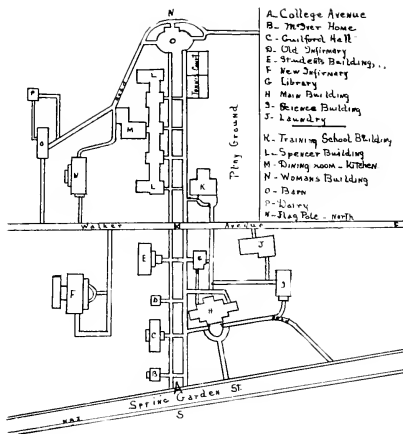
GROUNDS 1893

it now forms the background for a very different campus. The place which then offered to view only a pig-sty, has been changed by means of grass, willows and high honeysuckle and rose hedges, into a bit of beautiful landscape.

From this place one may go up terraces, supported part of the way by vine-covered rock walls, to the campus proper. How changed it is! It no longer comprises a mere ten-acre square, but has crossed Walker Avenue and gone far beyond. All the gullies are filled. College Avenue is a broad, beautiful street. Down at its farther end is the entrance to Peabody Park, where the students can come close to the heart of nature. Walker Avenue is no longer a washed-out gully, but has grown into a paved street, cut straight through the hill, and bridged for the convenience of the students. The Main Building and Guilford Hall are both set up on terraces, that slope down to College Avenue. Instead of barren clay, there is now beautiful grass on all sides. The buildings are flanked by flowering shrubs, and are partly covered with ivy. The greatest of all the changes has been wrought in the plot in front of the Main Building. The marshy stream is gone; the shrubbery is beautiful in its grouping; the grass is a velvety green.



CAROLINIAN

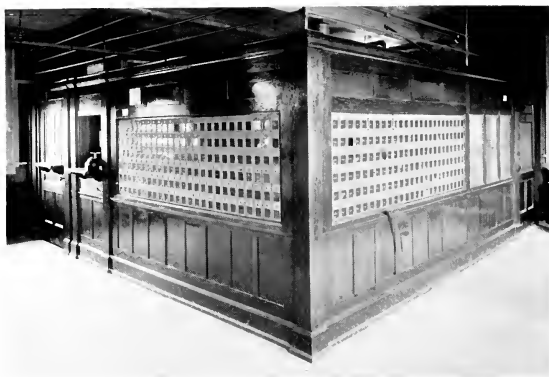


GROUNDS 1913

The trees—maples, willows and cedars—form a thick shade over all. The place has indeed become a beautiful campus.

Perhaps the increased loveliness of the campus is typical of the beauty and light which the enlarged intellectual and spiritual vision of the College has helped to spread throughout the State.

LILLIAN GORHAM CRISP, '13.



THE COLLEGE POST-OFFICE



CAROLINIAN



THE BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY





CAROLINIAN



Domestic Science Laboratory 1903-1908



Domestic Science Laboratory 1908-1913



CAROLINIAN



Old and New Domestic Arts Laboratories





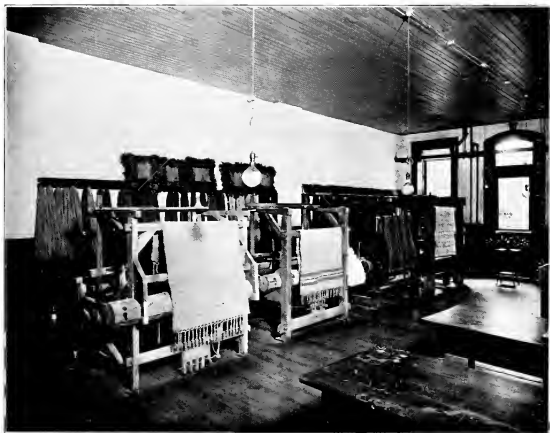
CAROLINIAN



MANUAL ARTS DEPARTMENT



CAROLINIAN



MANUAL ARTS DEPARTMENT



CAROLINIAN



MANUAL ARTS DEPARTMENT



THE PRESS BUREAU



CAROLINIAN



FACULTY 1893-'94



CAROLINIAN



FIRST GRADUATING CLASS

Class of 1893

MATTIE LOU BOLTON—Mrs. J. C. Matthews, Spring Hope, N. C.
MAUDE F. BROADWAY—Mrs. E. McK. Goodwin, Morganton, N. C.
MARGARET BURKE—(Deceased).
MARY R. HAMPTON—Mrs. W. A. Eliason, Statesville, N. C.
BERTHA M. LEE—Greensboro, N. C.
ZELLAH McCULLOCH—Mrs. T. J. Cheek, Elizabeth City, N. C.
MARGARET R. McIVER—Mrs. R. Bowen, Rougemont, N. C.
CARRIE MULLINS—Mrs. W. H. Hunter, Greensboro, N. C.
ANNIE M. PAGE—Henderson, N. C.
LIZZIE LEE WILLIAMS—Mrs. George Smith, Capron, Va.



CAROLINIAN



The Girls of '93

(With a curtsey to Dr. Holmes and The Boys of '29).

Is there any old maid now mixed with our girls?
If there is, take her out—have a care for her curls!
For this is our first class, proverbial for knowledge—
Few girls—all graduates of some other college.
Six experienced school-ma'ams, if you *must* be told,
Held the balance of power—five and twenty years old.
(A woman, you know, is as old as she looks)
And these faces wore the sweet calmness of books.
That gentle fraulein with the brave patient smile
Was only beginning her eighteenth mile;
There was Ma'amselle, nineteen, with a three-decker brain,
Who drove Latin and French with a Viola chain.
Just twenty-one was *this* lassie, of excellent pith.
(She has since tried to conceal herself by becoming Mrs. Smith)
And sweet Maggie Burke, with her broad white brow,
Was but twenty-three—she has gone to sleep now.
Could you've heard these girls laugh you'd have thought them full of fun.
But the wise ones laughed too, at the books they had done;
'Twas "Lend a hand" here or "Give a lift" there;
"Scotch a wheel" now, or "Oil a Screw," where



CAROLINIAN



The school work was not yet in smooth running-gear,
For well you'll remember 'twas the Normal's first year.
You'll understand our love of learning, and command,
When you know the faculty, including Miss Kirkland;
Brown and Bitting, Bryant, Fort and Boddie;
The "thee and thou" lady, McIntyre and Forney;
The courtly Sir Edwin, master of English, he;
And jolly "Prince Charlie," what more could there be?
Teach and be taught—change of work is called play—
Fresh and Sub-Fresh Science, Math, English—ah—well—a—day!
With Latin, Gym, and Lab. put in, by the way,
And the Normal's first year had reached its maying day.
Ten women in white, with their Marechal Niels rare,
Were deciding that each one could certainly spare
A ten dollar bill from her salary meagre
As a token of love and a help for those eager
To attain knowledge, this by a steep way
When the hand of poverty darkened the day.
'Tis twenty years, as we count by the spring time,
Since we stood Normal graduates in our youth and prime,
Yet my heart is no older, dears, not by a day,
Tho' my hair is beginning to silver, they say.
Then here's to our girlhood, its gold and its gray!
The snows of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we are done, with our snow covered curls,
Dear Father, take care of the dear Normal girls.



CAROLINIAN



Class of 1894

MARY K. APPLEWHITE—Mrs. J. Y. Killian, Newton, N. C.

RACHEL BROWN—Mrs. R. P. Clarke, 1509 R. I. Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

GERTRUDE BAGBY—Mrs. W. M. Creasy, Wilmington, N. C.

MARY LEWIS HARRIS—Concord, N. C.

SUSAN E. ISRAEL—Mrs. Harry F. Welfe, cor. 3rd and Cherry Sts., Camden, N. J.

ANNIE LEE ROSE—Mrs. V. O. Parker, Raleigh, N. C.

VIRGINIA TAYLOR—Mrs. H. U. Griffith, R. 1, Woodland, N. C.

MARY C. WILEY—Winston, N. C.



CAROLINIAN



HISTORY OF THE CLASS



IN 1492 Columbus sailed the ocean blue," and thus gave a new world for man's conquest. In 1892, four hundred years later, North Carolina opened her State Normal and presented her daughters a new world to conquer. From Manteo to Murphy they came, an army eager to fight ignorance and place their Mother State in the van of progress and civilization.

Among this band of pioneers was a small group of girls who emerged triumphant from the tortures of examination, as upper classmen. It was an earnest, devoted and ambitious group; taking itself seriously; knowing full well the honor and future welfare of the Normal depended upon it. Yet it had its fun and pleasure; none joined more heartily in school frolics and harmless pranks upon unsuspecting schoolmates. Engrossed in work and play, the year soon passed and they were Seniors.

In October, eight of this group returned, but a "Rose," without thorns and full of sweetness, joined it and raised the number to nine. Now the Seniors, or "The Muses," as they called themselves, organized. Alas, for the solemnity of the first meeting! A Freshman cried, "Dr. Alderman is here!" Away went dignity, out flew Seniors. They rushed pell-mell across the campus to the brick dormitory, where breathless, with hair streaming, they paused to repair damage, then made their way through ranks of curious girls to greet their idol. How they enjoyed faking examination papers to tantalize Miss Bryant, when she attended a fair and left them a zoo examination. And artistic talent! How proud one of them was when her careful drawing of a *goblet* was called a *raße*. They will never forget Miss Mendenhall's Bible class, Mr. Claxton's lectures, solos with Mr. Brown, or *naps* over geology, and antics with "Miriam."

They were justly proud of Sudie Israel's and Jennie Taylor's achievements in Latin; Mary Lewis Harris' sweet voice and brightness; the gentle Rachel Brown, whose prowess shed luster upon all; brilliant Annie Lee Rose; Mary Wiley, so earnest and thorough; Mary Applewhile, of calm dignity and fine work; and Alice Green, charmingly gracious, removed by sickness from their ranks. All too soon Commencement came, and they began life's work.

Mary Wiley, after taking her degree, has taught continuously, chiefly in Winston. Here by her faithful work and charming stories, she is an inspiration to the young. Mary Lewis Harris devotes her talents to the "little ones;" these she encourages over the rough ways that dismay the beginner. Jennie Taylor taught awhile; she then became



the first bride, as Mrs. Griffith. She works faithfully her corner of the vineyard. Rachel Brown, a successful business woman, is Mrs. R. P. Clarke, with two charming future Normal girls. Sudie Israel left the class room for home duties and later became Mrs. Wolfe. Mary Applewhile, now Mrs. Yates Killian, taught in Greensboro, accepted the chair of Pedagogy at Meredith College, and has transmitted to hundreds of girls the ideals of Alma Mater. Annie Rose and Gertrude Bagby for years worked together in Wilmington High School. Annie is now Mrs. Parker, and has a lovely daughter in training for the Normal. Gertrude, as Mrs. Creasy, proudly boasts the oldest daughter, and *only* son of the class. Determined not to be partial, she is training for both Normal and U. N. C.

The girls of this class, faithful to their first love, are all working for education in some way, are prominent in the Master's work, and wherever placed have striven to uphold the ideals of Alma Mater, and so live that the State Normal may be proud of its smallest class, the Class of 1894.





CAROLINIAN



Class of 1895

SARAH M. GRANT, Jackson, N. C.
MARIA D. LOFTIN, Kenansville, N. C.
MARGARET L. PARKER, Burkeville, Va.
NANNIE E. RICHARDSON, Selma, N. C.
HENRIETTA R. SPIER, Greensboro, N. C.
RUTH SUTTON, Bronson Place, Toledo, O.
LAURA SWITZER, Tampa City, Fla.

DAISY B. WAITE, Raleigh, N. C.
NETTIE M. ALLEN, Henderson, N. C.
MARY J. ARRINGTON, Louisburg, N. C.
ELIZABETH BATTLE, Greensboro, N. C.
ALETHEA COLLINS, Bryn Mawr, Pa.
MARIADDIE TURNER, Statesville, N. C.
ANNIE M. WILLIAMS, (Deceased).

MAUDE HARRISON—Mrs. P. D. Gray, Cary, N. C.
LINA V. JAMES—Mrs. R. H. Welch, Edenton, N. C., R. No. 3.
JESSIE W. PAGE—Mrs. L. R. Gooch, Henderson, N. C.
ANNIE SMALLWOOD—Mrs. John R. Baugham, Rich Square, N. C.
(Deceased).

MARGARET PERRY, S. P. C. C. M., Red Springs, N. C.
BARNETTE MILLER, American College for Girls, Constantinople, Turkey.
ETHEL M. PARMELE—Mrs. Guy Cardwell, 705 S. Court St., Montgomery, Ala.
MARY ALLIE BELL—Mrs. E. W. Blythe, Brevard, N. C.
LUCY A. BOONE—Mrs. B. E. Copeland, Suffolk, Va.
MARY BRADLEY—Mrs. Frank Wilson, Gastonia, N. C. (Deceased).
MARTHA CARTER, 331 Ninth St., Parkersburg, W. Va.
MARGARET GASH, 53 Washington Square, New York City.



CAROLINIAN



MABEL WOOTEN—Mrs. N. C. Newbold, (Deceased).
IOLA L. YATES—Mrs. G. R. Parker, Raleigh, N. C.
LUCY DEES—Mrs. J. T. Davenport, Morehead City, N. C.
ANNIE E. PARKER—Mrs. W. D. Cook, Cuthbert, Ga.
IDA FIELDS—Mrs. L. T. Rightsell, La Grange, N. C. (Deceased).

HISTORY OF THE CLASS



AMONG the students present at the opening of the Normal School, the members of the Class of 1895 shared in the unique experiences incident to setting in motion the machinery for organization. Consider the arrival, within a day, of over two hundred girls, strangers to each other, to the Faculty and to the place. Necessarily there were no "old girls" to bid them welcome; no traditions to be observed. Since they represented so many different kinds of preparation, the members of the Faculty had difficulty in adjusting any to class standards. How many conferences were necessary before organization was possible. This close contact between students and teachers marked the most pleasant and valuable part of the first year's work. In those chaotic weeks the students were making acquaintances and friendships among themselves. Afterward there were opportunities for all to share in the establishment of other school activities: student government, the Young Women's Christian Association, the literary societies, etc. Is it strange, then, that the thoughts of a "first-year girl" go back to the school as a whole, rather than to a particular class?

During our second year, as Juniors, we began to have some class spirit, but by that time we were too busy to cultivate it very deeply!

Looking back now it is easy to realize that we lacked many things besides Freshman drill, but instead we had the inspiration of seeing Dr. McIver as he began to realize the ambition of his life. The result of our three years' work is summed up in a remark he made to me during Commencement week, 1906, when he said, in effect: "You girls of '95 were a very satisfactory class. There were no geniuses among you, nor any failures; but one or another of you is always doing something interesting."

MARGARET GASH.



CAROLINIAN



Class of 1896

NETTIE ASBURY—Mrs. J. A. Yoder, Vale, N. C.
MAUD COBLE—Mrs. C. M. McIntosh, Laurinburg, N. C.
LAURA H. COIT—Laura H. Coit, Greensboro, N. C.
SALLIE J. DAVIS—Sallie J. Davis, Greenville, N. C.
IVA DEANS—Mrs. L. M. Cox, Wilson, N. C.
CORNELIA DEATON—Mrs. C. H. Hamilton, R. 24, Davidson, N. C.
JEANNIE ELLINGTON—Mrs. R. W. Allen, Sanford, N. C.
HATTIE GARVIN—Mrs. J. H. Tate, High Point, N. C.
BLANCHE HARPER—Mrs. W. T. Mosely, R. F. D., Kinston, N. C.
EMMA B. HARRIS—Mrs. R. M. Davis, Tarboro, N. C.
TINA LINDLEY—Mrs. Coy C. Jordan, New Bern, N. C.
MARY E. LAZENBY—Mary E. Lazenby, Washington, D. C.
STELLA MIDDLETON—Mrs. George N. Cowan, Greenwood, S. C.
MARY MILAM—Mrs. Edward Farquhar, (Deceased).
KATE MOORE—(Deceased).



CAROLINIAN



ANNIE MAY PITTMAN—Mrs. W. K. Hartsell, Greensboro, N. C.

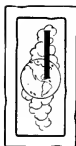
LEE REID—Mrs. J. H. Maxwell, Roanoke, Va.

MARY SANDERS—Mrs. Frank Williams, (Deceased).

ELSIE WEATHERLY—Mrs. T. Gilbert Pearson, New York City.

CARRIE WEAVER—Mrs. Lawrence Wade, Nashville, Tenn.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS



IT WAS the good fortune of the Class of 1896 to live through the first four years of the history of our College in close and sympathetic relation with the pioneer builders of the institution. We caught a vision of the work to be done in our State and were eager to set about doing our share of it. All of our members taught for a number of years, and some still continue in their chosen profession. Sixteen of our class have married. We have lost three members by death. Nettie Asbury, Cornelia Deaton and Blanche Harper, after several years of efficient service in our schools, chose to establish homes of their own. As wives and mothers, rearing their sons and daughters in the substantial comfort of rural life, they are serving in the ideal way their own and future generations.

Maud Coble became the wife of a minister. Being early left a widow, she resumed her teaching, and is now lifting burdens from the lives of others.

Sallie Davis is still a model student and teacher. Besides teaching at Oxford Orphanage and Greensboro Female College, she has studied at Trinity and the University of Pennsylvania, and has spent one summer abroad. She is teaching now in the East Carolina Teachers' Training School.

Ive and Hattie finally surrendered the schoolhouse for the home set in a garden. All domestic pleasures are now supreme with them.

Jeannie and Emma, partial to Pedagogy, married school superintendents. They sometimes try their skill at teaching when an emergency arises. Each home is happy in a son and daughter—Mary Katherine and Charles Allen, and Robert and Virginia Davis being the members of this interesting quartette.

Carrie Weaver taught in Burlington. Later she moved to Nashville, Tenn., to keep house for her brother, Rev. Rufus Weaver. She is now mistress of a home of her own, as Mrs. Lawrence Wade, her husband being a very successful business man.

Stella is happy in her duties as minister's wife and the mother of two attractive daughters.



Mary Lazenby gave up teaching to enter the civil service in Washington, D. C. Later she spent three year as a member of the faculty of Santiago College, Chili. She has now returned to Washington as secretary of the Woman's Welfare Department of the National Civic Federation.

Tina and Annie May Pittman are the same quiet, earnest, efficient workers that they always were. Annie May lives in Greensboro, and brings her daughter to the College frequently. She and Dr. Hartsell have a model home. They take an active part in church work and in all that aids in building up a community.

We wish that Lee would bring her fine son and husband to visit the college.

Elsie has moved from Greensboro to New York City, since Mr. Pearson has his headquarters there. He is now National Secretary of the Audubon Society. Elizabeth, T. Gilbert, Jr., and William are the joy and pride of this home. The class has every reason to be proud of our Class President and her charming family.

Laura Coit is helping to keep the latch-string out at the College, and is never more pleased than when the old girls come to their College home.

Kate Moore, Mary Milam and Mary Sanders have been called to their reward. They were faithful in the use of their talents and served with whole hearts. We are happy in the memory of these choice spirits, for their works do follow them.





CAROLINIAN



Class of 1897

BERTHA DONNELLY	<i>President</i>
LYDA HUMBER	<i>Vice-President</i>
ANNIE HAWKINS	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
FRANCES ESKRIDGE	<i>Poet</i>
MARY DEVANE	<i>Historian</i>
CHEVES WEST	<i>Prophetess</i>

HATTIE BERRY, Chapel Hill, N. C.
IRMA CARRAWAY, Raleigh, N. C.
MARY DEVANE, Goldsboro, N. C.
BERTHA DONNELLY, Charlotte, N. C.

FRANCES HILL, Concord, N. C.
MATTIE LIVERMON, Roxobel, N. C.
BESSIE ROUSE, Raleigh, N. C.

MINNIE BARBEE—Mrs. Spence Suitt, Gorman, N. C.
NELLIE BOND—Mrs. E. S. Askew—Windsor, N. C.
FRANCES ESKRIDGE—Mrs. W. J. Roberts, Shelby, N. C.
IOLA EXUM—Normal College, Greensboro, N. C.



CAROLINIAN



LESSIE GILL—Mrs. I. J. Young, Henderson, N. C.
EMILY GREGORY—Mrs. Walter Thompson, Concord, N. C.
ANNIE HANKINS—Mrs. M. G. Saunders, Wilmington, N. C.
FANNIE HARRIS—Mrs. Charles H. Brown, Knoxville, Tenn.
LYDA HUMBER—Mrs. Marion H. Brandt, Florence, S. C.
SABRELLA JAMES—Mrs. J. R. Clements, Pelham, Ga.
MARY BEST JONES—Mrs. I. H. Manning, Chapel Hill, N. C.
MADGE LITTLE—Mrs. J. C. Sherrill, Hendersonville, N. C.
GRACE SCOTT—Mrs. Hugh Brown, Little Rock, Ark., Argenta Sta.
GRACE SMALLBONES—Mrs. J. Hicks Bunting, Wilmington, N. C.
WILLIE WATSON—Mrs. E. T. Dickinson, Wilson, N. C.
CHEVES WEST—Mrs. H. Scott Perky, Brooklyn, Conn.

Chief Characteristic—An “Infantile Senior Class.”

(Senior Play adapted from Mother Goose).

Second Characteristic—Good taste as revealed by

First—Yellow China Silk Regalias worn by its Marshals.

Second—Class Day Dresses of Serge—Blue-and-white
Shepherd’s Plaid.

SONG

We are a band of sisters, and to the Normal true,
Leaving now our four year’s home of work and pleasure too;
And now we’ve come together to sing our last adieu—
Hurrah for our ’97 and for the White and Blue!

Hurrah! Hurrah! to ’97 we’re true,
Hurrah for our ’97 and for the White and Blue!

And here’s to the Normal College and to her coming fate,
And here’s to our successors, the Class of ’98;
And here’s to the other wearers of our own Blue and White,
And here’s to the Class of ’97 and to her future bright.



CAROLINIAN



Class of 1898

SUSAN BATTLE, (Deceased).

ELSIE GWYN, Spartanburg, S. C.

MARY ELIZABETH HARDING, Greenville, N. C.

SARA KELLY, Charlotte, N. C.

FLORENCE PANNILL, Greensboro, N. C.

NAN STRUDWICK, Chapel Hill, N. C.

MARY TINNIN, Hillsboro, N. C.

LINA WIGGINS, Lynchburg, Va.

CLEE WINSTEAD, Wilson, N. C.

LOTTIE AREY—Mrs. W. T. Walker, Barium Springs, N. C.

OELAND BARNETT—Mrs. J. S. Wray, Gastonia, N. C.

LILLIE A. BONEY—Mrs. R. Murphy Williams, Greensboro, N. C.

JULIA DAMERON—Normal College, Greensboro, N. C.

ANNA W. FOLSOM—Mrs. H. B. Fisher, 815 Fifth St., Hoquian, Washington.

SADIE HANES—Mrs. R. D. W. Connor, Raleigh, N. C.

ROSA HOLT—Mrs. C. R. Ross, Leasburg, N. C.

MINNIE HUFFMAN—Mrs. W. H. Reddish, Wadesboro, N. C.

MARGARET MCCAULL—Mrs. W. D. Carmichael, Durham, N. C.

SUSIE McDONALD—Mrs. J. C. Fox, 2715 Tenth Ave., Columbus, Ga.

MAMIE MCGEEHEE—Mrs. M. C. McAnally, High Point, N. C.

ELLA MOSELEY—Mrs. R. F. Hill, Kinston, N. C.

HATTIE MOSELEY—Mrs. J. B. Person, Selma, N. C.

SUSAN PARSLEY—Mrs. J. O. Carr, Wilmington, N. C.

WINNIE REDFERN—Mrs. J. A. Baldwin, Charlotte, N. C.

ELLEN SAUNDERS—Mrs. G. S. Fraps, College Station, Tex.

BESSIE SIMS—Mrs. Hyman Mewborne, Kinston, N. C.

LYDIA YATES—Mrs. J. C. Wooten, Elizabeth City, N. C.



HISTORY OF THE CLASS



NINETEEN YEARS AGO, when the Class of '98 first saw the Normal, there was no Science Building, no Library, no Curry Building, no Infirmary, no Students' Building, and no campus, except by courtesy. In front lay a rolling, unturfed quadrangle, bordered by the Old Brick Dormitory, the Administration Building, the wooden Dormitory, and Dr. McIver's house; across the road was Teague House. There was just the nucleus of the present beautiful buildings, but the whole place was animated by the spirit and indomitable will of Dr. McIver, the co-operation of a faithful faculty, and the earnest efforts of a strong student body.

Of that body, we were the youngest members, and although lower class organization was then unheard of, we became pioneers in that line and called for the College to stand godmother for its first real Freshman Class. Secretly, but effectively, had we gone about our organization, and to the everlasting indignation of the Sophomores, we were several days old before they were born. Julia Dameron, now of the Faculty, and mistress of many degrees, but then a rather tall little girl, in short dresses, one of her long, brown curls tied back from her brow with a big white bow, as our Vice President, helped lead us to the class exercises of '94—the first ever held on Normal grounds. As Sophomores, we helped convince a doubting committee from a doubting Legislature that it was "a good thing to educate them gals." We got an increased appropriation and kept on growing. In a crisis of College life, in our Junior year, the class, as a unit, stood by the Faculty and Class of '97 in a fight to maintain and continue the policy of student government. During this year we also helped found the Normal Magazine.

As Seniors, we were so wonderful that, with Dr. McIver for guide and Dr. Gove for chaperone, we actually created a sensation at the National Capital. Then all too soon came the graduation. Twenty-eight strong, we, who in return for its inspiration, guidance and training, had given four years of our best effort to our Alma Mater, and learned to love her, were sent forth under her seal to spread abroad her good gifts in lives of loyal service. Many happy memories we carried with us.

"The golden haze of student days" rises before us even yet, but our best memory, enshrined in the annals of our College, as well as in our own hearts, is that of a class loyal to itself, loyal to its Alma Mater—the Class of '98—

"The first real Freshman Class
To wear the Green and White."



CAROLINIAN



Class of 1899



ONE DAY at the College during Commencement, or any other gathering time, is sufficient for the realization that '99 is a long time ago. To us it seems a very little while. Our thoughts are ever turning Collegeward. Our hearts are full of rejoicing because of the progress our Alma Mater has made. The Class of '99 was noted for doing things. In their Sophomore year they presented a North Carolina flag to the College. As Juniors, they wore the first class hats. As Seniors, they had the honor to help inaugurate the Students' Building campaign.

Since graduation, 99ers have done their part in public service and may hope, as their class prophet foretold, to "live in the hearts of their countrymen." Almost without exception they have taught in North Carolina schools.

Bessie Moody has served with distinction, not as nurse for Dr. Whitfield, but teaching in Asheville.



CAROLINIAN



Frances Suttle also has won her laurels there. Ella Bradley is teaching in Gastonia. Katherine Davis, after going graduate work at other colleges, is giving instruction in her beloved Domestic Science in Columbus, Ga. Olive Gray is teaching in Mooresville, whether geology or not, this deponent sayeth not. Eugenia Jamison is teaching at Mooresville, R. F. D. 1. Our faithful Josie Saxton is teaching in Asheville, but not a kindergarten. After several years away from home, Maude Miller is teaching in the Winston-Salem High School. Lewis Dull is in one of the grade schools there. Marina Whitley is teaching in Williamston, and Lottie Eagle in Salisbury. Isabelle Brown is dispensing sweetness as a florist in Salisbury.

Some of '99's best are serving as daughters and sisters, by no means the lesser part.

Mary Collins, of our famous trio, is at home in Enfield. Elizabeth Mallison, in Washington. Florence McClees, in Durham. 'Neppie Davis lends the light of her presence to her father's home in Raleigh. Margaret Pierce is at home in Warsaw, and Myrtle Wilson in Goldsboro.

Some have gone into partnerships or left the teaching profession for the sake of some mere man. Will they agree that those also serve who marry?

Sue Porter is making a home for Mr. C. Heathwole, Harrisonburg, Va. Oberia Rogers has gone to Dallas, Texas, with Mr. C. W. Padgett. Rosalind Sheppard used her architectural skill to build a house in Winston-Salem for herself and Mr. M. H. Willis. Elizabeth Smithwick is Mrs. R. S. Smith of Merry Hill, but Mr. S. has not red hair. Jessie Whitaker is Mrs. D. A. Ricks of Mayodan, but the same Jessie. Nell Whitfield did marry Dan Shaw and lives in Laurinburg. Bettie Wright, our hustler, is helping Mr. N. B. Smith of Greenville, but she does not talk with him in French. Bulus Bagby is Mrs. W. H. Swift of Greensboro. She always upholds the law. Our stately Lucy Coffin is Mrs. W. G. Ragsdale of Jamestown. Cora Cox is Mrs. Crawford Jackson of Guilford College. Ethel Foust married Mr. J. L. Griffin and lives in Greensboro. Sudie Middleton is Mrs. A. P. Thorpe of Rocky Mount. Mattie Moore is Mrs. Forrest Taylor, Sumpter, S. C. Cary Ogburn is Mrs. Will Jones of High Point. Emma Parker is Mrs. C. E. Maddrey of Raleigh. Anna Parker is Mrs. D. T. Lunceford of Smithfield. Flora Patterson, our poet, is Mrs. W. C. Lane of North Wilkesboro.

Jennie Eagle, Susie Saunders and Virginia Thorp Gregory, three of the best loved members of '99, have journeyed on into the morning land.



CAROLINIAN



Class of 1900

WILHELMIA CONRAD, (Deceased).

ALICE G. DANIEL, R. 4, Oxford, N. C.

HATTIE EVERETT, Plymouth, N. C.

CLARA GILLON, Concord, N. C.

ELIZABETH HOWARD, Greensboro, N. C.

LILLIE V. KEATHLEY, Washington, D. C.

MAUDE KINSEY, New Bern, N. C.

LILY MAY McDOWELL, Franklin, N. C.

MIRIAM C. MACFADYN, Greenville, N. C.

EVA M. MILLER, Taylorsville, N. C.

SUE NASH, Greensboro, N. C.

ELEANOR WATSON, Salisbury, N. C.

EMMA ADELINE BERNARD—Mrs. E. H. Kaminer, Gadsden, S. C.

WOODFIN A. CHAMBERS—Mrs. Hubert Hill, Morgantown, W. Va.

ISLA C. CUTCHIN—Mrs. J. S. Gorham, Rocky Mount, N. C.

ELIZABETH HANKINS—Mrs. E. R. Clark, Wilmington, N. C.

RUTH M. HARPER—Mrs. W. B. Brown, Kinston, N. C.

ELIZABETH HOWELL—Mrs. Maurice Clifton, Louisburg, N. C.

MYRTLE L. HUNT—Mrs. J. E. Mattocks, Kissimmee, Fla.



CAROLINIAN



GERTRUDE JENKINS—Mrs. Ralph Siewers, Winston-Salem, N. C.
MITTIE P. LEWIS—Mrs. Wade Barrier, Darbyville, Va.
AUVILA LINDSAY—Mrs. John T. Lowe, Lexington, N. C.
CARRIE P. MARTIN—Mrs. W. B. Upshur, Sumter, S. C.
MYRTIE SCARBORO—Mrs. W. A. Coffin, Asheboro, N. C.
EMMA LEWIS SPEIGHT—Mrs. Claud Morris, Salisbury, N. C.
ANNIE LEE STALEY—Mrs. Thomas I. Fox, Franklinville, N. C.
AUGUSTA E. STALEY—Mrs. C. P. Fox, Staley, N. C.
MARY ZILLA STEVENS—Mrs. John Edgar Stevens, Richmond, Va.
LELIA JUDSON TUTTLE—McTyeire School, Shanghai, China.
MARY SKINNER WINBOURNE—Mrs. Benjamin S. Skinner, Durham, N. C.
MARTHA FOWLE WISWALL, Washington, N. C.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS



HISTORIANS are made, not born; at least I was not born a historian, and I leave it with you to decide whether the class has made me one. In the beginning, I admit that I believe it impossible for even a born historian to make a record of dry facts interesting, and I will show wisdom in not undertaking a task as arduous, but will set forth a few of the achievements and characteristics of our class

In October of the year 1896, we began our four years of war that proved more disastrous to some than that of '61-'65. There were almost a hundred of us when we began the ill-fated march. But those stern, wisdom-clad professors met us at every turn and laid our plumes in the dust by their sharp questioning and fatal *mark*, until our noble class was reduced to thirty-one.

Perhaps you would like to know what we did in the way of scholarship. It is only necessary to refer you to the "Essay Committee" and to the Commencement number of the State Normal Magazine, gotten up solely by the Class of 1900.

In athletics we were the progenitors of a new regime. Until the Class of 1900 made its forward step, the walls of the now eloquent Library enclosed all our efforts toward physical culture. There we wrestled in the dust with greased poles and dumbbells, while all outdoors remained unnoticed. The enthusiasm ran so high over basketball in the spring that a determined few lent themselves to the task of cleaning and preparing the grounds. As a token of our love for the success of our first public enterprise, we presented the Association with a handsome trophy cup, to be held by the winning team.



CAROLINIAN



Our social life was brilliant and varied. We were entertained and we gave entertainments. Among the crowning pleasures of our closing college life were the evenings spent with the Classes of 1901 and 1903. Such an elegant reception as we enjoyed on May 19th was unprecedented in history—at least in Normal history.

Treading upon the heels of this social phenomenon came the hay-ride to Guilford College, as guests of the Juniors. I doubt not but that the wayside cottages concluded that the Tower of Babel, with its renowned language pupils, had been resurrected, put upon wheels and was then rolling by, as they heard the medley floating out over the daisy-dotted hills.

Notwithstanding the temptation to flaunt our well-merited prowess over lower classmen, we restrained ourselves until the evening we were to banquet at the Guilford. If you can describe the indescribable expression that plays over the faces of girls thus situated, and can express the inexpressible feelings that fill the hearts, seated thus around their greatest and last class banquet, you may do it. I can not, for my eyes grow moist and my throat husky as I think of the days of happy college life that are gone, gone forever from the Class of 1900.





CAROLINIAN



Class of 1901



HEN asked to write the history of the Class of 1901, I sent a hasty appeal to each member of our class. It ran something like this: "Can you remember a single striking or original thing our class did at the Normal?" Bertha Sugg wrote back: "Indeed I wish I could tell you something that would distinguish our class—it seems we were too stupid to do anything but make our grades. I feel sure the after-record will remove the charge of stupidity from a few, while the rest of us must be classed with the great mass of commonplace folks." Bertha, while at College, was one of the kind who went out after high marks and never came back with anything else. Her after-record speaks for itself. She spent several years as a successful teacher in Wilson, and now she is a homemaker with a girl and a boy to crown her happiness.



Ida Wharton, who taught two years in Washington, N. C., and one at Salem Academy, and was then persuaded to go back to Washington as Mrs. June Grimes, wrote me: "I don't remember anything unusual our class did, but then I've done so much since I graduated, I can't remember anything that happened before that time." Ida has three children, and she threatens to stop by the Normal some time and exhibit them as the finest children in the State.

I had various answers from the other members, but not one was able to jog my memory in the matter of relating big things we did at school. I am forced, therefore, to turn my attention from our record at College, and to give you an account of what our members have done since leaving College.

Bertha Herman has taught either Primary or Grammar School work ever since she graduated, even wandering as far as the State of Washington. She is teaching at present in Pleasant Garden, N. C.

Frances Winston has been teaching Latin. She has had work in Wilson, Asheville and Raleigh, N. C.

The other Frances in the class, Frances Womble, is also a teacher of Latin. She has been in the Greensboro High School ever since she graduated, with the exception of her first year, which she spent in the Kinston Graded Schools.

Rosa Rowe is now Mrs. W. R. Weaver. She is making her home in Philadelphia. She taught for several years in Catawba College, Newton, N. C., and finally walked off with the most eligible young professor in the college.

Elizabeth Zoeler, after teaching a few years, was needed at home and gave up teaching. Our Class Prophet was truly a false one when she saw Elizabeth as a militant suffragette.

The only member of our class who never taught at all is Mamie Hines. Those daily letters Mamie used to get were clear evidence that she would not long remain Mamie Hines. She married within a year after her graduation, and is living in her home town, Kinston, N. C. Mamie was historian of our class, and she reminded me of the fact that the small size of our class was due to the distressing epidemic of fever, which occurred in our Junior year.

Ennice Kirkpatrick taught in several places before she married, even performing the duties, (at one time), of Lady Principal in a small college. Her last two years' work was done in Greensboro, N. C. She is now Mrs. J. L. Rankin, and is living in Birmingham, Ala. She writes very enthusiastically of her little boy.

Laura Sandford taught in Salisbury and is now married and making her home in Chattanooga, Tenn.

Birdie McKinney, the third Latin teacher in the class, is in Reidsville, N. C.

Rosa Abbott is doing primary work in Greensboro, N. C.



CAROLINIAN



Though Mabel Haynes did not go to China to teach the deaf and dumb, as was prophesied, she has gone as far as Havana to do her teaching.

Anna Ferguson taught two years in the Oxford Orphan Asylum and one at Enfield, where she was principal of the school. She married Mr. W. Leak Peace of Oxford, and has two little girls.

Daisy Allen, the bright and shining light of our class, our last president, has made a fine record since leaving College. After teaching four years in the Salisbury schools, she rounded out her education at the University of North Carolina, where she had the unique experience of being in the class with boys she had taught in the Salisbury High School. Daisy had her first three months' work in the fourth grade, a fourth grade whose sixty-odd pupils knew not the meaning of law and order. Daisy had always been an ardent advocate of moral suasion, but throwing theories to the winds, she got down to facts and gave forty whippings in two weeks, thereby bringing such order out of chaos that she was forthwith given the High School work she had been desiring.

This ends the account of the class of 1901. How glad I am that when I called the roll not one member was found missing!





CAROLINIAN



Class of 1902

SARA ALLEN, Sanford, N. C.

ANNIE BEAMAN, Goldsboro, N. C.

DAPHNE CARRAWAY, Wilson, N. C.

IDA COWAN, Durham, N. C.

MINNIE FIELD, Greensboro, N. C.

ANTOINETTE GREGORY, Greensboro, N. C.

SADIE KLUTTZ, Salisbury, N. C.

JENNIE LEGGETT, Scotland Neck, N. C.

ELLA MALLISON, Washington, N. C.

FLORENCE MAYERBERG, Goldsboro, N. C.

MARY SCOTT MUNROE, Goldsboro, N. C.

LULA NOELL, Durham, N. C.

JULIA PASMORE, Cary, N. C.

ANNIE STEWART, Monroe, N. C.

CORA STOCKTON, Asheville, N. C.

BETTIE TRIPP, Durham, N. C.

JESSIE I. WILLIAMS, Reidsville, N. C.

CORA ASBURY—Mrs. W. F. Ingram, Mt. Gilead, N. C.

ELIZA AUSTIN—Mrs. W. J. Shearin, Tarboro, N. C.

SUSIE BOWLING—Mrs. C. T. Pearson, (Deceased).

VIRGINIA BROWN—Mrs. R. D. Douglas, Greensboro, N. C.

FRANCES COLE—Mrs. F. H. Nicholson, Greensboro, N. C.

IONE DUNN, State Normal College, Greensboro, N. C.

FANNIE FREEMAN—Mrs. R. H. Fulghum, Wilson, N. C.

ANNIE HARRISON—Mrs. C. G. Winstead, Wilmington, N. C.

ANNETTE MORTON, 90 W. Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.

FANNIE MOSELEY—Mrs. E. G. Bartlett, Kinston, N. C.

VIRGINIA NEWBY—Mrs. W. C. Crowell, Monroe, N. C.

CATHERINE PACE—Mrs. John G. Cox, Kinston, N. C.



CAROLINIAN



ALMA PITTMAN, 26 Range Road, Shanghai, China.

CARRIE SPARGER—Mrs. C. L. Coon, Wilson, N. C.

ELIZABETH STAMPS—Mrs. B. Moore Parker, (Deceased).

SALLIE TUCKER—Mrs. Walter Harding, Grifton, N. C.

NEITA WATSON—Mrs. Ben G. Allen, Henderson, N. C.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS



UST as the spacious residences and broad boulevards of one's childhood shrink into the ordinary dwelling house and village street of one's grown-up days, so the activities and interests of our years at College dwindle in size and number, if not in significance, after a lapse of eleven years.

The Class of 1902 was what the classes before had been, and, by the same token, what the classes that have come after have been. True, it may have accomplished fewer, or more, actual things than some of them, but the spirit of all has been the same — the spirit of service to the State, inspired in the women of the State by that great teacher, Dr. Charles Duncan McIver.

It was under his leadership that our class was prominent in helping organize the Women's Association for the Betterment of Public School Houses in North Carolina, and it was to help this work along that 1902 sent out to the rural schools the first traveling library in the State. That collection of books is still doing good work under the State Library Commission.

The Decennial, probably the initial issue of the College Annual, was first proposed and gotten out by this class, in honor of the tenth birthday of the College. Our class, too was the first to visibly recognize the *mens sana in corpore sano* principle and did some rather wonderful things in athletics in its Senior year.

And after eleven years, though the class is widely scattered, though some of us have gone from success to success, while others of us have won success through failure, there is no one of who does not give credit to the State Normal College for the inspiration that lightens the day's task and for the strength to fight the battles of the years.

F. M., '02.



CAROLINIAN



Class of 1903

STATE NORMAL COLLEGE, GREENSBORO, N. C., MAY 20, 1913.

MY DEAR SUDIE:

Your letter asking for information about our classmates has brought many pleasant memories of our College days to my mind. It is hard to realize that this can be our decennial Commencement; and yet, if all our classmates could see the changes that the years have wrought at the College, the flight of time would be easier to realize.

You remember that Olive Allen died the very next fall after we graduated. Strange as it may seem, only five out of the remaining twenty-nine are doing regular teaching this winter. Mary Bridgers is making quite a reputation as a first grade teacher in Tarboro. Two others are doing first grade work: Lucile Foust has wandered off to Tennessee, where she is teaching the first grade in Clarksville; Bettie Aiken Land is the other. For several years she taught at Pomona. Last year she taught in the Greensboro city schools, but this year she went back to Pomona.

After teaching here in Greensboro for several years, Lelia Hampton went to Durham, where she now has a place in the History Department of the High School.

Florida Morris taught in Monroe until last year, when she went home to spend the winter. She is now teaching in Hendersonville.

None of us here at the College have heard directly from Ida Smith since we graduated. However, newspaper notices have told us that she was a force in the educational life of Lincoln County until she went West to teach.

So much for our teachers. We may now turn to our homemakers and will find there a larger proportion of the class.

Last fall Wil Warder Steele married Mr. Tom Tate of Greensboro. They have spent the winter in Florida.

Bert Albright did not teach long. She is now Mrs. Frank Moore, and her husband has a shoe-store here in Greensboro.

About four years ago Genevieve Jennings married John Hammer, and they have an attractive little home just outside of Asheboro.

My occasional glimpses of Annie Kizer are very delightful, for she is the same Annie, though she is now Mrs. Tom Bost of Raleigh.

Sallie Lewis is the only one who succeeded in marrying her superintendent. After teaching for him, she married Mr. Herbert Early, and I believe they are now living in Aberdeen.



CAROLINIAN



Ida Satterthwaite says that she still considers teaching her life work, though she gave it up after six years to assume other duties. She is Mrs. Clarence Dunbar of High Point, and of course is very crazy about Aubrey Dunbar, aged two.

In 1910 Gertrude Bryan married Mr. Manly Toon, and they make their home in Whiteville. To mention Gertrude, always makes one think of Florrie King. She gave up the teaching of Latin and is Mrs. N. E. Morgan of Atlanta, Ga. She has two children.

Lyda Faison's oldest child was our first class baby. Lyda is Mrs. Ed Barnes of Kings Mountain, and has two little girls, Margaret and Leslie May.

Lynch Garret's sweetness and gentleness fit her well for her present position, that of the wife of Rev. J. M. Daniel of Selma.

Several times on the train I have met Bessie Harris and babies. She is Mrs. S. B. Denny of Stokesdale.

So much for our married members. I am sure that none are any happier than you are as Mrs. Hannis Latham of Washington, and that no child could be any sweeter than your own little Hannis.

Others of the class are homemakers, though unmarried. After teaching in Statesville for several years, Eula Glenn took up the responsibility of making a home for her orphaned brothers and sisters in Gastonia.

Ida Edwards taught two years, but is now her father's housekeeper in her home town, Ayden.

Mary Ward taught in Asheville a few years, but she is now making her home in Atlanta, Ga.



CLASS OF 1903



CAROLINIAN



The rest of us are neither teachers nor married ladies. Pearl Wyche has charge of the social welfare work in one of the large cotton-mill villages just out of Greensboro. Last spring she spent several months in Europe and the Holy Land.

Flossie Byrd has made a State-wide reputation as executive secretary of the Baraca-Philathea Union. She has headquarters in Greensboro.

One at least has gone far away to live. Ida Hankins is a missionary in Seoul, Korea. Lillian Massey is stenographer for the Mayor of High Point.

Frances Hodges, when we last heard from her, was a trained nurse in Philadelphia.

Nettie Leete Parker and Christine Snyder are instructors here at the College. Nettie teaches mathematics, and Christine, German. This year they are both off on leave of absence and are studying at Chicago University.

As for myself, I, too, seem to cling to the College. As Registrar I spend my days trying to keep six hundred girls straight. I wish that you and all the others could come to see me in the little bungalow that a friend and I have built just off the campus.

With all good wishes for you and the other '03's. Sincerely yours,

MARY TAYLOR MOORE.

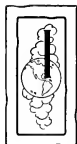




CAROLINIAN



Class of 1904



LOOKING over our class roll, I find that nearly all of our members have taught in the public schools of North Carolina two or more years. Nineteen of our twenty-eight classmates have married, several of whom live in distant States.

The class had a reunion during the Commencement of 1910. Eight members assembled on the Normal campus, under our class tree, took kodak pictures, and planned for a larger reunion in 1912. This, I am sorry to say, did not materialize.

Some of the addresses sent me may not have been correct, and this fact may explain why I have not had news from all our members.

The space allotted will admit of but a few items:

Mattie Dallas Williams taught two years in Monroe, two in Vaughan, and one in Rocky Mount. In June, 1909, she married Mr. Lewis Scoggins. They live in Louisville, N. C.; have two boys, Lewis, Jr., born May, 1910, and Solomon Williams, born September, 1912.

Eugenia Harris taught several years in the Salisbury schools, and then returned to her Alma Mater, where she taught music several sessions. In the summer of 1911 she took a course of music in New York, under the renowned Joseffy. In May, 1912, she married Mr. Earl Holt, formerly a well-known baseball player, now a member of the Oak Ridge Institute faculty. She writes: "Music and baseball are close kin, you know. I play first base always, and am usually satisfied with my umpire's decisions."

Elizabeth Rawls is now Mrs. W. J. Strickner of Burkville, Va.

Tempe Dameron is teaching in Tarboro, N. C.

Catherine Nash, after teaching several years, married Mr. Claude R. McIver, and is living in Spray, N. C. They have a little family of two boys and one girl.

Mary Jones for several years taught domestic science in the Greensboro schools. She is now at home in New Bern, N. C.

Nathalie Smith taught in High Point, N. C. Later she married Mr. Thomas Robertson and went to Twin Falls, Idaho, to live. While visiting in her home at Scotland Neck, in February, 1912, she was burned so severely that death resulted on February 26th. She left three little boys. Nathalie was one of our best loved members, and our deepest sympathy is extended to her family.



CAROLINIAN



Anna Killian taught two years in Statesville. In 1907 she married Mr. A. J. Barwick. They live in Newton, N. C., where Mr. Barwick practices law; and have two children: Killian, aged four, and Eoise, one year old.

Mabel Graeber taught two years in the Masonic Orphanage in Oxford. She is now teaching in a High School in Mebane, N. C.

Annie Belle Hoyle is now Mrs. J. E. Ayscue of LaCrosse, Wisconsin.

Julia Hamlin married Mr. W. T. Robinson, and lives in Clinton, Ky.

Rosa Wells is again teaching at her home in Wilson, where she taught several years ago.

Anna Marritt taught five years in Roxboro, and was principal in 1909-10 of the Bushy Fork High School, near Roxboro. She married a physician, Dr. Wm. A. Bradsher, in 1910, and lives in Roxboro. She has one little girl, a year and a half old.

Marie Buys took the degree of B. S. at the Normal, 1904-05. She taught one year in New Bern, and one year in Morehead City. She is now Mrs. John G. Hardison of New Bern, and has two children, John G., aged five, and Ora M., aged nearly two.

Kate Barden taught Latin three years in the James Sprunt Institute, Kenansville, N. C., and for one year had taught in Wilmington. She is now Mrs. S. G. Winstead of Roxboro, N. C., and has two boys, aged three and one-half and one and one-half years.

Millie Archer, in 1907, married Mr. T. D. Ravenel, and now lives in Green Pond, S. C. She has two babies: Francis, born September, 1909, and Joseph Archer, born October, 1910.



CLASS OF 1906



CAROLINIAN



Susie Williams has taught during the past three years in Rockingham, N. C.

To Mattie Taylor belongs the distinction of having the Class Baby—Clara Eyelyn, born in July, 1906. She has also two sons. Mattie taught one year before marriage, and one year immediately after. She married Mr. John E. Gill, and lives in Henderson, N. C.

Lottie Glass is teaching in Statesville, N. C.

Swanna Pickett is Mrs. W. H. Henderson of Chester, S. C.

Berlie Harris married Mr. F. H. Williamson of North Wilkesboro, N. C.

Maggie Burkett is now Mrs. S. C. Brawley of Durham, N. C. She taught several years in Greensboro before marriage.

Evelyn Royall taught two years in Washington, and is now teaching her seventh in Durham.

Maude Hoyle is teaching in Charlotte.

Charlotte Ireland is now Mrs. Wm. I. Thompson and lives in Faison, N. C.

Eugenia Satterwhite is Mrs. L. O. Reavis of Manson, N. C.

Florence Ledbetter taught six years and is now taking a business course at the Normal. Her home is in Greensboro.

As for myself, I taught two sessions in Greensboro, and in June, 1906, married Mr. S. Glenn Brown, a lawyer of Greensboro. I have one little son, Glenn, Jr., born in July, 1908.

February 10th, 1913.

MAY STEWART BROWN.





CAROLINIAN



Class of 1905



THE FIRST era in the history of the Class of 1905 began in the fall of 1901, when Mr. Forney met our band of fifty-one verdant maidens in Miss Mendenhall's recitation room and laboriously taught us parliamentary law. This first era was largely one of adjustment. We

Learned to dislike the Sophomores; envy the Juniors; love the Seniors; stand in proper awe of the Faculty, and drink deeply of Normal College spirits. In the latter part of this era we threw ourselves, soul, body and much-prized team sweaters into athletics. We won the first place in the baseball tournament—held behind the Teague Dormitory—and we defeated the Juniors in basketball; but we were sorely defeated by the Sophomores.

The second era in our history was notably a self-asserting one. We endeavored to show originality in all we did, from our reception of the Freshmen in the fall to our ivy-planting in the spring.



CLASS OF 1905



CAROLINIAN



This latter event occurred May 8th, 1903. In those days the planting of the Class Tree was a public event. We, however, discarded the idea of a Class Tree, and decided to plant ivy on the stone wall in front of the Administration Building. Accordingly forty-four Sophomores in Greek garb marched out by moonlight and each planted a sprig of ivy. Alas! Only one little vine survives to keep in memory the event. "It died," the cruel Juniors said, "of an overdose of ceremony."

Having in mind the mantle (regalia) so soon to fall upon our shoulders, we entered upon the third period of our College life advocates of "law and order."

In January of this year the memorable fire occurred, and of necessity we enjoyed the novel experience of living in alcoves.

The last year of our College life began with the opening of the Spencer Dormitory. We found much of hard work and keen pleasure in this year.

An event of moment to us was the adoption of the large willow tree that stands near the entrance into College Avenue. The adoption ceremony was held on the eighth of May, the anniversary of our ivy-planting.

This spring, too, we entered the basketball tournament for the first time since our Freshman year. By virtue of much hard work we succeeded in winning the cup. The Thirteenth Normal College Commencement found us a band of thirty-nine pale, dignified Seniors, loyal to College, society and class. On June 9, 1905, we received our diplomas and turned our feet into widely diverging paths—to work and to love, wherever those paths should lead; and to cherish always a deep affection for our Alma Mater, and a reverence for the Normal College Faculty, who, by example, taught us the nobility of work and inspired us to meet with equanimity whatever fortune our futures held.





CAROLINIAN



CLASS ROLL, 1905

ROSA W. BAILEY, Liberty, N. C.
IONE CATES, Mercur, Utah.
MARY COFFEY, Lenoir, N. C.
BESSIE CROWELL, Charlotte, N. C.
JOSIE DAMERON, Warrenton, N. C.
BESSIE DANIEL, Roxboro, N. C.
KATE FINLEY, Statesville, N. C.
RUTH FITZGERALD, Greensboro, N. C.
INEZ FLOW, Monroe, N. C.
MAY HENDRIX, Greensboro, N. C.
MARY JARMAN, Richlands, N. C.
MARY KENNEDY, Houstonville, N. C.

MARY W. McCULLOCH, Greensboro, N. C.
ANNIE MARTIN McIVER, Greensboro, N. C.
JOSEPHINE MORTON, Townsville, N. C.
FRANCES NICHOLSON, Statesville, N. C.
CLAUDE POINDEXTER, Winston, N. C.
ANNIE D. RABE, Salisbury, N. C.
EDNA REINHARDT, R. F. D., Stanley, N. C.
CLARA SPICER, Goldsboro, N. C.
LELIA STYRON, New Bern, N. C.
MAY R. WILLIAMS, Tarboro, N. C.
MATTIE YOKLEY, Mt. Airy, N. C.

NETTIE BEVERLY—Mrs. Belvin, Durham, N. C.
MARY DAVIS—Mrs. J. W. Sewell, Monroe, N. C.
SADIE DAVIS—Mrs. Eugene E. Gray, Winston, N. C.
LOUISE DIXON—Mrs. C. L. Crane, Luebo, Congo Belge, Africa, via Antwerp.
EMMA DUFFEY—Mrs. J. V. Blades, New Bern, N. C.
JENNIE HACKETT—Mrs. Hugh Cranor, N. Wilkesboro, N. C.
ETHEL HARRIS, Normal College, Greensboro, N. C.
MARY WELDON HUSKE—Mrs. R. H. Lewis, Jr., Durham, N. C.
ELIZABETH POWELL, 224 Lester Ave., Oakland, Cal.
JOSEPHINE RAINEY—Mrs. Osmond Smith, R. 1, Milton, N. C.
EMMA SHARPE—Mrs. W. Moulton Avery, Greensboro, N. C.
ANNIE LEE SHUFORD—Mrs. B. R. Wall, Lilesville, N. C.
LETTIE SPAINHOUR, care of Southern Baptist Mission, Soochow, China.
LIZZIE B. STOKES—Mrs. W. Guy Newby, Hertford, N. C.
GRACE TOMLINSON—Mrs. W. F. Eagles, Wilson, N. C.
REBECCA WARLICK—Mrs. W. H. Everhart, (Deceased).





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Class of 1906

Chick-a-lack-a! Chick-a-lack-a!
Boom-a-rack-a-rix! Chick-a-lack-a!
Chick-a-lack-a! 1906!



THIS YELL was characteristic of the sixty strong girls who entered the College in 1902, to become the Class of 1906, and banded themselves together with high aspirations and adopted *Excelsior* for their watchword. It was a source of pride to these girls that they were the first class to plant their class tree during their Freshman year. The fire which swept the College occurred in 1904, the Sophomore year of this class, greatly reducing its number. During the next two years, after other eliminating processes had done their work, the number was further reduced until only twenty-two of the original number remained.

The bust of Sidney Lanier, the gift of this class to the College, is placed just inside the main entrance to the Students' Building, and stands as a monument to the character of our greatest Southern poet, whose appreciation of scholarship, fine feeling for music and love of nature and of man, made his life worthy of the study of all future students. The Class of 1906 was fortunate in being the first to hold its graduation exercises in the auditorium of the present Students' Building. This, too, was the last class that had the privilege of being graduated under Dr. McIver. It was with a sense of great obligation to Dr. McIver and to the members of the Faculty that the class disbanded in May, 1906, and its members scattered once more to their homes.

The greater number of this class have taught since graduation. Janet Austin remained at her home, Tarboro, until last summer, when she married Mr. J. R. Chambliss of Florence, S. C. Mary Benbow is still living in Greensboro. Stella Blount is teaching at Plymouth, N. C., near her home. Willie Brown is teaching in the English department of the High School at Lenoir, N. C. Estelle Davis is teaching at Washington, N. C. Daisy Donnell taught two years and is now Mrs. B. R. Craven of Greensboro, N. C. After teaching for six years, Josie Doub married Mr. J. R. Bennett of Rocky Mount. Carrie Glenn is teaching in Gastonia. Carrie Graeber has a position in Greenville, N. C. May Hampton is teaching at Winston-Salem. Elizabeth Hicks has taught, but is at present at her home in Faison. Helen Hicks taught one year, but since that time has held a position in the Census Department at Wash-



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ington, D. C. Margaret Horsfield is teaching in Salem Academy. Sallie Hyman is principal of the High School at Scotland Neck. Meta Liles is teaching at Tarboro, her home town. Emma McKinney is teaching music at her home, Reidsville. Hattie Martin is now Mrs. Odin J. Hill of Mooresville. Hattie O'Berry is Mrs. Frank Lee of Bowden. Blanche Stacey is teaching at Shelby. Florence Terrell taught for three years, then married Mr. Jas. K. Dorsett of Spencer. Jennie Todd is the only member of the class who is out of the State. She is teaching at Crumpler, W. Va. Mattie Winfield has been teaching at the Normal College since graduation.

Those already named, together with two granddaughters and one grandson, make up a complete list of the Class of 1906 as it exists today.



CAROLINIAN



Class of 1907



HERE may be members of the Class of 1907 who, through the perspective of six years, will be ready to admit that the pathway of our class was not rose-strewn. There may be some who recall with greater vividness the hardships, the failures of our four years than they do those satisfyingly delightful experiences with which our history was filled. But I will be willing to wager that by far the majority of our class, retaining the optimism which was thoroughly characteristic of them in their college days, look back upon their four years spent at the College with a pleasant disregard

for details inconsistent with the general impression of a happy past; with memories that have magnified good points and minimized the bad; with hearts that hold nothing but love for College, for classmates and for those days of old.



CAROLINIAN



To be sure, patient delving into these memories of ours will bring to light the fact that our class in its Freshman year was both disrupted and bankrupted by the fire, which, to quote the Historian, "destroyed our dormitory and every cent of the class funds—seventeen cents in all." But quickly to the rescue of such a recollection comes the thought that, had it not been for the fire, we would never have experienced the joys and novelty of alcove life in the unfinished Students' Building; might never, indeed, have formed some of those firm friendships which the exigencies of such a life made possible. We remember, too, through what tribulation we came to learn that we must allow a full fifteen minutes for a trip to far away Rockingham, used for the first time during our Sophomore year; with what difficulty we regulated our good-nights to particular loves who roomed several corridors away. There was complete compensation for this, however, in our enjoyment of the newness of the building and its many conveniences. Should the difficulties which, during our Junior year, we met in preparing for society meetings return to haunt us, we need but to be reminded of the satisfaction we secured the following year from our completed and furnished society halls—enjoyment rendered keener by contrast.

Seniorhood opened with the greatest sorrow of our College life. When we returned in the fall of 1906, anticipation of our coming year keen within us, we were greeted with the startling news of Dr. McIver's death, which plunged us all into mourning of spirit as well as of form. We rightly felt that we had lost a personal friend; that the women of North Carolina had lost a benefactor; that the cause of education had lost a fearless champion. But through even this pall of sorrow, bright spots were visible. To us it was given to graduate as the first class under Mr. Foust's regime, and to bear testimony of the breadth and depth and wise tact of the man who had succeeded to a position which few indeed of the North Carolina men could have filled. Furthermore, in these last days, the members of our class were drawn more closely together because of their common sorrow, common responsibility and common joys, than would ordinarily have been the case with a class so large. An intense love for each '07 girl, an abiding loyalty for the class itself, rendered the graduation and separation of its forty-six members anything but a festive occasion to them.

Six years have passed since then, and now—

The Class of 1907, like Gaul of old, is divided into three parts: First, those who by reason of their superior charms and—shall we say?—wisdom, have taken unto themselves husbands, and now inhabit homes of their own; second, those who by reason of good fortune or disinclination to teach remain ladies of leisure and inhabit the homes of their fathers; third, those who by reason of poverty, or ambition, or ideals of service, are engaged in bread-winning capacities—as teachers, nurses, stenographers—and who, alas! too often inhabit the homes of others.



To the first class belong Clare Case, our first bride, who is now Mrs. Fred Ingram of High Point; Mary Reid, now Mrs. Vernon Idol, also of High Point; Mary Carter, Mrs. Walter Crump of Warrenton; Janet Crump, Mrs. Eugene Gray of Winston; Mena Davis, Mrs. Robert McArthur of Winston; Kate Huske, Mrs. Horace Vance of Winston; Lillian Gray, Mrs. Bruce Sugg of Greenville, N. C.; Marjorie Kennedy, Mrs. Ernest White of Greensboro; Iola White, Mrs. Lonnie Thompson of Greensboro; Vaughn White, Mrs. Henry Holloman of Rich Square; Lucy Hawkins, Mrs. F. E. Thomas of Wadesboro; Mary Tharp, Mrs. Lawrence Horne of Rocky Mount; Sue Williams, Mrs. B. B. Williams of Warrenton.

In the second class, hopelessly in the minority, it seems, are to be found Mary Strudwick, who is interested in society in Greensboro; Mary Robinson, who, after five continuous years' work in Dr. Gudger's laboratory, is taking a rest at her home in Morven; Mary Exum, who, could it be on account of ill-health, is staying at her home in Snow Hill; Ethel Lyon, who did not care for teaching, and who therefore remains at home, first lieutenant to her mother; Rosa Lee Dixon, who, after several months in the hospital, is trying to regain strength to return to teaching; Miriam Boyd, who is just playing lady without any special reason.

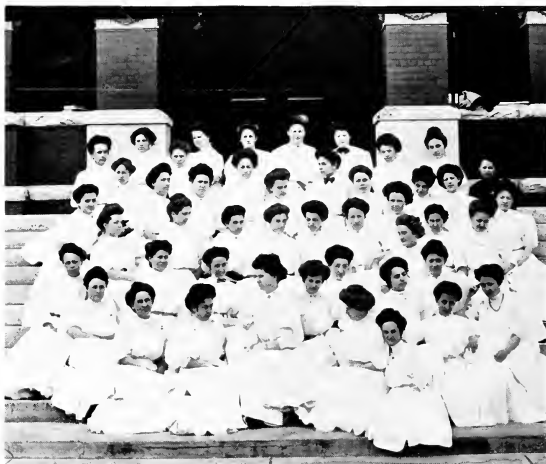
Last of all come the teachers, among whom we find Lulie Whitaker and Ethel Dalton at Winston; Eula May Blue and Mattie Kate Shaw at Carthage; May Lovelace and Elizabeth LeGwin at Wilson; Lena Leggett at Dunn; Margaret Call at Wilkesboro; Mary Hyman at Franklinton; Winnifred Harper, principal at Hookerton, N. C.; May Withers at Lincolnton; Nell Armfield at Statesville; Elinor Murr at Wadesboro; Inez Koonce at Murphy; Florence Gray at Greensboro; Grace Gill at Laurinburg; Blanche Austin at Charlotte; Belle Hampton at Mullin, S. C.; Agnes Blake at Willow Creek, Montana; Flora Thornton in Atlanta; Eleanor Elliott at the Normal in Greensboro; Willie Spainhour at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum in Morganton; Mamie Toler at Goldsboro.

From our school-teaching ranks we have lost the two Howells; Mabel having become a stenographer, and Elizabeth a trained nurse, with a splendid position in the Flagler Hospital at Jacksonville, Fla. Janie Robinson has also become a trained nurse.

Scattered abroad as we are, in five different States, we are united in memory frequently. To each one of us it comes as a personal grief that Daisy Wilson, who had married Mr. H. F. Brinson, has passed "to where, beyond these voices, there is peace." She is the first of our forty-six to leave us; may it be many a day before another of our band is taken!



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Class of 1908



HIS is not the year, girls, in which the prophetic mind of Blanche Hanes visited the College and made known to us what the future held in store for us. But if you look through your Class Book you will see how true a prophet Blanche has been.

Rena Lassiter is indeed "playing Babbie" to a minister in North Carolina. She is now Mrs. A. V. Joyner of Raleigh.

There are twelve or thirteen others who, forgetful of the "Old Maids' Convention" have either entered, or are about to enter, the "matrimonial state." Nettie Rudisill is soon to be Mrs. Godwin; and Blanche Hanes, Mrs. Frank Clement of Winston. No one is able to decide just what Mattie Williams is going



to do. For the present, she is living in Greensboro and teaching the third grade in the Training School. She has taken Annie McIver's place for the spring.

Margaret Redmond is living in Arizona. She moved there very soon after she was married to Mr. Kelly Thigpen.

Nothing was heard of Dora Snipes for a year or two after she left College, until 1911: She calmly appeared at Commencement as Mrs. R. C. Mozingo, of Goldsboro. She brought her husband along for inspection.

Alice Flintoff married the summer after graduation. Her address is Mrs. J. T. Sledge, No. 5, Danville, Va. .

Hattie Clement and Loula Craven have fulfilled the prophecy concerning them. Hattie is Mrs. W. T. Yancey of Oxford, and Loula is Mrs. L. A. Weddington of Concord.

Marianna Mann, Mrs. W. C. Philips, lived in Rockingham for several years, but now lives in Raleigh.

Mary Agnes Monroe is Mrs. T. H. Hobbs of Fayetteville.

Elvira Foust is Mrs. J. O. Plonk of Kings Mountain.

Ethel Hodges surprised us all by getting married before the school term had closed, and finishing the term as Mrs. A. M. McDonald of LaGrange.

Maggie Barwick is happy keeping house for Mr. Louis Womble, Raleigh.

Our President, Bright Ogburn, is Mrs. J. L. Hoyle of Charlotte.

Now I must tell you of the rest of us who have remained true spinsters:

Mary Fitzgerald and Belle Strickland are teaching at Pomona. Mary's family have moved here from Mocksville and are living near Pomona.

Martha Petty and Bertie Freeman are teaching in the city schools of Greensboro.

Della Austin and Slocumb Smith are in Dunn.

Nannie Paris has the first grade in Rocky Mount.

Hattie Griffin and Eliza Stevens are teaching in Goldsboro. Hattie is a supply teacher.

Carrie Powell, like Margaret Redmond, has wandered far away from home. Her address is Pittsburg, California.

Willie White is teaching in Raleigh.

Frances Lacy has been in Washington for two years.

Mary Williams is living at her home in Mooresville, a lady of leisure.

Bessie Ives is still teaching in Asheville; Minnie Lee Peedin is in Lincolnton; Ella Battle in Tarboro, and Lena Glenn in Gastonia.

Last year Ethel Kelley made a success teaching domestic science in Rich Square. I think she is there again this year.



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Edna Forney is helping Mr. Forney in his office at the college.

May Hunter has left Morganton and gone to teach in the school at Valle Crucis, in the western part of the State.

Nettie Brodgen is in Fayetteville.

Nell Joyce is teaching in her home town.

I don't know where Lucy Jones and Frances Wright are.

Catherine Arnold is in Cameron; Elizabeth Hyman at Peace Institute; Emma Gill in Laurinburg; Etta Powell in Greenville; Bettie Leary in Jamesville; Ida Byerley in Advance, and Lemma Gibbs in Reidsville.

If you come to Greensboro, Ethel Brown will be glad to see you at 200 Forest Avenue. Come, let's visit together.

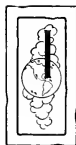




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Class of 1909



IN his farewell to the Class of 1909, Dr. Foust said: "Your class occupies a unique position in the history of this institution. It is the first class of full-fledged Bachelors that the College has sent forth. You are the first to undertake and conquer the more difficult course of instruction which was inaugurated by the Faculty four years ago, and which when completed leads to the usual college degree. As an indication of the cohesive and attractive forces of your class, I need only mention the fact that you have the same number today that you had four years ago, when, as Freshmen, you started toward the goal of graduation. This case is very unusual." As a class, we were proud that these things could be said of us, and we also lay modest claim to one other distinction. Ours was the first class to publish a College Annual,



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and this action of ours has never been a source of regret to succeeding classes. Aside from these facts, however, our class history would show that our College life must have been very similar to that of all other classes, though, of course, we thought at the time being that we were "bright and shining stars" and that the world would soon be bowing before us. Alas for such notions! Four years have passed since our graduation, and none of us have yet succeeded in setting the world afire with our brilliancy and genius. The following roll call, however, will show that each and every one is endeavoring in her own way to repay the State for the privileges she enjoyed at the College:

Bessie Cauble taught science in the Greensboro High School for three years. She is spending this winter at her home in Black Mountain. We certainly miss her at our class meetings this year.

After teaching one year in Wadesboro, Okla Dees returned to Greensboro, and has been doing primary work in the Lindsay Street School since. She taught in the Appalachian Training School one summer.

Nettie Dixon, after teaching in the east, at Dunn, one year and at Murphy, in the west, two years, decided that her home town was best after all. And so she is now doing primary work at White Oak, near Greensboro.

Edna Duke is at present doing successful work in Goldsboro. Before that she taught in Graham and at St. Paul's.

Evelyn Gudger taught one year in Asheville, and was then married to Mr. Guy Roberts. They have lately moved into their new home at Marshall.

The Siamese twins of the class, Cora Hart and Clara Sloan, managed somehow or other to live apart for one year after graduation. Cora taught in Weldon and Clara in Lincolnton. But they compromised on Pomona the second year, and since then they have been teaching together in Gastonia.

Paulina Hassell was one of the four members of our class who taught in Weldon the first year after graduation. She is now in Dunn. We were glad to welcome her at the College during the Teachers' Assembly, last November.

For the past two years Kate Jeffreys has been enjoying "home life." Before that she taught in Graham.

Flida Johnson and Lola Lasley are still our "ladies of leisure." Unlike the other members of the class, they had no struggles with Training School work, and they have not taught since graduation. Of course, the rest of us think that they have missed a great deal, but we can truthfully say that this has never lessened their loyalty to the College and to the Class of 1909.

After doing primary work for two years in Weldon, Florence Landis is now doing primary work in the Episcopal Mission School at Valle Crucis. She writes that her work is delightful and that she is enjoying the mountains to the fullest.



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Two members of the class are still closely connected with the college. Jean Booth, after teaching a year in Greensboro, became, as Mrs. "Jam" Matheson, the head of the Pedagogy Department of the Normal. She has a dear little home on Mendenhall Street, where our class reunion was held last May. Mary Mitchell, still true to her hobby, is assistant in the Latin Department of the College.

Hal Morrison has attended every class reunion since graduation, and is the same Jolly Hal, notwithstanding the fact that she has taught three years, one in Graham and two in Greenville.

Verna Pope taught several years in Hamlet, and is now connected with the Jonesboro graded school. She has visited the College twice since graduation.

After a year at home, Linda Shuford is now doing first-grade work in Lenoir. She taught one year in Lincolnton, and spent the next winter at Morven with her sister, Annie Lee Shuford Wall.

I suppose we should all stand in awe of "School Marm" Jessie Smoak. She taught first in Rockingham, and is now principal of a school near Noxboro, where she is doing splendid work.

Claude Umstead is supremely happy. For what reason? you ask. Why, it's because she is teaching History! History!! History!!! She has divided her time equally between Weldon and Salisbury.

We can not make the boast of many classes, that our members are scattered over the country, far and wide, from Maine to Florida and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But we are just as proud of our record as they are of theirs. The Old North State can not be beaten and as true "Tar Heels" we have cast our lots down home, where we are daily endeavoring to pass on to the State the inspiration and help we received from the College.





Class of 1910



IN its own estimation, each class is no doubt unique; and so it is but natural that to 1910ers, many and varied were the important happenings of its four College years. Sift them down and they are, however, but the usual Freshman trials, Sophomore tribulations, Junior successes and Senior ambitions.

There were seventy-two of us in the fall of 1906, when we gathered to begin our College career. Entering at this time, just two days after Dr. McIver's death, we never knew him in the flesh, yet so keenly did we feel his spirit among us that we resolved to follow, in our own feeble way, in his footsteps. And so we chose as our Class Tree, the whiteoak, christened "The McIver Oak," and adopted as our motto, "Service," the watchword of his life. Four years later,



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where there were but thirty-five of us, we were still, as through our College days, endeavoring to keep before us that motto, and to bear it in mind, as we were just taking our places in the busy world.

Though very like all others, perhaps, we would still claim some few distinctions. Strong and sturdy of frame, we took an active part in the College athletics, and for three times came off victorious with the basketball trophy cup and once with the Field Day Banner. And while we boasted of no intellectual prodigies, still we did take rather a modest pride in our scholarship. We passed through our Senior Year without the anxiety of having a single member of the class fail on any subject. Perhaps some would be disposed to attribute this to the fact that we were the first to enjoy the quiet and seclusion of Senior Hall, where our thoughts suffered by no interruptions. Whether this be true or not, certain it is that we there became bound together by the strongest ties of class loyalty, and we look back with the greatest pleasure to the happiness of that Senior year.

Though but three years have passed since that memorable day of graduation, our thirty-five members have scattered far during this time, all of them have striven to live up to their motto. Without an exception, every member has taught for at least one year in the public schools. Now six more fortunate ones have forsaken the ranks, and are engaged in private teaching, while the others remain true to their first love.

Belle Andrews is teaching in Salisbury.

Mary Louise Brown is teaching in Rich Square.

Bessie Coats is teaching in Smithfield.

Margaret Cooper is teaching in Liberty. She spent last winter at Dr. White's Bible School in New York.

Mellie Cotchett is a stenographer in Wilmington. She taught for two years in Wilson.

Annie Davis is now at Dr. White's Bible School, preparing for foreign mission work.

Lula Dixon is now Mrs. W. H. Meroney, of Murphy.

Mamie Griffin is teaching in Wilson.

Annie Lee Harper is teaching in Wadesboro.

Edith Hassell is teaching in Smithfield.

Belle Hicks is at home in Henderson.

Eleanor Huske is teaching in Fayetteville.

Emily Hyman is teaching at Pomona.

Margaret John is teaching at Fayetteville.

Viola Keeter is teaching in Grover, her home town.

Katie Kime is teaching at Pomona.



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Clara Lambe is now Mrs. E. B. Craven of Siler City.

Alice Ledbetter is teaching in the school of the Revolution Mills, near Greensboro.

Annie Martin is now Mrs. E. W. Cole of Carnegie, Pa.

Edith Mason is teaching in Gastonia.

Mary McCulloch is at home in Greensboro. She spent last winter in Cincinnati, studying art. She promises to be the future sculptor of the class.

Winnie McWhorter is teaching in Battleboro.

Annie Moring is at home in Asheville.

Annette Munds is now Mrs. Walter Kenly, Easton, Md.

Willard Powers is teaching in Thomasville.

Eunice Roberts is teaching in Shelby.

Pearl Robertson is teaching in Burlington.

Elizabeth Robinson is teaching in Fayetteville.

Clyde Stancill is at the Normal, assisting in the German department.

Marion Stevens is teaching in Goldsboro.

Jane Summerell is at the Normal, assisting in the Latin department.

Anna Vernon is teaching in Fuquay Springs.

Laura Weill is now Mrs. David Stern of Greensboro.

Nora Belle Wilson is teaching in Charlotte.

Louise Wooten is now Mrs. S. G. Griffin of Asheville, N. C.





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Myrtle Johnson
CLASS of 1911
PRES.



Margaret Faison
CLASS of 1911
V PRES.



May Vickery
CLASS of 1911
SEC.



May Brown
CLASS of 1911
TRES.

Class of 1911

MYRTLE JOHNSON	<i>President</i>
MARGARET FAISON	<i>Vice-President</i>
MAY VICKERY	<i>Secretary</i>
MAY BROWN	<i>Treasurer</i>



EVERY organization has some dominant characteristic that lends to it individuality. So it must have been with the class of 1911; and now, since the years have cast all details into obscurity, that ruling feature may be discerned. Ours was a mettle that made us indifferent to criticism and determined to do what we thought best, despite of outside opinion. Independence—that was the keynote of 1911, good, sturdy American independence, with a will to dare and to do, especially to dare. We were not bound down by prejudice or sacred tradition left by other classes; our aim

was to live by our own new ideas. New they were, and very fresh at times. In spite of the struggles we had with studies, and they were real struggles to the majority of us, we had a glorious four years of college life. Those were years in which we made a



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thousand interesting plans and carried out a few. Unlike other classes, we never really had a continuous class leader; all of us had the spirit of leaders, if not the power; all of us wanted to accomplish the same good end, though each had her individual plan for reaching that end. Perhaps since those four years are past and we have our own paths to follow, that independence may serve us in good stead, and give us the power even to follow the beloved motto: "*Als ich kann.*"

E. ROSE BATTERHAM.

CLASS ROLL, 1911

LILY MARY BATTERHAM, Asheville, N. C.	ALLIE PARSONS, Wendell, N. C.
ELEANOR ROSE BATTERHAM, Asheville, N. C.	MARGARET PICKETT, Liberty, N. C.
MARY LETA BERRY, Swan Quarter, N. C.	DELORAH STEPP, Hendersonville, N. C.
ANTOINETTE BLACK, Wilmington, N. C.	MARY OLIVE WALTERS, Hereford, N. C.
BONNIE MAE BROWN, Kinston, N. C.	HARRIET C. WARDLAW, Greensboro, N. C.
MARY OLIVIA BURBAGE, Como, N. C.	IELIA WHITE, Concord, N. C.
BERTHA DANIEL, R. 5, Roxboro, N. C.	ANNIE LOUISE WILLS, Brinkleyville, N. C.
JESSIE EARNHARDT, Lenoir, N. C.	BESSIE BENNETT, Reidsville, N. C.
CATHERINE ERVIN, Morgantown, N. C.	ANNIE GOODLOE BROWN, Valle Crucis, N. C.
ZORA HANNAH, Waynesville, N. C.	GEORGIE HICKS FAISON, Clinton, N. C.
PEARL HOLLOWAY, Gorman, N. C.	MARGARET JOHNSON FAISON, Clinton, N. C.
MYRTLE B. JOHNSTON, Roper, N. C.	LENA GREEN, Monroe, N. C.
CATHERINE H. JONES, Durham, N. C.	ADA VIELE, Taylorsville, N. C.
MAREA JORDAN, Durham, N. C.	NORA CARPENTER, Fountain City, Tenn.
ZANNIE KOONCE, Chadbourne, N. C.	MINNIE LITTMAN, Salisbury, N. C.
NANNIE LACY, Millbrook, N. C.	KATHERINE NORFLEET, Roxobel, N. C.
ADELAIDE MORROW, Mebane, N. C.	HULDAH SLAUGHTER, Goldsboro, N. C.
NATALIE NUNN, Kinston, N. C.	

EDITH LATHAM—Mrs. A. C. Seltan, 40 Mass. Ave., Quincy, Mass.

FRANCES BRYAN BROADFOOT, Fayetteville, N. C.

MAY VICKERY—Mrs. Jarvis Faucette, Brown Summit, N. C.



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OFFICERS OF THE CLASS OF 1912

Class of 1912

IVOR AYCOCK, Fremont, N. C.
LEAH BODDIE, Durham, N. C.
MARY KATHERINE BROWN, Salisbury, N. C.
HATTIE E. BURCH, Andrews, N. C.
ELIZABETH NORMAN BURWELL, Oxford, N. C.
CLAUDIA CASHWELL, Gastonia, N. C.
ANNIE MOORE CHERRY, Dunn, N. C.
DORA COATS, Reidsville, N. C.
MARGARET CAMERON COBB, Portsmouth, Va.
MADGE COBLE, Pomona, N. C.
MAGGIE LINDA COBLE, Mt. Airy, N. C.
ANNIE FRANKLIN CUMMINS, Richmond, Va.
CLYDE FIELDS, Mt. Airy, N. C.
NETTIE JANE FLEMING, Greensboro, N. C.
LOUISE NORTH GILL, Laurinburg, N. C.
MAY GREEN, Winston, N. C.
MYRTLE GREEN, Elizabeth City, N. C.
LUCY HAMILTON, Morehead, City, N. C.
ALICE GILL HARRIS, Statesville, N. C.
REBECCA ASHFORD HERRING, Clinton, N. C.
HATTIE SHERROD HOWELL, Tarboro, N. C.
FLORENCE REBECCA HUNT, Oxford, N. C.

HAZEL HUNT, Rich Square, N. C.
ETHEL LILLIAN IVEY, Hamlet, N. C.
MABEL GERDING JETTON, Shelby, N. C.
BESSIE JORDAN, Dunn, N. C.
AMY E. JOSEPH, Goldsboro, N. C.
LOUISE LUCAS, Andrews, N. C.
ETHEL MCNAIRY, Statesville, N. C.
ALICE TYE MORRISON, Louisburg, N. C.
KATE LEA OWEN, Yadkin College, N. C.
LUCY BELLE ROBERTSON, High Point, N. C.
KATIE NORMA SMITH, Dunn, N. C.
THELMA SMITH, Wilmington, N. C.
PATTIE LOUISE SPRUILL, Oriental, N. C.
EMMA VICKERY, Rutherfordton, N. C.
MARGARET REBECCA WILSON, Wilson, N. C.
PENELOPE WITHERINGTON, Goldsboro, N. C.
JAMIE BRYAN, Greenville, N. C.
LUCY LANDON, Elizabeth City, N. C.
LUCILLE MIDDLETON, Goldsboro, N. C.
MARY SLAUGHTER, Goldsboro, N. C.
CATHERINE E. VERNON, Wake Forest, N. C.

MARY FAY DAVENPORT, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

MARGARET KOLLOCK BERRY, Chapel Hill, N. C.



CAROLINIAN



GRACE ELIZABETH EATON, Statesville, N. C.
LUCILE MARSHALL ELLIOTT, Salisbury, N. C.
REBECCA HILLIARD FOUST, Winston-Salem, N. C.
MARGARET ELIZABETH JOHNSON, Salisbury, N. C.
ARA VIRGINIA JORDAN—Mrs. Claude S. Tate, Littleton, N. C.
MARY K. VAN POOLE, Pleasant Garden, N. C.
HARRIETTE ETHEL SKINNER, Rich Square, N. C.
KATE RICHARDSON STYRON, Wilmington, N. C.
SARAH McEWEN TULBERT, Statesville, N. C.
ALICE IVA WHITSON, State Normal College, Greensboro, N. C.





“The Trail of 1912”

We landed on College Avenue, we joined the motley mass,
Clamoring over our trunk-checks, each one a fresh, fresh lass.
Then laughed at the warning of Sophomores, secure in our High School conceit
Till exams were thrust upon us, and every grade was a “six.”

Gone was the light from our faces, haggard and red eyed and pale
The heedless mirth of the High School was changed to the care of the “Trail.”
Never were seen such Freshmen, ignorant, helpless, unfit,
Never did grow such a spirit, “End-Term” proved our courage and grit.

Sophomores, we cried to our class-mates, little we cared for past tears;
Sophomores, we cried to the Freshmen, and the Hockey-cup proved all their fears.
Field-day showed us triumphant, but the basketball trophy passed by
Yet soon were our hearts uplifted, Pageant in dreams drew nigh.

Then to the heights of athletics, the tin cup began our ascent,
Bell cup meant more to our thinking, and again to us victory bent.
Then to our trophies were added, banner and basketball too
But not all these glories could banish Ashe and short stories new.

Pageant before we had dreamed of, Pageant our Senior year filled.
Though our cherished cup went to Juniors, faithfully ever we drilled.
Long did we plead for our Annual, since essays we did not hand in
But pageant again was triumphant, Annual only a might-have-been.

Exams, with trials were passed through, we gained our half hundred at last,
On to the end of the Trail, gravely we labored and fast.
Pageant day dawned in its splendor, diplomas seemed dim in its glories.
Happy were we, yet grave, just begun were our stories.

Hardly a year has passed since we stood together there,
But we're scattered throughout our State and just a few elsewhere;
And wherever our girls are found, there is never the word “to fail,”
For the Class of 1912, ever loyal, still follows the “Trail.”



CHARLES DUNCAN MCIVER
Founder and first President of the State Normal
and Industrial College



CAROLINIAN



THE CLASS OF 1899 AS SOPHOMORE

The Class that gave the flag to the College and started the fund
for the Students' Building



CAROLINIAN



SCENE IN PEABODY PARK



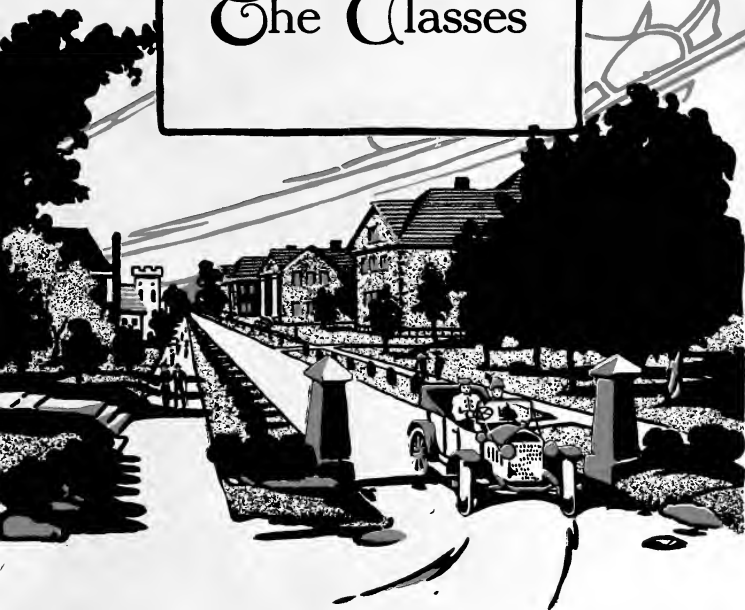
CAROLINIAN



SCENES IN PEABODY PARK

Book the
Second

The Classes





JESSE FRED MERRITT
Mascot of the Class of Nineteen Thirteen



CAROLINIAN



Senior Class

Class of Nineteen Thirteen,
May our love for thee keep true;
And for thy motto Excelsior,
And thy colors, White and Blue.

For four short years we've loved thee;
And as the years passed one by one,
The tie has bound us closer,
"Till now when our work is done—

We stand a band united
By the love we bear for thee,
And we feel our love requited
By the strength we've gained from thee.

But the time is here for parting,
Dear class of White and Blue,
And each member has a mission
That her duty bids her do.

But we will ne'er forget thee
In our absence now so near,
But will always bless thee,
And hold thy teachings dear.

Thy motto we'll always remember,
And each day will higher aim,
Though our strifes be known to thee only,
And our names not written in fame.

So here's to you, Nineteen Thirteen,
And your colors, White and Blue,
And to your motto Excelsior,
And our future loyal and true.



CAROLINIAN



SENIOR CLASS

OFFICERS

FALL TERM

ETHEL BOLLINGER	<i>President</i>
SALLIE SUMNER	<i>Vice-President</i>
NELL JOHNSTON	<i>Secretary</i>
RUTH DEANS	<i>Treasurer</i>
RENA GUDGER	<i>Critic</i>

SPRING TERM

VERTA IDOL	<i>President</i>
RACHEL LYNCH	<i>Vice-President</i>
LOUISE CRAWFORD	<i>Secretary</i>
EULA ALEXANDER	<i>Treasurer</i>
ELIZABETH CRAIG	<i>Critic</i>



CAROLINIAN



EULA ALEXANDER, B. S.
Stony Point, N. C.
CORNELIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Miscellany, Class Treasurer Spring Term '12-'13.

Eula is a very quiet, unselfish girl, the last person in the world to say a word in her own behalf. But her deeds have spoken so much louder than her words that she has come to be recognized as one of 1913's best members.



MAUD BEATTY, B. P.
Tarboro, N. C.
ADELPHIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Miscellany, Athletic Association, Deutsch Verein, Vice-President of St. Mary's Guild '11-'12, Vice-President of Class '11-'12.

Maude is one of the few Seniors who have never found any "cinches" in the road over which we have passed. However, she has overcome the hard places with a spirit that has been "undownable," and has always been right there when it came to the final issues. She is very efficient in two arts; one of these is the art of making people laugh, and the other is that more far reaching one of making them her friends.



CAROLINIAN



ETHEL BOLLINGER, B. P.
Asheville, N. C.
CORNELIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Miscellany, Athletic Association, Vice-President Deutsch Verein, Magazine Editor '11-'12, Editor-in-Chief Magazine, '12-'13; President of Class Fall Term '12-'13.

A girl who goes about her work quietly, easily, pleasantly, and who, without seeming to be urgent, gets accomplished whatever things she plans—that is Ethel. To know her is to love her.



LURA BROGDEN, B. P.
Goldsboro, N. C.
CORNELIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Dramatic Club, Students' Council '10-'11, '11-'12, Basketball and Hockey Teams '09-'13, Athletic Vice-President '11, President of Athletic Association, '12-'13, Assistant Business Manager of Carolinian '13, Critic of Class Spring Term '09-'10, President of Class Fall Term '11-'12.

Dear old Lura, how could we ever have done without her to check us when we were a bit too hot-headed! Lura thinks that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. She always lived up to this idea and the class could depend on her in whatever she undertook.



CAROLINIAN



LUCILLE CAVENAUGH, B. P.
Wilmington, N. C.
CORNELIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Chairman of Flower Committee of Pageant, Secretary and Treasurer Deutsch Verein '11-'12.

Lucille is a girl whom you like to be around any time. She's jolly; she's sympathetic; she's tactful. If you feel blue, go to see her. She will cheer you up. If you make a plan, go tell it to her. She will appreciate it. If you want some news told gently, get Lucille to do it. She will know how. Unselfish, unassuming, gentle, and thoughtful, we like her better every day.

ELIZABETH CRAIG, B. P.
Reidsville, N. C.
CORNELIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Chorus, Secretary of Athletic Association Fall Term '11-'12, Students' Council '12-'13, Critic of Class Spring Term '12-'13.

There is not a girl in the class who is kinder hearted or who more generously performs "little acts of love" than Elizabeth. Unassumingly, without pretense or display, she accomplishes lots of things which none but her best friends ever know about. She has a great deal of dry humor which makes her most agreeable company. Affectionate in disposition, kind in spirit, modest in manner, we all feel that she is one of the best rounded girls in the class.



CAROLINIAN



LOUISE CRAWFORD, B. P.
Goldsboro, N. C.
ADELPHIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Chorus, Secretary of Class Spring Term '12-'13.

Lovable and altogether charming, Louise has stolen many hearts in her merry dance through college. She never grumbles, never worries, never lets herself be "blue." It is good to have lived with her.



LILLIAN GORHAM CRISP, B. M.
Falkland, N. C.
ADELPHIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Chorus, Bird Club, Students' Council '12-'13, Editor State Normal Magazine '12-'13, Inter Society Debater '12-'13, Editor Carolinian '12-'13.

"I feel in every smile a chain" whose golden links are intellect, sincerity, kindness and sympathy.



CAROLINIAN



RUTH DEANS, B. P.
Wilson, N. C.
CORNELIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Treasurer of Class Fall Term '12-'13.

Ruth has ever been loyal to her class and to the individual members, and if others could just know her as we do—loving and kind—none would wonder at the sparkling symbol which adorns the fourth finger of her left hand!

MARTHA HICKS FAISON, B. P.
Faison, N. C.
CORNELIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Chorus, French Club, Consumer's League.

Big fine womanly Martha. We respect her as we always respect those who know what is right to do and do it. We love her because she is full of kindness and sympathy. With her democracy is second nature and thoughtfulness is a constant state of being. We are glad we know her, because else we had never dreamed one so genuinely fine existed.



CAROLINIAN



GERTRUDE GRIFFIN, B. P.
Goldsboro, N. C.
ADELPHIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Vice-President Y. W. C. A. '12-'13, Marshal '12-'13, President Blue Ridge Club '12-'13, Vice-President of Class Fall Term '10-'11, President Blue Ridge Club '12-'13, Vice-President of Class Fall Term '10-'11.

"Dot" has the honor of having one of the few options on good looks held by the Seniors. When she gets dressed up in her regalia all of the marshals immediately gather in the back hall of the auditorium to comment on how sweet she looks. She always pursues the even tenor of her way, takes her own sweet time about everything, is never ruffled, and exercises a quieting influence in general.

IONE HOLT GROGAN, A. B.
Reidsville, N. C.
ADELPHIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, French Club, Business Manager Dramatic Club, Secretary of Class Fall Term '11-'12, Marshal '12-'13.

Somewhat of a philosopher. She insists on sounding our deeps and shallows and ends up by generously ascribing to us all more of the former than the latter. Ione carries a true, warm Irish heart beneath a mask of superb indifference, laughs at you when you talk sentiment, and spoils you to death when you are a little sick. Another star in the theatrical firmament. She divides honors with Marianna. In short, a girl too fine to waste on any save a domestic career.



CAROLINIAN



HULDAH GROOME, B. F.

Pomona, N. C.
ADELPHIAN.

Scrub Faculty.

Huldah stands out in the class, and even in the college, as a real student. When others brush over the surface she digs down to the bottom; when others guess vaguely, she has clear reasons to back up her statements; when others wonder if there can be any answer to certain questions, she knows what the answer is. Many of us would have fared better at examination time if we had been more like her. In manner, Huldah is sweet, gentle, and winning, and never makes any pretentious show of the many things she knows.

RUTH GROOME, A. B.

Pomona, N. C.
ADELPHIAN.

Scrub Faculty.

A lady who spells Art with a capital and then underscores it. She vows a single life is the only life and says she intends to spend hers in gay "Parée" doing studies a la Whistler for the salon. If she finds she doesn't like a studio "all her own," or, if the salon doesn't appreciate her properly, she can come home and teach French with Huldah. Ruth is all right.



CAROLINIAN



MERIEL E. GROVES, B. P.
New Bern, N. C.
ADELPHIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Press Bureau, Vice-President Deutsch Verein '10-'11, President Deutsch Verein '11-'12, Vice-President Students' Council '11-'12, Class Lawyer '12-'13, Editor Carolinian '12-'13, Stage Manager Dramatic Club '12-'13, President Students' Council '12-'13, Chief Marshal '12-'13.

"Within these walls of flesh there is a soul," a soul, not on the surface, but one for which you search down underneath and one which you find is true golden gold.



RENA GUDGER, B. P.
Asheville, N. C.
CORNELIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Press Bureau, Class Critic '12, Historian of Class.

"Little Gudger" is loved by everybody—bless her sunny heart! What she has to say is always well worth listening to, and, most remarkable of all, she can give you the kind of advice you need and make you want to take it. The best and kindest critic our class ever had. Nineteen Thirteen's happiest wish for her is that she may always be "Little Gudger" in spirit—her name is sure to change.



CAROLINIAN



MILDRED HARRINGTON, B. P.
Aberdeen, N. C.
ADELPHIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Historian of Class '10-'11, Winner Short Story Prize '10-'11; Junior Editor State Normal Magazine '11-'12, Inter-Society Debater '11-'12, Editor-in-Chief of Carolinian '12-'13.

"She has a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute" any piece of work. Such is Mildred: Whenever she takes a hand in any kind of undertaking success is the watchword before the work is scarcely begun.

FLORENCE HILDEBRAND, A. B.
Morgantown, N. C.
ADELPHIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Miscellany, Deutsch Verein, President of Press Bureau '12-'13, Secretary of Class Fall Term '09-'10, President of Class Fall Term '10-'11, Marshal '11-'12, Scrub Faculty.

Straightway from her entrance to the Normal, Florence's winning ways won the hearts of many, and started for her a long reign of popularity. Nor did she prove unworthy of the honors given her, but by her efficiency won yet other laurels. Florence has always been a diligent student, and ranks high in her studies.



CAROLINIAN



MYRTLE HORNEY, B. P.
High Point, N. C.
CORNELIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Press Bureau, Chorus, Consumer's League, Treasurer of Blue Ridge Club '12-'13, Secretary of Class Spring Term '11-'12.

Quietly efficient, always thoughtful of others and thoughtless of self. The kind of girl you don't hear much about in your Freshman year and wonder why you didn't in your Senior year. The solution is easy—she was pegging away and doing something while you were still in the “cook-half-the-day-visit-the-other-half stage.” Has starred in History and English since her Freshman year and has achieved an enviable reputation as a scholar throughout.



VERTA LOUISE IDOL, B. M.
High Point, N. C.
CORNELIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, French Club, Dramatic Club, Basketball Team '11-'13, Captain Champion Hockey Team '12-'13, Captain of Hockey Team, '12-'13, Treasurer of Class Spring Term '10-'11, Student Treasurer of Pageant '11-'12, Magazine Editor '12-'13, Marshal '11-'12, President of Class Spring Term '12-'13.

“Oh! how much more doth beauty beautiful seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give.”

Verta is one of our most capable girls, not only because of her executive ability, but because of her power and influence over other girls. She is ever kind and thoughtful and mindful not of herself.



FLORENCE JEFFRESS, B. S.
Canton, N. C.
ADELPHIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Press Bureau, Advertising Editor of Carolinian '12-'13.

Florence is a favorite among us. For she has enough happy wit to drive away our blues, enough business ability to manage our affairs, and enough scientific lore to make somewhat smooth our rough pathway to knowledge. One of her most distinctive claims to fame here is the fact that she has a brother downtown who is very fond of sending her complimentary theatre tickets. She is just as popular all the time though, as on the day before "The Rose Maid" comes to town.

NELL B. JOHNSTON, B. P.
Black Mountain, N. C.
CORNELIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Consumers' League, Secretary of Class Fall Term '12-'13.

It takes a "deal o' courage" to succeed in the face of physical weakness. But that is what Nell has done. And as she has gone so bravely on with her work she has gained not only more strength, but also the admiration and love of all the class of 1913.



CAROLINIAN



EVA JORDAN, B. P.
Hendersonville, N. C.
ADELPHIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Deutsch Verein, Hockey Team '11-'12, '12-'13, Vice-President Athletic Association '13.

Eva has reversed the old adage "A Jack at all trades is good at none," for she tries many and is excellent in them all. Here are some of her special hobbies: Athletics, Math, the writing of poetry, the painting of pictures, the making of Irish crochet.



MARIANNA POISSON JUSTICE, A. B.
Greensboro, N. C.
ADELPHIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Dramatic Club, Basketball Team '10, Class Poet.

Quick of wit, and altogether lovable. Marianna is a truly wonderful person. Versed in all the feminine wiles and, by the same token, an adept ensnarer of hearts, yet she has very decided views of her own, and can tell you exactly what she thinks even on the suffrage question. We might speak of her education as being extreme since she has both a well-trained mind and well-trained toes. Always in college dramatics the best interpreter of emotional roles, she has in her Senior year achieved further distinction in the art of self-expression by finding her way into the field of poetry. We shall all be disappointed if Marianna fails to undertake a career of some kind and thereby cover herself and us with glory.



CAROLINIAN



ETHEL KEETER, B. P.
Grover, N. C.
ADELPHIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Business Manager of State Normal Magazine '12-'13, Critic of Class Fall Term '12-'13.

"Keeter" is rather an unusual member of our class. She has the art of puzzling people very highly cultivated. Unconsciously she has exercised a silent reforming influence in college, taking people up for such things as "sawing" and "setting." She has a very decided sense of humor, a much desired and needed trait in these parts. She is good company on all occasions but does not let this keep her from making plenty of ones and twos. She also has the virtue of having more friends than she knows anything about. Here's hoping that this is not a "sit upon" for it is in reality meant for a bouquet.



RACHEL SUSAN LYNCH, B. P.
Chapel Hill, N. C.
ADELPHIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Orchestra '10-'11, '12-'13.

The more you see of Rachel, the more you like her. Quiet and dignified as she is, she does not let every one into her confidence and make them her close friends. Though pleasant and agreeable to these, she does not show them her real self. If she once makes you her friend, however, you can count on her being very loyal to you. Rachel has the happy faculty of not talking about people. As a Training School Teacher, she is a decided success.



CAROLINIAN



MARGARET W. MANN, B. S.
Swan Quarter, N. C.
CORNELIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany '11-'12-'13, Dramatic Club, Consumers' League, Hockey Team '10-'11-'12, Basketball Team '11-'12-'13, Critic of Athletic Association '11-'12, Treasurer of Class Spring Term '09-'10; Editor of Carolinian '12-'13, Winner of N. C., Marshal '12-'13, Champion Hockey Team '11-'12.

Margaret is primarily a "good old pal," equal to your every mood. If you want to be serious, she can surprise you with her gravity; if you want to be gay, she knows how to equal you; if you want sympathy, she can put herself in your place, and give you what you need. It's a positive joy to tell her your troubles. For she doesn't blame you for having them. She doesn't look on you as a "fallen Angel." She sees your side as well as the other. Her adaptability added to her sincerity has won her many friends.



CORINNA L. MIAL, B. P.
Raleigh, N. C.
CORNELIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Press Bureau, President of Class Spring Term '09-'10, Treasurer French Club Fall Term '09-'10, Secretary French Club Spring Term '09-'10, President French Club '11-'12, Secretary Athletic Association Spring Term '11-'12, Vice-President Athletic Association Fall Term '12-'13, Champion Hockey Team '11-'12, Hockey Team '12-'13, Basketball Team '12-'13, Inter-Society Debater '12-'13, Prophet of Class, Carolinian Editor '12-'13.

Corinna is as light of heart as the day is long. She is certain to give you a welcome, whether you "drop in to see her" for an hour, or for "just a minute." She divides her leisure time between the making of candy, and the acting as Instructor in the French department. All in all, Corinna is one of the best beloved and most influential members of our class.



CAROLINIAN



FLORENCE EVA MITCHELL, A. B.
Bessemer City, N. C.
CORNELIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Blue Ridge Club, French Club, Treasurer of Gaston-Lincoln Club, Vice-President of Consumers' League.

A girl who has strong convictions and the courage to stand up for them. Even her great kindness of heart will not lead her to excuse, although it will cause her to forgive a wrong. She is indeed a strong girl.



HATTIE MOTZNO, A. B.
Goldsboro, N. C.
CORNELIAN.

Member of Athletic Association, Miscellany, Press Bureau, Champion Hockey Team '11-'12, Hockey Team '12-'13, Basketball Team '12-'13, Winner of the Walker History Essay Prize '12, Advertising Manager of Dramatic Club, Vice-President of Class Fall Term '11-'12, Advertising Editor of Carolinian '12-'13, Scrub Faculty '12-'13, Marshal '12-'13, President of Miscellany '13.

She of history prize renown; she who gets more holidays than all of us together; our jolly jesting girl. She might have distinguished herself in debate had she not decided her talents could be displayed to greater advantage in other fields. In dramatics she found her forte and, seated on an altar, gave laughing defiance to her would-be punisher. We called her our biggest grumbler—but her smile is the sunniest, her laugh the heartiest of us all. And so, her infectious spirits brighten our dullest hours.



CAROLINIAN



IVEY HENRIETTA PAYLOR, B. P.
Greensboro, N. C.
ADELPHIAN.

A thoroughly good natured, genial sort of person who always knows the facts in the case. She can assume a "school ma'am" air when the occasion demands, and will no doubt come nearer earning her fifty per month than most of us. We feel that we don't know her as well as we would like to, and if she has any faults we are not aware of them. She is a town girl and consequently has not entered into college life as prominently as she undoubtedly would had she been right on the campus.



ALICE WALKER PHELPS, B. M.
Plymouth, N. C.
CORNELIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Chorus, Orchestra '10-'11-'12-'13, Secretary St. Mary's Guild Spring Term '10-'11, Vice-President St. Mary's Guild Spring Term '12-'13, Vice-President of Class Spring Term '12-'13, Scrub Faculty.

Here is a Normal girl who knows how to dress. And thereby hangs a tale: She has numerous suitors and is always *generous with the candy*. A member in good standing of all clubs musical, for Alice sings as well as she plays. In addition she has charming manners, and quite a distinguished air. We predict for her a matrimonial career with a title attached.



CAROLINIAN



ISABEL PIERSON, B. P.
Enfield, N. C.
CORNELIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, St. Mary's Guild, Deutsch Verein, French Club.

"Not much talk—a great golden silence." Isabel was always quiet during all unpleasant discussions but she was not deaf to any of them, and just at the right time she could in her quiet inoffensive way give advice which struck home to all our hearts.

MARY GILMER PORTER, B. P.
Concord, N. C.
ADELPHIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Basketball Team '09-'10-'11-'12-'13, Hockey Team '09-'10-'11-'12-'13, Champion Hockey Team '11-'12, Vice-President of Class Fall Term '09-'10, President of Class Spring Term '11-'12, Editor of Carolinian '10-'11, '12-'13.

A girl whose sunny face will come up every time 1913 is mentioned. Mary has always been ready to lend a helping hand no matter what the job. She is equally good at making paper flowers, doing Greek dances, writing class songs on the hockey field, or drawing for the *Carolinian*. One of the girls who count. "To know her is to love her."



CAROLINIAN



MILDRED RANKIN, B. P.
Gastonia, N. C.
ADELPHIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Hockey Team '11-'12, President of Debate '12, Assistant Editor-in-Chief of State Normal Magazine '12-'13, Secretary of Class Spring Term '10-'11.

She schemes all day and dreams of schemes at night to find the stuff that'll make the magazine go. Yet somehow she still finds time to make us laugh at her witty sayings and her humorous descriptions. Socially, Mildred is qualified to shine, for on all points of convention she is final authority. True, we sometimes rebel at the standards she sets for us but in the end, gracefully submitting to her dictum, we acknowledge her sway. The underclassmen stand in awe of her dignity but the Seniors proclaim "She's a grand old girl."



SADIE LILLIAN RICE, B. P.
New Bern, N. C.
CORNELIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Chorus, Dramatic Club, Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, Vice-President Students' Council '12-'13, Member of Students' Council '12-'13, President St. Mary's Guild '09-'10, Critic of Class Spring Term '10-'11, Marshal '12-'13.

"To hear her sing; to hear her sing
It is to hear the birds of spring."

To be with her is a joy, for she has learned to put by her own troubles, to be gay and merry with the world, to lose herself in the interest of the moment. And finally she is that best of all good things—a womanly woman.



CAROLINIAN



KATHRINE M. ROBINSOM, A. B.
Fayetteville, N. C.
ADELPHIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Press Bureau, Chorus, Consumers' League, Scrub Faculty, Treasurer French Club Spring Term '11-'12, Treasurer of Class Fall Term '11-'12, Inter-Society Debater '11-'12, '12-'13, Winner of Murphy History Prize '12, Editor of Carolinian '12-'13.

She is the most travelled lady among us. Legends she can tell of the Jungfrau and the mystical Rhinegold. For she has set foot on strange places in the earth. Singularly modest is she too with regard to her achievements—and they are many. "And when she speaks, the Angels stop to listen." For Kathrine has a wonderful mastery over words. Our dear old Sunshine maker, her optimism invariably brings us back from despondency to a saner, sounder plane of thinking.

LIZZIE J. RODDICK, B. P.
Winston-Salem, N. C.
CORNELIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Bird Club, Press Bureau, Consumers' League, Howell's Club, Hockey Team '12-'13, Scrub Faculty, Critic of Athletic Association '12-'13, President of Miscellany '12-'13, Vice-President of Class '10-'11, President of Dramatic Club '12-'13.

"Liz"—she wants to be the object of somebody's confidence. To her has been given the gift of enthusiasm. Irrepressible, energetic, a daring leader, she can carry through a big undertaking with greater finish than anyone in college. Of her fame in cooking we are justly proud. Nor can we speak less heartily of her social efficiency. She can entertain most brilliantly. It is even contended that she entertains too well. We neglect our work to hear her talk. Would we could attain to her power to save a desperate situation. Where others stop to cry Liz can laugh, laugh, and go to work again.



CAROLINIAN



CHRISTINE BLAIR RUTLEDGE, B. P.
Mount Holly, N. C.
ADELPHIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Champion Hockey Team '11-'12, Hockey Team '10-'11-'12-'13, Basketball Team '09-'10-'11-'12-'13, Vice-President Athletic Association Fall Term '10-'11, Marshal '12-'13.

Good old Trixie furnishes the motor power for the whole bunch. She can get up more enthusiasm in half a minute than the rest of us can in a week. Has added much fame to "1913" on the Hockey Field. A star "rooter" and a jolly good fellow. One of the original charter members of the "Chicken Club." Will make a good teacher but will never find another child like Stamey.



PATTIE GLENN SPURGEON, B. M.
Hillsboro, N. C.
CORNELIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Treasurer of Class Fall Term '10-'11, Picture Editor of Carolinian '12-'13, Treasurer of Y. W. C. A. '11-'12, President of Young Women's Christian Association.

What a delight it is to tackle Pattie's write up! You have so much to tell about her. The only danger is that enough cannot be said in such a small space. If you do not feel sufficiently enlightened after reading this you can refer to her list of honors and form a pretty fair estimate of what she has meant to the college and to her class. She is not an angel, just a good influence, which no doubt in a place such as this can perform more wonders than angels ever could. She is good all around, square on the deal, and true blue through and through. What more can be said?



GRACE STANFORD, B. P.
 Teer, N. C.
 ADELPHIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Chorus, Secretary of Y. W. C. A. '11-'12.

Grace has always been so mixed up in the mazes of Y. W. C. A., and "special vocal" work, that people not engaged in these two things have only had occasional glimpses of her. The occasional gleams of self reliance, enterprise, and geniality that reach us, however, make us wish that she had been a little more liberal with herself.

SALLIE MCKENZIE SUMNER, B. P.
 Lincolnton, N. C.
 CORNELIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, St. Mary's Guild Secretary '11, President St. Mary's Guild Fall Term '12-'13, Vice-President of Class Fall Term '12-'13.

She thinks:—when many of us let "the ox in the ditch" go unnoticed. Sallie sees his plight, and thinks of a way to get him out. She finds out that you need help and in a quiet, unpretentious way gives it. Yet she does not lack humor. She appreciates the funny side of the most lamentable condition, and though she will help you out of it, she has the happy faculty of describing its ridiculous character so that both you and others who have not been there can laugh over it. In fact, Sallie is a girl whom anyone should be glad to know, and be happy to have for a friend.



CAROLINIAN



GRETCHEN ARNOLD TAYLOR, B. M.
Greensboro, N. C.
CORNELIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Dramatic Club, Champion Hockey Team '11-'12, Hockey Team '09-'10-'11-'12-'13, Captain Basketball Team '09-'10-'11-'12-'13, French Club, Vice-President Athletic Association '09-'10, Marshal '11-'12, Secretary Miscellany Spring Term '13.

She's the girl who helps others because of a fellow feeling. When her friends are in trouble they know that in Gretchen they will find a sympathetic listener. With these and her other charms of character and person who could help loving her?



MARY ALICE TENNENT, B. P.
Asheville, N. C.
ADELPHIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Hockey Team '11-'12, Basketball Team '10-'11, Chorus, Secretary and Treasurer Deutsch Verein Spring Term '09-'10, Vice-President Deutsch Verein Fall Term '11-'12, Vice-President of Athletic Association Spring Term '11-'12, Secretary of Class Spring Term '09-'10, Secretary of Students' Council '10-'11, Assistant Business Manager State Normal Magazine '11-'12, Marshal '11-'12.

Mary has a wonderful way of getting things accomplished—even such tasks as having 5's made over into 1's. Fortunate possessor of a reliable brain, she manages to get off more work than any three of us. Combine with this, capable hands, a stout spirit, a ready tongue, a nimble wit, a wonderful smile and a big, kind heart and you have—why just our Mary.



CAROLINIAN



CARRIE MCINNIS TOOMER, B. S.
Wilmington, N. C.
CORNELIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, St. Mary's Guild, Deutsch Verein, Press Bureau, Basketball Team '11-'13, Hockey Team '11-'13, Champion Hockey Team '11-'12, Athletic Vice-President Fall Term '11-'12, Scrub Faculty, Secretary of Class Fall of '10-'11, Business Manager of Carolinian '12-'13.

Whether leading in athletic sports or showing her executive capacity as Business Manager of the Annual, or engaged in her favorite study of Geology, Carrie is always "au fait." By her personal magnetism she has made and retained many friends. There is much demand in the world for such a woman as she.

ANNIE WHITTY, B. M.
Pollocksville, N. C.
CORNELIAN.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Miscellany, Chorus, French Club, Scrub Faculty, Treasurer of Class Spring Term '11-'12.

Has the prettiest hands in the class. Uses them too, for she is another one of our musical members. Lastly, all of us envy the quaint, lovely manners of this demure lady. She needs only a flowered chintz gown built over hoops, some powder on her hair and a big gilt frame to make her look exactly like a picture of a real colonial maid. Anne has always stood for the best things in college life and will always be associated with those things in the minds of her classmates.



CAROLINIAN



ANNA L. WILLIAMS, B. M.
Greensboro, S. C.
CORNELIAN.

*Member of Y. W. C. A., Athletic
Association, Miscellany, Deutsch
Verein.*

Anna, being a town girl, has had the unusual advantage of enjoying Greensboro society as well as Normal studies. Some days when Browning's love poems were being read on class, Anna's eyes had that far away look in them as if her thoughts were on an entertainment of the night before. Jolly, clever, and attractive as she is, the more we see of her the more we want to see.



History of the Colony of 1913

(With apologies to Ashe.)

EPOCH I.



IN September, 1909, the preparatory schools of North Carolina sent out an exploring expedition to Greensboro. After a long and tedious journey the emigrants landed at a spot called Southern Depot, Greensboro, North Carolina. Here they embarked in row boats, street cars by name, and piloted by Messrs. Merritt and Brockman, soon reached their destination, State Normal and Industrial College. There was determination written on their faces, and from a huge van that followed them it was evident that they were prepared to stay at least nine months.

Then began the exploration proper. No sooner had the emigrants arrived in this strange land than the natives dubbed them Freshmen. It was soon very evident to the explorers that they themselves were as much objects of curiosity and concern to the former inhabitants of this new country as the latter were to them.

After a short period of rather aimless wandering and becoming acclimated, the settlement was organized under the name of Class of 1913. They drew up a constitution providing for an assembly, and elected a governor with a council of five assistants. One of the first questions which came up was that of taxes. What should a settler pay for his title to membership in the colony? The amount finally named was twenty-five cents for the first year, to which everyone agreed. Yet in each succeeding year this same question of taxes was a topic of much controversy.

As Thanksgiving time approached, the colonists realized that provisions were getting low, and that they were in danger of starvation. Much to their relief, however, just before Thanksgiving day, a ship was seen approaching loaded with supplies from the mother country. The vessel came to anchor immediately in front of Spencer Building, and the jolly tar, Uncle William, proceeded to unload. Now indeed did the colonists have great cause for Thanksgiving.

Shortly after this time, other good fortune befell the colonists in the form of an entertainment by the "Wise Heads" of a neighboring province. Both figuratively and literally did they play the part of good Saint Nicholas to the young colony.

Later, the older colonies, 1910, 1911 and 1912, began to molest some of the



members of 1913. The cause of this strife was a Silver Cup, for each settlement claimed a right to the treasure. About the last of December these little hostilities broke into an open rebellion. 1913 made haste to prepare arms, call out militia and hoist their standard. The war was long and fierce. Finally, on Hockey Field, the hottest and thickest fight of the war took place between 1912 and 1913. The soldiers of 1913 fought bravely, but because of their inexperience in the military tactics of this new world, 1912 defeated them, though not overwhelmingly.

When peace reigned once more, the members of the Assembly turned their thoughts toward choosing a motto and setting up in the colony a permanent standard. The chosen motto was "Excelsior," and the standard a beautiful young tree, both emblematic of the future growth of the colony.

So far, the Mother Country had levied no unjust tax upon tea, so the members of 1913 deemed it expedient to extend to their neighbors the hospitality of a Colonial Tea Party. Upon this occasion they were honored by the presence of George and Martha Washington. Here began that spirit of hospitality which grew constantly among the people.

By spring the progress of the colony was so marked that it was the general opinion that the colonists should all return home for a three months' visit, to inspire their Mother Country with some of their new and progressive ideas. The departure was not unmingled with sorrow, for a few were leaving their adopted home never to return, yet, on the whole, there was joy in their hearts at the prospect of again visiting their native soil.

EPOCH II.

With great pomp and jubilation the colonists returned to State Normal College in the following autumn, now fully confident in their ability to manage their own affairs and those of their neighbors. Indeed, the latter had just cause for regarding them as presumptuous, for they appropriated unto themselves a privilege not granted to the other colonies. In this country the curfew law was the law of the Medes and Persians, and every person must be in his house by seven o'clock. However, thinking to please their neighbors, the 1913's gained special permission from the Lords Proprietors to go in a band at night and sing to their neighbors. Instead of being pleased, the latter were indignant and highly offended at the presumption of 1913.

After this, 1913 thought it wise to redeem past misdemeanors by taking a pledge to keep inviolate all laws of the colony. A bill to this effect was shortly passed by the Assembly. The result was that 1913 became, at least for the time being, a model colony.

When 1913 returned from the visit to the Mother Country, another band of emigrants had come over, and organized a colony under the name of 1914. Thinking to



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make their new life pleasant for them 1913 took them on a short trip to Japan, disclosing to them in their Western home, the wonders and beauties of the Orient.

In the history of every people, worth while, art must have some place. Realizing this fact, 1913 organized a theatrical company for the purpose of presenting to distinguished guests that well known dramatic masterpiece, "The Palace of Truth." The work of this company was a decided success, greatly increasing the national fame of 1913.

In the spring of 1911 the Assembly met to review the events of the past year. It was decided that on the whole it had been a very successful one. The Assembly then adjourned to meet again the following autumn.

EPOCH III.

It was in September, 1911, that the next meeting of the Assembly was called. Just prior to this time there had been strict laws passed by the Proprietors concerning the future welfare of the colony. The Navigation Laws went into effect, and were stringently carried out by the Lords. These laws required, for bringing into the colony such goods as Latin, Mathematics, and Composition, a duty of at least a "four." To the sorrow of the colony several of their members were held for duty.

Again a strife arose among the neighboring colonies over the Silver Cup, each one thinking that the treasure had been long enough in the possession of 1912. At one time it seemed that not only the cup but also the forces of 1913 would be in the hands of the enemy. Almost at the decisive moment, 1913 took heart and with courage renewed by the shouts, huzzas, and music from those on left flank, went into the strife. Never was there a bolder onrush, never bravery better displayed, never results so decisive; for the cup was theirs, all factions hushed, the power of the enemy broken. However, a great number of their members had to withdraw to the infirmary to recuperate.

There was an act passed in the Assembly to entertain 1912. This now became the main point of controversy. The bills introduced for this were numerous, when finally, by a majority vote, the following was accepted:

"Whereas, We deem it wise to entertain the Colony of 1912, we put before the Assembly this plan; first, that we shall take them to supper at the Guilford; second, that we shall take them to the 'Real Thing' at the Opera, after which we shall return to our respective homes by way of cars."

When the bill was accepted the Assembly was in confusion to such a degree that the governor prorogued it for two weeks. When it met again it was with the cry from fifty voices, "What shall our apparel be? What shall the dinner be?" When finally they were quieted, such matters were put in the hands of committees. At last that long looked for day arrived. Excitement reigned supreme throughout the whole colony, and



curiosity was perched on every housetop. That day, the old adage, "Neither a borrower nor a lender be" was broken to the last letter. Everything went off well until about time to return home, when there came a downpour, but far too inadequate to dampen their spirits.

A short time previous to this, the colony had decided to adopt emblems to be worn by its members. When it was announced by couriers that these emblems had arrived, there was a meeting of the Assembly to decide whether it was expedient to wear them then, or, in accordance with custom, to wait until the end of May. The members of the Assembly were about equally divided on this question. However, at this meeting no definite decision could be reached, so the governor prorogued the Assembly to meet later. The governor and those in favor of not wearing the emblems called the meeting when it would be inconvenient for the others to come. Here it was decided that the wrong spirit would be shown toward 1912 by breaking the time honored custom. There followed in the history of 1913 what is known as the "Unarmed Rebellion." Those members opposed to this conservatism, since they constituted a quorum, refused to abide by laws in which they had no voice. So, before very long, every member of the 1913 settlement proudly donned his emblem, and the unwritten law ceased to be enforced.

On May 18, 1912, the colony and the neighboring ones took part in the celebration of May Day by a grand fete, or pageant.

Just a few days after, one of the neighboring colonies, 1912, withdrew from the others. In 1913 they vested their power and property. They in turn tried to fill the place of 1912, for now they became known as the Senior Members of the New Country.

EPOCH IV.

The following fall found these Senior Members in a great dilemma. Titles to their land willed them by 1912 were found illegal. Soon, to their indignant surprise, they found their grant usurped by newcomers.

At one time, so great was the distress that union seemed impossible. Being without home or even shelter made it necessary for them to stay with their friends until they could make a new settlement farther west. A week before Thanksgiving the settlers moved into their new abode. While they were becoming accustomed to their new surroundings, they were suddenly attacked by the frontier dwellers. So completely were they taken unawares that overwhelming defeat stared them in the face. For the last time the Silver Cup was wrenched from their hands.

Recompense and consolation, however, soon came to them in the form of privileges, which they, as Senior Members had sought long, and hitherto without success. Feeling the need of these privileges, they had drawn up a "Bill of Rights" and sent it to the



Lords for consideration. This bill was debated and finally returned with the approval of the Proprietors.

Behind the somewhat dry facts of their early records now and then a delightful glimpse of the real life of the colony is seen. There was no lack of amusements among the dwellers. Just before the final preparations for Christmas holidays, the colonists stole quietly out one night and serenaded the Lords Proprietors. The latter showed far more appreciation than had the neighboring colonists in former years. A band of foreigners, who called themselves U. N. C. boys, came to the colony by invitation of the Senior Colony. They were strolling minstrels, and won great fame in singing their famous ballads.

In the last meeting of the Assembly an act was passed that Committees of Correspondence should be organized, whose duty should be to look out for the welfare and safety of the colony. This committee had sent letters to an interested and influential foreign power asking for an appropriation for improvements in the colony. About the last of February an august delegation from this country arrived in the colony. For their entertainment "Our Mutual Friend" was presented. Following this was a Colonial Reception given to the Lords and Ladies. It was a stately occasion wherein all colonial dignity and grace were combined.

The 1913 Colony had now so increased in wisdom and power that they felt it incumbent upon them to move on to other settlements, to propagate their democratic and progressive ideals. Accordingly, the colony was disbanded for the purpose of sowing broadcast in the land the seeds of Democracy and "Service."





CAROLINIAN





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Junior Class

Colors: Green and White.

Motto: Immer Treu.

Flower: White Rose.

OFFICERS

FALL TERM

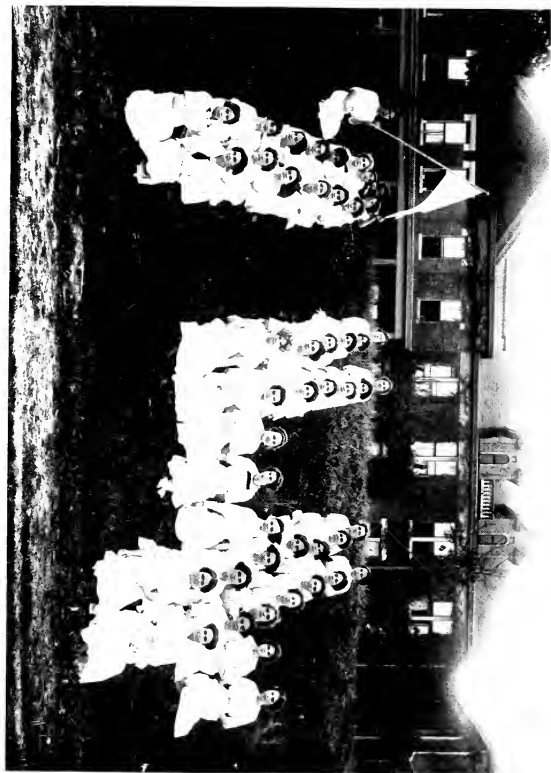
IRENE ROBBINS	<i>President</i>
ELSIE HOUSE	<i>Vice-President</i>
MAY McQUEEN	<i>Secretary</i>
LOUISE JONES	<i>Treasurer</i>
WILLIE MAY STRATFORD	<i>Critic</i>

SPRING TERM

RUTH GUNTER	<i>President</i>
IRIS HOLT	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARGUERITE BROOKS	<i>Secretary</i>
BESSIE TERRY	<i>Treasurer</i>
MARGARET SPARGER	<i>Critic</i>



CAROLINIAN



JUNIOR CLASS



CAROLINIAN



JUNIOR CLASS

CLASS ROLL

LOUISE ALEXANDER	ELIZABETH HALL
EFFIE BAYNES	RUTH HAMPTON
LOUISE BELL	HALLIE HOLLOWAY
ANNIE BOSTIAN	MAMIE HOLLOWAY
MARGUERITE BROOKS	ESTHER HORNE
MAUD BUNN	ELISE HOUSE
BESSIE CRAVEN	LILLIAN HUNT
RUTH FAISON	CORA JOHN
NINA GARNER	LOUISE JONES
GLADYS GOODSON	EDITH LINEBERGER
MARY GREEN	MATTIE LIPE
PATTIE GROOVES	ELIZABETH LONG
RUTH GUNTER	BELLE LUPTON
LAURA MURPHY FAISON	
ANNIE MAY WOODSIDE	
IRIS HOLT	ELIZA MOORE
MAY MCQUEEN	EFFIE NEWTON
ALICE ROBBINS	BESSIE TERRY
IRENE ROBBINS	MARGARET SPARGER
FANNIE ROBERTSON	HAZEL STEPHENS
ELEANOR MORGAN	PEARL TEMPLE
ANNIE V. SCOTT	WILLIE MAY STRATFORD
SARAH P. SHUFORD	NOLA WAGSTAFF
MARGARET SMITH	ANNE WATKINS
MINNIE SOMERS	CLARA WHITLEY
JEANETTE MUSGROVE	EMMA WILSON
FANNIE STARR MITCHELL	WINNIFRED TURLINGTON



CAROLINIAN



A Taste of Junior History



THE Class of 1914 feels it has come a long way to reach its present position in the world. We thought when we were Freshmen that Junior history must be a fearful and a wonderful thing. Now, as Juniors, we look back and wonder how we ever endured so childish a subject as vocal music. Yet there have been steep hills to climb and thorny pathways to traverse. They have told us that now our hardest toil is over, and we fain would believe them, but for difficulties present and future. Still, the light is beginning to break in the form of various privileges which mark us out as upper classmen. Therefore, we lift up our hearts and declare that "it is good to be here."

In our first existence, that is to say, Freshmen days, we were quite ordinary as to our youth and inexperience. It is not even for the annalist, proud of our record, to say that we were anything remarkable in regard to those two qualities. At that time, to use terms lately acquired in psychology, there was little co-ordination of parts among us. One group of our members often failed to receive the slightest co-operation from other groups. As time went on, however, we established bonds of friendship linking us one to another, until in this good day, should one of our members be affected from any cause, our whole body would be moved to responsive action.

In the second phase of our existence as a class, we transformed the Curry Chapel into a forest clearing, and bade the Freshmen palefaces to visit their copper-colored friends and partake of their hospitality. In honor of their guests, these original Americans re-enacted the tale of their "heap big chief" Hiawatha, and about the campfire stealthily performed their war dance.

As long as we were young and inexperienced—that is, until we became real upper-classmen—we very modestly stood back and let others take the lead in athletics. We had a horror of seeming bold and assuming before those, by reason of their age, our



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superiors. Only once did we forget ourselves and in a heated moment appear in the limelight of athletic supremacy. That occasion was the 1911 Thanksgiving games, when we became excited and won the tin cup as an earnest of our future deeds. On reaching Juniorhood we felt we could with propriety throw off our bashfulness and prove our power. The 1912 Hockey Tournament found us ready to hold our own against all opponents; 1914 engraved on the Bell Trophy Cup testifies to our prowess on the hockey field.

"Fourteen" appearing month after month beside the name of more than one contributor to the State Normal Magazine, proves our interests broader than athletics and mere lessons. Text-books are not our only "guides and stays," neither are pedantic themes our only literary compositions. Many a story, essay and poem published in the Magazine establishes our claim to originality. We take pardonable pride in our long list of girls eligible for Magazine editorship.

Now as our Junior year flies by, our eyes are all on the future. Our hearts and hopes center upon the day when we shall sit at the head of the table, go off the campus at will, and acknowledge none more important than we. For then we shall dwell in the land where dreams come true.

M. E. G., '14.





JUNIOR CLASS

Oh, dear class we pledge to thee
Faith and Truth and Loyalty,
For right and honor we will stand
As we journey hand in hand;
"Immer Treu" our motto be
Always faithful unto thee.

And through all the coming years
We will conquer all our fears,
We will strive with all our might
To gain fame for Green and White
To bring honor and bring joy
1914 "Immer Treu."

And when at last we reach the end,
And our ways we onward wend,
We'll remember with delight
Thee, dear class of Green and White.
For we've found in "Immer Treu"
Present love and future joy.



CAROLINIAN



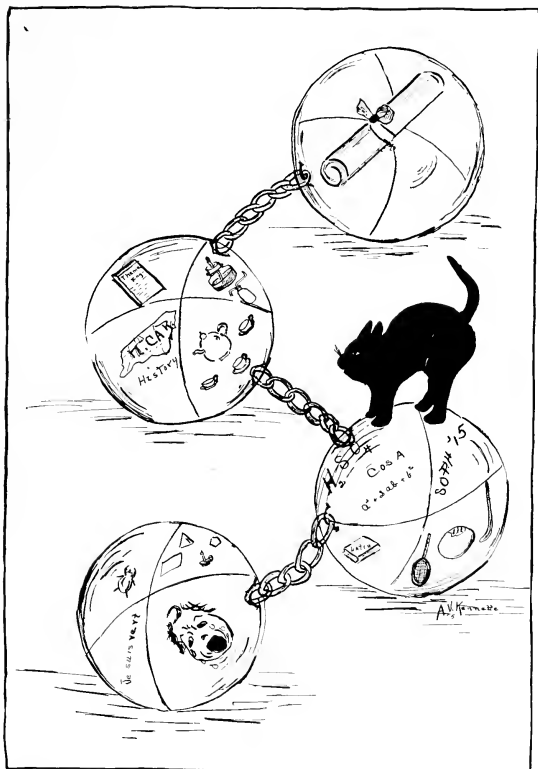
JUNIOR CLASS

YELL

Holly-goo-noo-goo-nack, goo-nack!
Holly-goo-noo-goo-nack, goo-nack!
Wurr-r-r-rup, Wurr-r-r-rup!
Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah!
1914, 1914, 1914.



CAROLINIAN

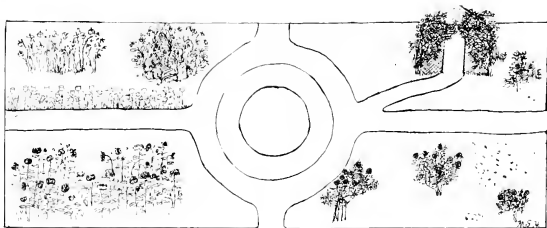




A Toast to Our Flower Garden

While working together for all that is lovely,
 Standing for all things that are noble and true,
Bound by the blossoms that bloom in our garden,
 We'll drink, O dear garden, a toast now to you.
We promise to work with all interest for you,
 To keep adding blossoms to our present store,
Until, in the future, with "Fifteen" departed,
 Your flowers will be here to love evermore.
We look for your blooming, O flowers in this garden,
 Chrysanthemums fair, and of every hue,
Pansies for thoughts, and the daintiest of daises,
 Lilies so pure, and modest violets, too.
Your blossoms before us, inspiring, delighting,
 Shall stand, urging forward whatever we do,
To stimulate loyalty, service and daring!
 Here's a health, Flower Garden, from "Fifteen" to you!

—Ethel Thomas, '15.



History of the Sophomore Class



E are the Flower Class, and so, since we have been in college we have grown into a garden of Flowers, which possess many varied characteristics. There are Roses, who are ever ready to take part in any activity; the Violets, shy and timid; the Laurels, possessors of much wisdom; the Myrtles, who have the gift of music; the Sunflowers, cheerful folk; the Johnny-Jump-Ups, athletic through and through; the Lady Slippers, graceful little dancers; the Blue Bells, who nod and chatter all the day—all these make up our garden.

After our arrival in the fall of 1911 we began to grow so rapidly and show such tendencies of developing into green plants that caretakers were selected. Our chief caretaker was Jessie Gainey, and very wise was she in tending us during our first growth. While she was caretaker the Johnny-Jump-Ups flourished and were even able to take a very laudable part in a tournament held in November. About this time we rested under the shade of 1914's tree and tasted of their hospitality.

Now when spring came, there were changes in our caretaker and her assistants. Eunice Sinclair became chief caretaker. While under her guardianship we adopted a garden of flowers and have hoped much for the garden we have adopted.

When fall came once more were our caretaker and assistants changed, and Louise Whitley took us under her guardianship. As was their custom in the fall, the Johnny-Jump-Ups once more became very active and did better than ever in the tournament.



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And now there was a great stir among the Flowers, for they gathered in a revel by night for the pleasure of 1916.

We have reached a more mature growth, and are now chiefly in charge of Mary Worth. We are looking forward to much growth this spring, and we do not expect to have any weeds in our garden.

Now we have adopted a symbol—a circle bound by three links, and each of these links stands for some virtue we would possess. The circle stands for all the Flowers in unity; the first link that binds together is our motto, "Ich kann," which embodies the spirit of determination we wish to possess; the second link stands for "Service;" the third link for the "Flower Spirit."

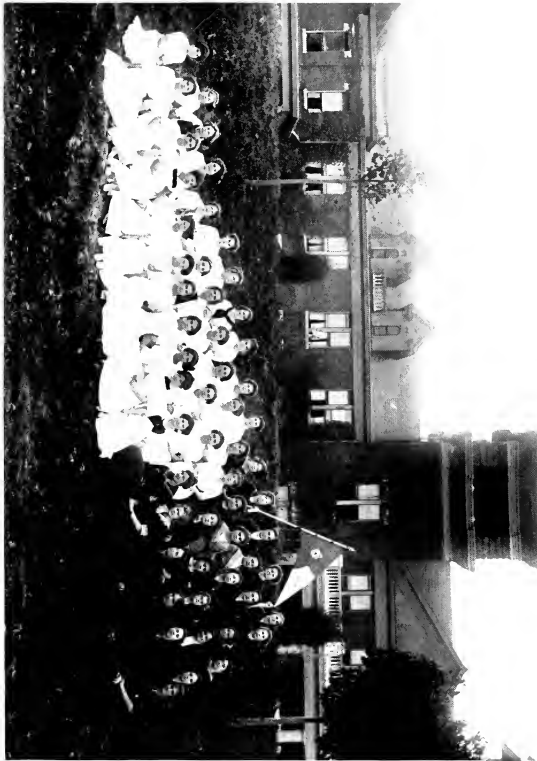
And now that we have told you how our Flower Garden came into existence and how we grew, let us introduce our Flowers. Here we are:

EDITH AVERY, *Historian*.





CAROLINIAN



SOPHOMORE CLASS



CAROLINIAN



SOPHOMORE CLASS

CARE-TAKERS

LOUISE WHITLEY	<i>First Term</i>
MARY WORTH	<i>Second Term</i>

ASSISTANT CARE-TAKERS

FALL TERM

NOLA WAGSTAFF	<i>Vice-President</i>
HALLIE BEAVERS	<i>Secretary</i>
AUDREY KENNETTE	<i>Treasurer</i>
CARRIE STOUT	<i>Critic</i>

SPRING TERM

ETHEL THOMAS	<i>Vice-President</i>
ETHEL WELLS	<i>Secretary</i>
MARGARET WILLIS	<i>Treasurer</i>
VONNIE McLEAN	<i>Critic</i>

ROSES

JULIA BRYAN
MABEL COOPER
INEZ HONRINE
SUSIE RANKIN
NOLA WAGSTAFF
NANNIE WILLIAMS
MARY WORTH
BESSIE WRIGHT

VIOLETS

ANNIE ALBRIGHT
LENA GLENN
VERA MILLSAPS
CORA SLOAN
JANEY STACEY
MILDRED WHITE

LADY SLIPPERS

KATHLEEN ERWIN
CLAIRE HENLEY
LILLIAN REEVES

MYRTLE

RUTH GAITHER
VIRGIE HARRIS
FLORENCE HUGHES
HELEN HUNT
CARRIE STOUT
ETHEL THOMAS
GERTRUDE ZACHERY

JOHNNY-JUMP-UPS

JESSIE GAINNEY
EDITH HAIGHT
VERA KLUTZ
LOUISE WHITLEY
BERTHEL MITCHELL

SUN FLOWERS

MAMIE EATON
MAZIE KIRKPATRICK
DAISY PINNER
LYNETTE SWAIN
MARGARET WILLIS

BLUE BELLS

LILLIAN ELLIS
ANNIE GLENN
FANNIE HUNT
MAMIE MORGAN
VONNIE McLEAN
PAULINE SHAVER
EUNICE SINCLAIR
AGNES WARREN
MARY WILSON

LAUREL

EDITH AVERY
HALLIE BEAVERS
GERTRUDE CARRAWAY
RUTH HARRIS
GAY HOLMAN
ELIZABETH HORTON
AUDREY KENNETTE
JESSIE McLENDON
ETHEL WELLS



CAROLINIAN



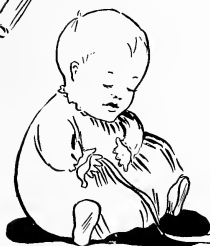
MARY LONG BENBOW
Mascot of the Class of Nineteen Fifteen



CAROLINIAN



FRESHMAN



m. n. '16



CAROLINIAN



Freshman Class

Class Colors: Lavender and White.

Class Flower: Violet.

Class Motto: "Try."

OFFICERS

FALL TERM

SADIE McBRAYER	<i>President</i>
MARY C. BENNETT	<i>Vice-President</i>
EDWINA LOVELACE	<i>Secretary</i>
HILDA MANN	<i>Treasurer</i>
ESTHER MITCHELL	<i>Critic</i>
FRANCES SUMMERELL	<i>Athletic Vice-President</i>

SPRING TERM

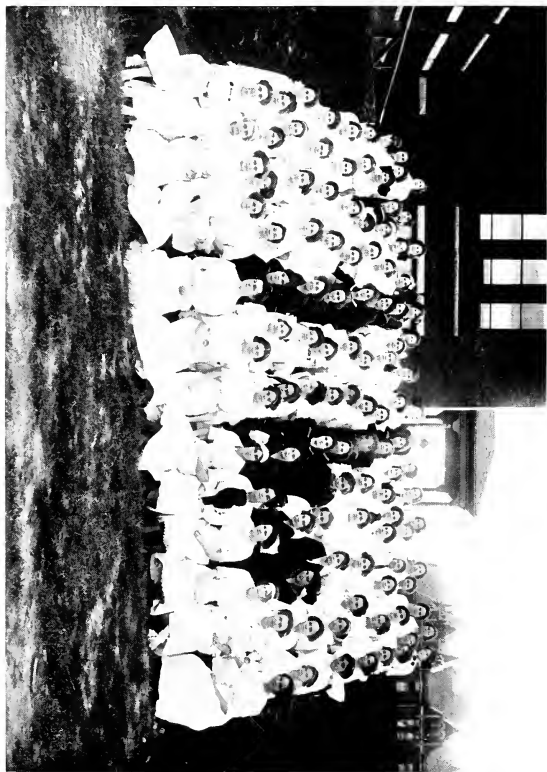
ELIZABETH CRADDOCK	<i>President</i>
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EVELYN WHITTY	<i>Secretary</i>
RUTH TATE	<i>Treasurer</i>
BELLE WALTERS	<i>Critic</i>
FLORA GARRETT	<i>Athletic Vice-President</i>

YELL

Ssss!!! Fizzle! Zip! Boom! Ri!!
Racka-lacka! Boom! Rah!
Hear our cry!
Sixteen! Klirteen! Nineteen Sixteen!
Freshmen! Freshmen!
Try! Try!



CAROLINIAN



FRESHMAN CLASS



CAROLINIAN



FRESHMAN CLASS

CLASS ROLL

ADA SMITH		
MYRTLE RHODES		
CAROLINE ROBINSON		
LILLIAN WAKEFIELD		
ANNIE BEAM	LUCY HATCH	
ETHEL BAUGH	JANIE IPOCK	
RUTH ALBRIGHT	FANNIE HIGGINS	
ANNIE ALBRIGHT	ANNIE HUMBERT	
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SALLIE BODDIE	EVA KEETER	
TEMPE BODDIE	ELIZABETH ROGERS	ELMA KELLY
JOY BRIGGS	ANNIE SOMMERS	MAGGIE LINKER
VIVIAN COLE	MERRILL SHELTON	FLOSSIE STOUT
CORA CAUDLE	ANNIE SPAINHOUR	MARIA LOFTIN
MARGARET BOSEMAN		EMMA LOSSEN
ERNESTINE CHERRY	MARY POWELL	EDWINA LOVELACE
JEANNETTE COX	JULIA RAND	RUTH B. TATE
ELIZABETH CRADDOCK	ULNAH RUSH	AREY LIPE
GRACE CRUMPLER	ROSA STACY	BELLE WALTERS
EUNICE DAUGHETY	CARRIE STOUT	EVA LUCAS
CLYDE DEANS	TEXIE SWINK	JAY MCIVER
ROSELLE DITMORE		HILDA MANN
ANNA DOGGETT		ESTHER MITCHELL
MARY DORRITY	KATE MAE STREETMAN	JANIE MITCHELL
SIDNEY DOWTY	ANICE THORNTON	ALBERTA MONROE
NANNIE FISHER	FRANCES TULL	SARAH MONROE
FANNY FRANCIS	EVELYN WHITTY	ELEANORE MOORE
IDA FLAKE	MARGUERITE WILEY	MARIE NORWOOD
LIZZIE FULLER		NORVA O'DANIEL
FLORA GARRETT		LUOLA OVERCASH
ANNA GATTIS		DE LUKE PINKSTON
DESSIE GRANTHAM		ANNIE PARKER
LOUISE GOODWIN		LILA OWEN
KATE GRAHAM		NAOMI PATE
JESSIE GROOME		SALLIE POWELL
ANNA HALL		LILLIE PARISH
FRANCES SUMMERELL		NAOMI POOLE
REBECCA STIMPSON		
PEARL TAYLOR		
RUTH GILL		



The Parable of the Freshman Class

1. Now it came to pass in those days that the summer began to draw to an end. Then did one hundred and thirty high school girls say each to herself,

2. I will take up my suitcase and umbrella, and go straightway to the Normal College that I may receive culture for my mind.

3. And forthwith each one of the hundred and thirty did fasten a red tag to her baggage and paraphernalia, and did set out on her journey with tears and lamentations.

4. And when they were arrived at the Normal College they assembled themselves together and said one to another, Let us organize and elect unto ourselves a president and other officers.

5. And straightway each began to say to the other, "Let us have so-and-so for president." Then spoke one with a loud voice, saying, "Give us Miss McBrayer for President of this our Class."

6. And all with one accord began to cry out, "Give us Miss McBrayer for President" And when the votes were cast there was not one that was not for Miss McBrayer.

7. Then spake Mr. Forney saying, "Behold, not within seven and ten years has a Freshman class been so unanimous as this, the class of the Lavender and White."

8. ¶Now the time began to draw nigh which is called by all men, the "Feast of the Sophs. in honor of the Freshmen."

9. Then did the President of the Sophomore Class call all her followers together and they did sally forth into the uttermost parts of the earth and did collect all that was lovely to look upon and that was good to eat and did say unto the Freshman Class,

10. "Come, feast thyself until thou hast enough, and be merry with us."

11. As the evening drew nigh its close, on which the Freshmen were feasting with their brethren, the followers of the Lavender and White began to say one to another, "Let us sing unto the Sophs. a glad song, let us lift up our voices with thanksgiving and praise unto these our friends who share with us the fruits of their increase, of whose bounty we are partaking."

12. And when the feast was o'er they departed into their own country rejoicing.

13. ¶And not many days after this came the time of the Tournament of Hockey. Then the spirits of the Freshman team waxed valiant in their breasts.

14. "Let us go," said they, "and deal unto the Juniors a crushing defeat, let us make the green and white to trail in the dust."



CAROLINIAN



15. Therefore they arose and did go into the Athletic Room and did choose for themselves hockey sticks such as champion teams were wont to play with, and did reason among themselves saying,

16. "Why should the Junior team be more able to fight than we of the Freshmen? Come, let us up and practice."

17. Nevertheless, as the time of the Tournament of Hockey began to draw nigh, the knees of the team of Ten and Six did begin to tremble beneath them, and they did cry out,

18. "Tell us, O Summerell, what we may do that we may smite the hosts of the Juniors."

19. And at last the day did come when the hosts of both classes assembled themselves on the plains of the Hockey Field.

20. Then straightway did Miss Washburne blow her whistle, and the army of the Juniors came down upon the army of the Freshmen and did crush them to the earth, and did leave of that mighty host not one man alive.

21. And the remnant of the class arose and said one to another, "Let us go unto the land of Spencer; let us cover our bodies with sackcloth and our heads with ashes."

22. And there was weeping and great lamentation throughout the city.

23. Here endeth the first chapter of the History of the Class of One Thousand Nine Hundred and Sixteen. Selah.





COMMERCIAL STUDENTS

Book the
Third
The May Day
Fete





"Ye May-Day Fête"





Ye May Day



*"Here the Maypole rears its crest
With the rose and hawthorn drest;
In the midst, like the young queen,
Flower-crowned, of the rural green,
Is a bright-cheeked girl, her eye
Blue, like April's morning sky.
Farewell, cities! Who could bear
All their smoke and all their care,
All their pomp, when wooed away
By the azure hours of May?
Give me woodbine—scented bowers,
Blue wreaths of the violet flowers,
Clear sky, fresh air, sweet birds and trees,*



MRS. MARY SETTLE SHARPE



To Mrs. Mary Settle Sharpe

Who, as the Lady of our Pageant, was its guiding force and director; who, as a member of our Faculty, is our true advisor, helper, friend, our ideal in the beauty of her bright-some spirit, we dedicate this, the Festival Book of our Annual.



Ye May Day Fete of Ye North Carolina State Normal and Industrial College

May 18, 1912.

At Two-Fifteen O'Clock,

Ye Pageant

*To ye sound of ye Trumpets
Twenty-four Heralds
Sir Walter Raleigh and His Attendants,
Ye Lord and Lady of ye May,
A group of May Pole Dancers,
Ye May Pole Decked with Garlands and Drawn
by Oxen.
Nine Chimney Sweeps, with Their Ladyes, fol-
lowed
By Jack-in-the-Green
Ye Players in "Ye Hue and Cry after Cupid."
May Pole Dancers and Peasants,
Ye Milk Maid Dancers,
Ye Spirit of Spring and Her Attendants,*



*Ye Persons in "Ye Play of St. George," with
Their Dragon*

Peasants and May Pole Dancers.

Ye Players in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"

Morris Dancers and Peasants,

*Clym of Clough, Adam Bell William of
Cloudesley*

Fair Alice and Her Children Three

*Ye Olde Woman Who Lives in a Shoe, With
Some of Her Children,*

May Pole Dancers and Peasants,

Ye Hobby Horses.

Ye Spirit of Summer, With Her Followers,

May Pole Dancers and Peasants.

*Robin Hood and Maid Marion, with ye Per-
sons of their Play,*

Shepherdesses and Shepherds,

May Pole Dancers and Peasants.

Ye Spirit of Autumn, and Her Attendants,

Mother Goose and Her Followers—

May Pole Dancers and Peasants,

King Arthur and His Knights.

The Spirit of Winter with His Sprites,

Boadicea, with a Group of Ancient Britons.





Ye Order of Events

AT THREE O'CLOCK:

Ye Play of St. George.
Ye Hue and Cry After Cupid.
Robin Hood.
Pyramus and Thisbe.

AT THREE-THIRTY O'CLOCK:

Ye Play of St. George.
Ye Hue and Cry After Cupid.
Ye Old English Games and Songs on Ye Curry.
Terrace, by Ye Children of Ye Training School.
1.— { *Summer is icumen in,*
 { *Over the Downs so Free.*
2.— *Mother Goose Songs and Pantomimes.*
3.— { *Bean Setting.*
 { *Morris Dance.*
4.— *Minuet.*
5.— *May Song.*
6.— *May Pole Dance.*

AT FOUR O'CLOCK:

Robin Hood.
Pyreamus and Thisbe.

AT FOUR-THIRTY O'CLOCK:

Ye Play of St. George.
Ye Hue and Cry After Cupid.

AT FIVE O'CLOCK:

Robin Hood.
Pyreamus and Thisbe.



AT FIVE-THIRTY O'CLOCK:

Ye Play of St. George.
Ye Hue and Cry After Cupid.

AT SIX O'CLOCK:

Morris Dance—Shepherd's Hay.

ON YE CURRY COURT:

Chimney Sweeps.
Morris Dance—Sally Luker.
Milk Maids.
Morris Dance—Country Gardens.
May Pole.

AT SEVEN O'CLOCK:

Ye May Tunes and Ye Evening Hymn.





Queen Elizabeth And Her Court



Ye Masters Of Ye Pageant

Ye May Day Fete

The Happy May Day afternoon began promptly at 2:15 when the grand pageant, in all of its splendor, and heralded by trumpeters, made its appearance in College Avenue. The heralds wore the coats of arms of Sir Walter Raleigh.

The visitors had already begun to feel themselves in Old England, for up and down College Avenue the buildings were decorated with ancient English flags and coats of arms. When the Court group, consisting of Queen Elizabeth, the Earl of Leicester, Lord Burleigh, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Richard Grenville, Shakespeare, and six Ladies-in-waiting, escorted by twelve guards and forty choir boys from Westminster Abbey, took their stand in front of the Students' Building, the illusion was complete.



Ye Lord And Ye Lady Of Ye May



The Pageant

At the sound of the bugle appeared 24 heralds with Sir Walter Raleigh and his attendants. As the boy choir sang "May the Queen forever live!" and "God Save the Queen," Sir Walter led the long procession, representing every grade of English society and the best loved traditions of English speaking people, in review before Queen Elizabeth.

The symbolic representations of the four seasons were of exquisite beauty. The spirit of spring dressed in a loose flowing green robe, was attended by children who represented sprightly Jack-in-the-Pulpits. Summer dressed in white and rose color was attended by dainty pink roses. Autumn appeared in various shades of brown, and was followed by yellow chrysanthemums, whilst winter, all in white, was attended by sprites who carried bunches of green. King Arthur and his



The March Queen and Her Followers



The Mistress of the Pageant



The Milk Maids Pass Gaily By



knights were such embodiments of romance, Mother Goose and her followers as well as the Old Woman who lived in the Shoe were such perfection in design and "atmosphere," the players, the shepherds and shepherdesses, milk maids and chimney sweeps, apple women, egg women, Morris men, etc., were so true to history—the whole pageant was a thing of wonder and delight.

Four clowns and four hobby horses, to say nothing of Jack-in-the-Green, gave much amusement to the by-standers. Queen Boadicea in her chariot followed by a group of magnificent ancient Britons completed the line. The procession passed down College Avenue, in front of the Main building and McIver building, across Walker Avenue and past the Curry building and stopped on Curry Court. Here, amid loud acclamations of "the people," the beautiful May Queen was crowned by the Lord of the May.



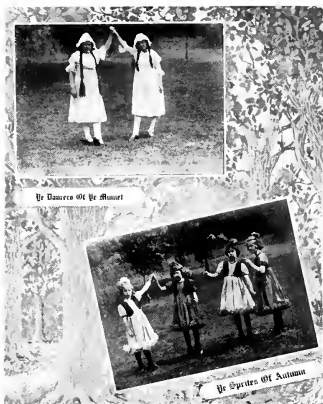
Cupid In Ye Midst Of His Attendants



Beautiful Scenes

After singing and dancing the revelers dispersed in all directions and the curious spectators followed.. From 3 to 6 o'clock the Training school children sang and danced and played old English games on Curry terrace. Their beauty and grace can not be exaggerated. Tom Thumb and his happy bride, Little Jack Horner, with his pie, Little Bopeep, the Fiddler's three, Humpty Dumpty, the Rosebuds, Chrysanthemums, Snow Balls, Morris Man, Minuet Dancers, all of them will long be remembered by those who saw them and heard them sing. Many said this part of the Fete was best of all.

But the spectator had a chance between 3 and 6 o'clock to see four plays ably presented by the college girls. "Robin Hood," dramatized for the occasion by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dick Douglas, was delightful not only on account of its literary beauty, but be-



The Dancers Of The Minuet

The Dancers Of Autumn



The Pageant Reaches Curry Court



cause of the wonderful stage-setting in Peabody park, the attractive costumes and the splendid acting of Robin and his men.

Nothing could have been daintier and more attractive than "The Hue and Cry after Cupid," that lovely masque which Ben Jonson wrote in honor of the nuptials of the count and countess of Haddington. Venus was beautiful, Cupid altogether charming, and all the other characters were in keeping with these. The aesthetic dances in this masque were exquisite.

In Peabody park, just before the old Guilford courthouse pavilion, was given the ancient play of "St. George and the Dragon." As the spectator bent double with laughter over this quaint old play, he marveled at the ability of the actors and applauded "the atmosphere" of it all.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" was a dream indeed, with its lovely forest back-



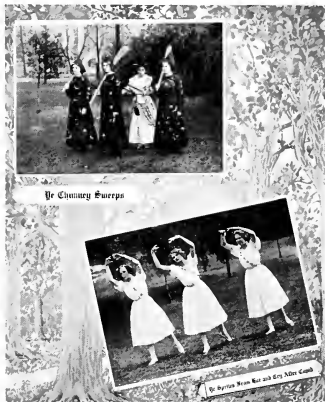
The Players From Hue And Cry After Cupid



ground, its beautiful fairies, its incomparable "Bottom," and its handsome court group.

Back to Curry Court came the thousand revelers at 6 o'clock. The spectacle was gorgeous in color and fascinating in movement. The chimney sweeps and their three accompanying ladies won loud applause for their picturesque dancing. The gaily dressed Morris dancers with their kerchiefs and jingling bells performed wonderful feats. The beautiful milkmaids with their shining pails were indescribably sweet and attractive. The May pole dancers were charming in the beautiful simplicity of their dresses and the grace of their movements. All the music furnished by the student-orchestra was old, old English music, so playful, so vigorous, so rhythmic, that no visitor could keep his feet still while it was going on.

The dances over, all the gay throng joined in singing that famous round "Summer is



Ye Chimney Sweeps

Ye Maypole Dancers



Ye Children Dance At Ye May Poles



Ye Milk Maids



Ye Morris Dancers

icumen in." They sang the "Old English" words which many of the audience could not translate, but the ever-recurring call of the cuckoo would have been intelligible in any language, and the spirit in which the fine old song was sung was a credit to the students and to their leaders. Other old English songs of a different nature followed. Just as the day was closing, at about 7 o'clock, the merriment of the revelers gave way to a glad and grateful reverence, and in the spirit of adoration all united softly in the beautiful evening hymn. All felt that no closing of the day could have been so appropriate as this sacrifice of praise to Him, who makes the return of the seasons sure.

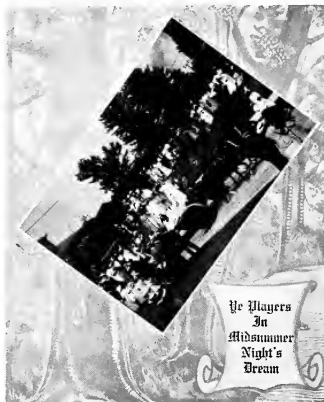
No thoughtful visitor could fail to be impressed with the magnificent "team work" of the college students and training school children; and no one could fail to ask: "Who did all this training? Who planned and



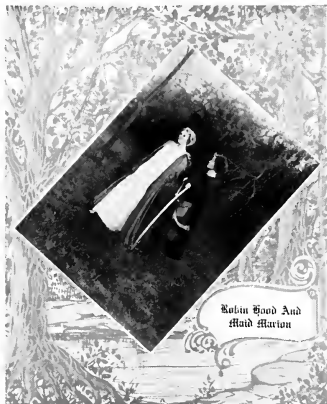
Ye Players In St. George And Ye Dragon



made all these costumes? Who decorated and who designed the wonderfully successful floats? Who trained these horsemen? Who worked out the millions of details that had to be worked out before such an elaborate entertainment could be given?" These and similar questions are answered in part in the beautiful and helpful guide book sold by the students. But that guide book has not enough pages to hold a truthful description of the zeal, energy, ability, enthusiasm, and usefulness of Mrs. Mary Settle Sharpe, whom the Class of 1912 chose during their Sophomore year to be their director in chief. Misses Laura McAlister and Eva P. Washburne trained all the dancers and no words of praise could exaggerate the skill and devotion with which they did their work. The ladies of the faculty who were indefatigable in their work of designing the costumes are too many to mention individually, but the students



The May Pole Dancers



Robin Hood And
Maid Marion

know and appreciate them. The costumes made by Miss Long were true works of art. The chairman of the committee on floral decorations and mounts, Mrs. Lizzie McIver Weatherspoon, deserves an artist's medal. All the Training school teachers deserve high praise for their good ideas and their splendid service.

Mr. R. H. McIntyre was worth his weight in gold as master of horse. Had he not agreed to take the general oversight over all horses and teams, the Fete would have been far different and far inferior.

Next to the costuming of such a vast number of persons, the largest problem in the Fete was the music. The Old English Folk Songs are a precious legacy to all who know how to appreciate them, but the uncorrupted music is hard to find. How were the Normal college students to find and to learn such old English music as would be appropriate on

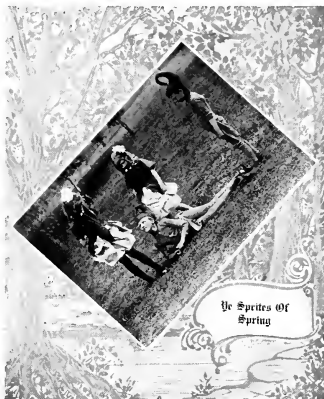


Maid Marion And Her Archers Bold



May Day? How better than to write to the mother country? So thought, so done. A letter was written to a music lover in the quaint old city of Chester. When it got there, the man was dead, apparently without heirs. The letter was handed to a stationer. He sent at once the book of music arranged for the Chester Pageant by J. C. Bridge. He then wrote several musicians about the desire of these American college girls to revive the Old English May Day. The result was that straight from the best authorities in England came just the historic music that was needed. From London Guilds and from our own library of Congress came valuable suggestions about rare old English music. Thus much was gained, but still a tremendous problem remained. What were a half dozen music books among a thousand people?

Save for the patience and energy of Mr. Charles L. Brockman, the "Henry the



Ye Players In Robin Hood



Eighth" music could not have been arranged for the various Folk Dances.

Had it not been for the enthusiastic and unselfish leadership of Miss Ethel Lewis Harris, the Old English songs could not have been learned by the college girls.

So much for the help given by others. The fact remains that the May Day Fete was a students' entertainment. The children in the Training school and the college girls gave it —gave it gladly and ably. Without their determination and steady work, voluntarily given, no faculty could have carried it through.

All honor to such students!

The suggestion about the Old English May Day Games was first made by Miss Annie F. Petty, whom the class of 1912 will always remember as their indefatigable and capable business manager. The glory of the result will always belong in a peculiar



Ye Fairies In Midsummer Night's Dream



sense to "1912", though, to be sure, without the co-operation of the whole student body and the Training school children, their beautiful program could never have been carried out. It was indeed a great work of which we can truly say: "Zeale devised it, Love procured it, Boyes and Girles performed it, and none but Fooles dispraised it."

The stencilling of the heralds' suits was an intricate and skilful work of the Manual Training department. In the department of Drawing the girls had an excellent study in heraldry. Their coats of arms—some six feet square—they enlarged from one-inch square plates. Their flags were copies of old English flags used prior to and during Elizabethan times.

The boys of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute made the bows and arrows for our archers. We owe the boys and



Cupid's Attendant's



Venus and Cupid

their leader, Mr. De Yarmett of the Trade School, many sincere thanks. One of the most delightful by-products of the Fete was the real courtesy and genuine interest manifested toward us by strangers. For further instance, the Library of Congress, the British Museum, the London Guilds that sent rosettes, sticks and bells for the Morris men, and our friends in Old Chester.

Had the preparations for the Fete done nothing more for the college girls than to acquaint them with England's ballads, their study would have been well worth while. But the cultural value of all the history and literature in connection with May Day can hardly be overestimated. For May revels are as old as Europe and in getting ready to reproduce such a rustic May Day as our fore-fathers enjoyed, many of us discovered that we were heirs to a priceless heritage, no matter whether our ancestors were Saxon, Celts, or Teutons.



Ye Revelers Watch Ye Sheperds And Sheperdesses Go By



Invitation to Ye Games

W. C. SMITH.

*Come ye Gentles, maids and dames,
Full blithesome view our May Day Games,
Ye lordings too, of high degree
Attend and wot ye well pardee,
That gentle pleasaunce now and then
Approved is by wisest men,
Heigh ho! dull care away!
The sun it shineth every day.*

*Blythe Spring in garments green yclad
Bids every human heart be glad:
Five hundred maids your pleasure wait
In song and dance and May Day fete.
Ring round ye Gentles, squires and dames,
A welcome waits you at our games.
Heigh ho! dull care away!
The sun it shineth every day.*



The May Day Fete

*We gathered 'neath the sun of May
Where turf was green and boughs were broad,
And watched the stately pageant pass
Along the wide and winding road:
Here rode Sir Walter, proud and gay,
The cloak upon his shoulder laid
On which the virgin queen had trod
And given him her accolade.*

*And there she stood to see him pass
With lords and ladies by her side,
In velvet clad and silken sheen,
With spreading ruff and mantle wide
With Burleigh wise and Gilbert bold,
And Leicester shrewd and Shakespeare great;
In goodly company she stood
And faced the throng in royal state.*

*And still the long procession moved
And glittered in the May Day sun,
And every rank and every age
And every period were at one;
Here Arthur rode among his knights
And Alfred showed his visage good;
St. George displayed his silver shield
And Marian rode with Robin Hood.*

*What mirth and merriment are here
This modern day of good Queen Bess!
With pipe and labor, dance and song
The shepherds and milkmaids press;
And every legend, every tale
Where England's past hath taken part
Is breathed upon our western air
And welcomed by our western heart.*

*Here come the great red oxen now
Their sober heads with roses decked
And draw the May-pole long and straight,
Till on the green it stands erect;
And there the winsome maidens flock
And through the mazy dances glide
While knights and ladies, Jack and Jill,
Look on in sympathetic pride.*



*And now we seek the forest dells,
The hollows by the rippling stream.
Where Robin Hood his story tells,
And fairies show us Bottom's dream,
And where green hedges close the court,
And willows in the breezes move,
We watch the elves in merry sport
With Venus and her truant Love.*

*Ah! These are scenes of beauty rare,
Where art and nature vie to give
Substance to fancy's vision fair;
And make the past in present live:
But why this English pageant here?
Why bring into our modern west
These ancient tales, however dear
To England's far and famous past?*

*Why, who are English if not we?
From whom do we our blood possess
But knight and lady, squire and dame,
Who lived in times of good Queen Bess?
And, if a true report we hear,
From those who delve for names and dates,
The purest Anglo-Saxon strain
Dwells in our Southern seaboard states.*

*O! long may Carolina's halls
Resound with English song and story,
And long may Carolina's girls
Their birthright claim to England's glory!
Our fathers from that island came
And brought with them across the sea
The English love of sports and games
And English love of liberty.*

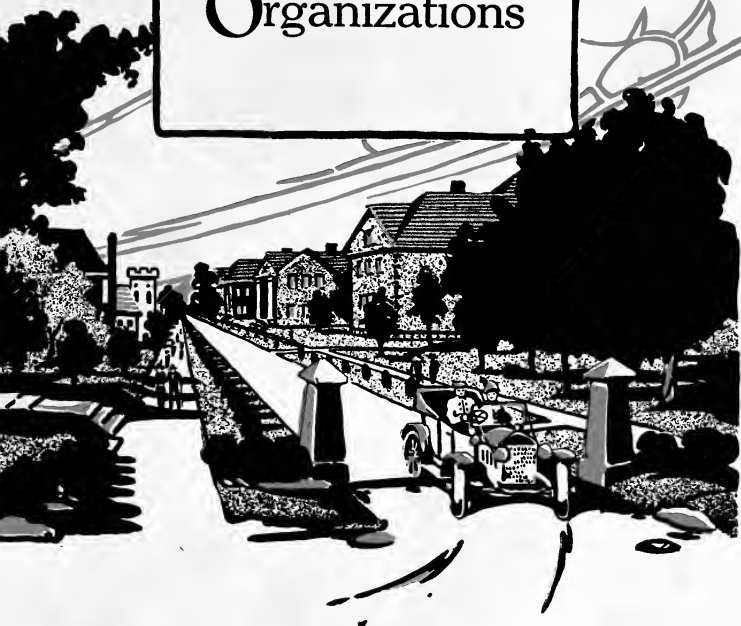
*—Jennie Thornley Clarke,
Professor of History in our sister institu-
tion, the Greensboro College for Women.*



Appreciation

To Miss Bertha Lee, Miss Annie Petty, Miss Laura
McAllister, Miss Eva Washburn, Miss Ethel Lewis
Harris, Mrs. Lizzie Weatherspoon, Miss Mel-
ville Fort, the Class of 1912, and to all
who gave their time and thought to
the Pageant, we offer our lov-
ing appreciation

Book the
Fourth
Organizations







CAROLINIAN



CABINET OF YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION



CAROLINIAN



The Young Women's Christian Association

OFFICERS 1912-1913

MISS JANE T. MILLER	<i>General Secretary</i>
PATTIE GLENN SPURGEON	<i>President</i>
GERTRUDE GRIFFIN	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARY WORTH	<i>Secretary</i>
BERTHA STANBURY	<i>Treasurer</i>



THE time of the founding of our college the schools of the North and East had already recognized the need of a definite organized plan of work among college students. The International Young Women's Christian Association, resultant of this recognized need, was sending out secretaries with the object of forming branches in the colleges of the South.

Especially in this, a State school composed of girls of all denominations, was felt the demand for a common religious interest. Each girl attended her own church services on Sunday mornings. All the girls had the privilege of hearing a Greensboro pastor in the Chapel on Sunday evenings, when some of the teachers did not take groups down town for Sunday evening services. But in order that the girls might have an opportunity for wide-awake, purposeful Christian work among themselves, our College Association was founded. It is the oldest of our student organizations. In the autumn of 1892, under the direction of Miss Mendenhall, a trial constitution was modeled after that of the Wellesley Association. It was accepted, and in December of that year a branch of the Young Women's Christian Association was ready to begin work in our college. Later traveling secretaries were sent to aid in completing our organization, their assistance proving invaluable.

At first the responsibility of carrying on the Association work rested on the shoulders of a few. These few felt that the individual girl was not vitally interested. Hence the cabinet, feeling the lack of support by students at large, believing that under such conditions the Association could do little profitable work, held a closed meeting and decided to disband. Their resignation, however, was not accepted by the members of the Association. So the little band went back to work, determined to solve the problem of interesting *all* the girls. This seems to have been done by enlarging the cabinet and by placing the responsibility on many individuals. Standing committees were created, each to carry on a certain phase of the work: the chairman, a member of the cabinet, being directly



answerable for its performance. New life was indeed imparted to us. All the stronger after the period of despair, the members took things in hand and helped to make for us an Association unswerving in faith, unfailing in strength.

In 1895 Miss Susie Dalton attended the first Southern Summer Conference at Rogersville, Tenn. In 1896, Miss Coit went to the Conference at Asheville. Since then, regularly we have sent delegates to the Conferences called by the Central Committee, and it has resulted in great gain to our Association. Y. W. C. A. work in the different colleges is compared, invaluable suggestions being received during such exchange of ideas. The work of these conferences is so divided that girls, intending to devote their attention to some particular part of Association work, can take helpful courses preparatory to the coming year. The contact with enthusiastic men and women, with able leaders, sends the girls out with new inspiration and with an added zest for the cause of religion.

Delegates have been sent likewise to attend the Quadrennial Student Volunteer Convention. In 1902 Miss Coit went to Toronto; our delegates to Nashville in 1906 were Miss Spainhour, Miss Winfield, Miss Lee, and Miss Coit; in 1910 Misses Moring and Pollard, Miss Mitchell, and Miss Petty went to Rochester.

The Association Sunday School classes have grown into various Bible and Mission Study classes, taught partly by students and partly by Faculty members. Our regular association meeting on Wednesday evening is established. So is our Sunday evening service.

The Morning Watch is simply morning prayers. Many of our faithful workers keep the Morning Watch in their own rooms. But some prefer to keep it in company with others. For these the Morning Watch Committee provides a place and a leader, in order to give *definiteness* to the daily prayer that would otherwise prove desultory and undignified.

The girls are urged to attend their own churches on Sunday mornings. If they attend Sunday School they are asked not to attend our Association Bible or Mission Study class. If a girl can get her Bible or Mission Study class on a weekday, we ask her to take it then rather than on Sunday. We try to teach that it is more Christian to do a few things thoroughly than to do many things superficially.

On Sunday afternoon, by a college regulation, two hours are set apart for rest and meditation. During this time no visiting is allowed. Our Association heartily endorses the wisdom of this quiet period.

Through the helpful advice of our territorial secretaries we were able one year to have Miss Angelina Taylor conduct for us a series of Bible classes. Miss Ethel Cutler, of New York, was sent to us for two successive years by the National Board. Once or twice a year we have with us a Traveling Secretary whose very presence is an



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inspiration. With these exceptions the girls have kept up the work of the Association, assisted always by advisory members of the Faculty. From a little band of timid girls we have grown wonderfully, until now we are become a part of the World's Student Christian Federation.

This year we have been exceedingly fortunate in having a residing secretary, Miss Jane T. Miller. Her purpose is not to take the work out of the hands of the girls, but to give unity to it and to see that it is conducted along the best lines. Her guidance has been wise; her suggestions for improvement, invaluable; her helpfulness to the students at large, inestimable.

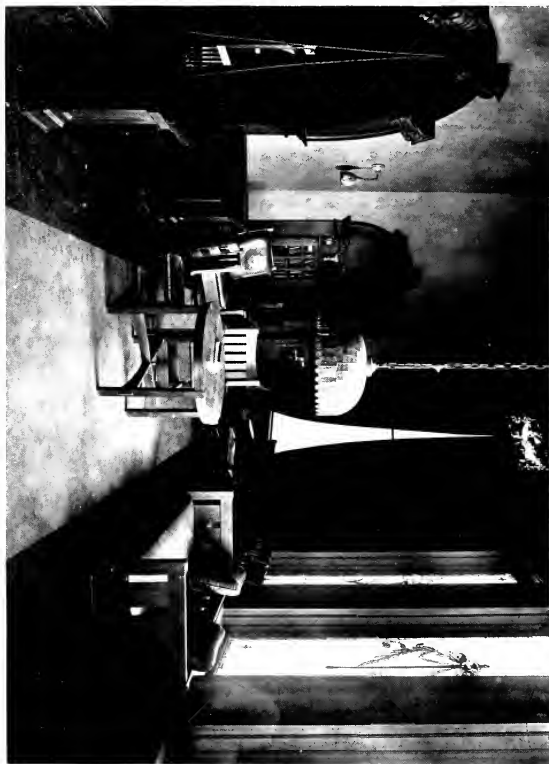
And so, while our growth has been slow, it has been by no means small. With nothing of outward show we have developed into a broad, helpful body that tries to reach every student, and through these students to extend its influence throughout the State. With no sectarian thought our girls have taken upon themselves the responsibility of the organization. The work has been so arranged that every girl who will may take an active part. Arrangements have been made for Systematic Giving by the students. The Handbook, sent to every girl during the summer, proves exceedingly helpful. Before school opens letters are written by the old girls to every prospective student. The Fall Campaign Committee meets the newcomers when college opens and helps to make the first few homesick weeks more bearable. Our Study classes and our Social work are on an increasingly high plane. With Miss Miller's guidance we are making plans for larger usefulness. In the light of the past we read our future successes. Our outlook is broad; our courage, good; our purpose, unconquerable in the face of delay. Already we have the vision of a beautiful and commodious Association Home. We are facing a future full of promise; we are looking outward and onward to broader fields. And we hear across the centuries these ringing words: "There is yet more land to be possessed."

MARGARET MANN, '13.





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BAILEY MEMORIAL ROOM



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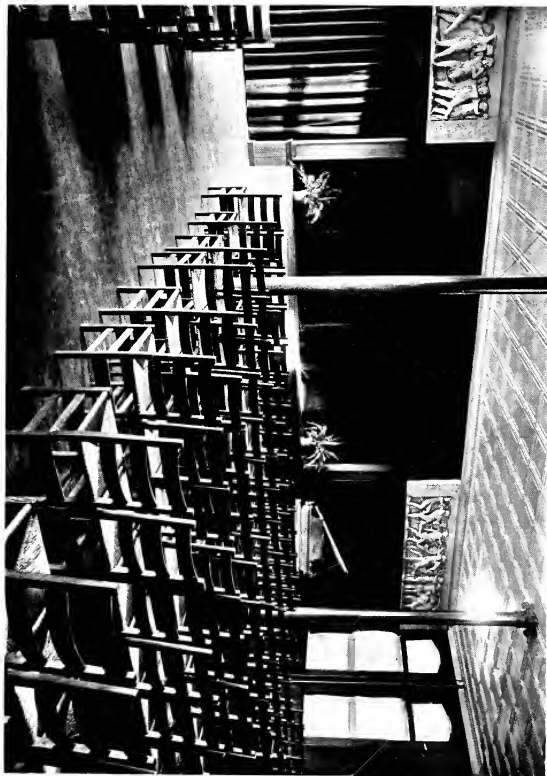
A Toast

May our societies grow with every passing year
In nobility and steadfastness of purpose;
In ability to "discern the great from the trivial;"
In courage to stand for what is solid and simple;
In graciousness and generosity of spirit,
And may we in sisterly unity of hand and heart
Strive to make our college a fitting home
For all that is "pure and honorable and lovely
And of good report."





CAROLINIAN



CORNELIAN SOCIETY HALL



The Cornelian Literary Society



THE initiative steps in the formation of our two Literary Societies were taken in 1892 at the suggestion of Dr. McIver, who thought that the school would be greatly benefited by such organizations. Accordingly two students, Alice Green and Mary Arrington, were chosen by the college to make two lists, balancing girls of equal ability and talent. The students on the list drawn by Miss Green were organized, under the direction of Mr. E. J. Forney and Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, as the Green Society. Later, at the suggestion of Dr. Alderman, the name was changed to the Cornelian Literary Society.

Since their organization the Societies have held semi-monthly meetings. For a long time, because of the lack of Society Halls, the meetings were held in recitation rooms. Much ingenuity was displayed by the students whose task it was to convert bare lecture rooms into meeting places sufficiently attractive. This apparent drawback was in one sense an advantage, for it proved an incentive to acquaintance, to closer friendship, and to deeper sympathy on the part of those who must learn to do much with little. But with such uncertain and unequipped meeting places the girls were unable to make the best progress along the line of cultural development. It was therefore natural that they should turn their thoughts toward halls which would be set apart peculiarly for the use of the Societies. At this time plans were formed for a Student's Building, and the whole first floor was given over entirely to the two Societies. To the fund for this building the Cornelian Society for several years appropriated the one hundred and fifty dollars hitherto contributed annually for the support of the College Library. The first use to which the new halls were put was a philanthropic one. Before the Students' Building was completed the main dormitory of the College was burned and two hundred girls were left houseless. The Societies offered their unfinished halls until some provision could be made—and forthwith they were converted into dormitories for students and teachers.

When the hall was nearing completion a handsome frieze was presented to the Cornelian Society by its honorary members. This stimulated the efforts of the Society to raise a fund to buy suitable furniture. Help given by the Students' Loan Association made possible equipment corresponding to the interior of the hall.

Established in its new home, the Society has made noticeable progress in every direction. Its membership has yearly increased. Annually, a correspondingly large Fel-



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CORNELIAN COMMITTEE ROOM

lowship fund is set apart to help worthy girls through College. The Society has had no small part in the development of the College Magazine. It now contributes to the Magazine Fund a sum sufficiently large to insure a copy to every member.

While these material evidences give expression to the growth and development of the Society, its deepest and best work has been along intellectual lines. From the Cornelian and Adelpian Societies are selected the magazine editors who, with the help of a Faculty editor, are responsible for the production of this periodical. The members of the two Societies have never failed to give it loyal support. Their contributions have made possible its growth from a volume of four copies to one of eight. The work in debating has been earnest, the interest unflagging, the results far reaching. From the beginning, Inter-Society debates were encouraged as bringing fuller development and as drawing the Societies into a closer bond of interest and of sympathy. These are now become an annual occurrence. The night of Thanksgiving is set apart in every year for a joint debate between the Societies. In dramatics the best characters of literature



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have been studied and impersonated. The recent organization of an Inter-Society Dramatic Club will prove the means of offering still larger incentive to effort in this direction. The society has made explorations into the field of literature for the purpose of placing the students upon a plane of familiarity with the best authors. It has endeavored to inculcate in every member a love of the ennobling and the uplifting in all lines of art and to develop her powers of thought and expression.

The aims of the Cornelian Society have been fulfilled in the high aspirations aroused in each student who has become one of its members. And its motto, "For Fellowship, Knowledge, and Culture," has been a vital factor in the formation of the characters of the hundreds of young women who have gone out into our Old North State to uphold the standards of womanhood.

MARGARET MANN, '13.

Cornelia's Praises

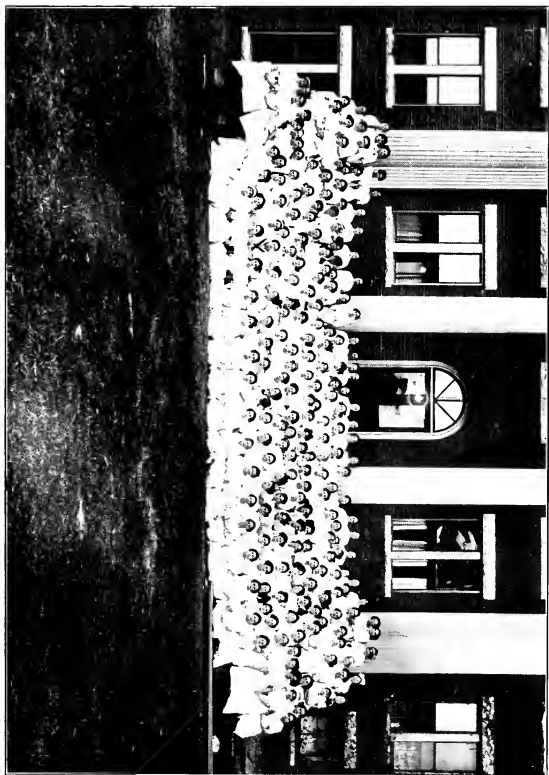
In joy and praise come let us sing,
With anthem clear and strong;
Let all Cornelian voices ring
In free, exultant song
Of pride for that fair name we bear—
Cornelian! glorious word
To make us gladly do and dare,
Whene'er 'tis thought, whene'er 'tis heard.

We'll onward, upward ever move,
Our footsteps forward pressed;
Together move in sister-love
Unto the mountain's crest,
To gain the fair, wide spreading view
Which round the mountain lies,
And gives us understanding new,
Enlightening our eager eyes.

May Cornelia's name have ne'er a stain
From any daughter's deed.
For her all glory will we gain
And give her honors meed;
For firm and staunch we e'er will stand
Unto each other true,
And loyal to our noble band,
Hers—yea, her own, our whole lives through.



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CORNELIAN LITERARY SOCIETY



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THE CORNELIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

MEMBERS

RUTH HAMPTON		
AMELIE ADAMS LOUISE COFFEY		
LOUISE BELL	FLOSSIE COLE	
ANNIE ALBRIGHT	VIVIAN COLE	
EULA ALEXANDER	LEILA COOPER	
LOTTIE BARBER	JEANETTE COX	
MAMIE LEE BASS	LUCY GREY COLEMAN	
ETHEL BAUGH	ELIZABETH CRAIG	
PENELOPE BIGGS	BESSIE CRAVEN	
HAZEL BLACK	PAULINE CROWDER	
JULIA HOLT BLACK	ESTELLE CROWDER	
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SALLIE BODDIE	LILLIE CURRY	
TEMPE BODDIE	FANNIE DARLINGTON	
MARY BOGAN	EUNICE DAUGHETY	
LEONTINE ARMSTRONG	LAURA MURPHY FAISON	
ETHEL BOLLINGER	LALLAH DAUGHETY	
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REBA BRAWLEY	MARY C. DAVIS	
JOY BRIGGS	MAGGIE DAVIS	
URMA BRITT	RUBY DEAL	
MARGUERITE BROOKS	RUTH DEANS	
LOUISE BROWN	MARY DEANS	
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IDA FLAKE	ELIZABETH CRADDOCK	
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LELA BUTNER	MADOLON DOUGH	
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LEEUNA CLAPP	RUTH FAISON	
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SUSIE HYMAN	NELL MATHESON	
VERTA IDOL	ISABELLA McALLISTER	
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HALLIE JONES	BLANCHE McNEILL	
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MARY LOUISE JONES	FANNIE MEABANE	
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ISABEL PEIRSON	KATE MAY STREETMAN
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LILLIAN PITT	ETHEL THOMAS
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ADA SIMPSON	KATHRYN WHITE
MARY SIMPSON	LALLAH WHITE
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LOTTIE LEE SMITH	ANNIE WHITTY
ANNIE SPAINHOUR	EVELYN WHITTY
MARY SPURGEON	ELOISE WILLEFORD
PATTIE SPURGEON	LOIS WILKINS
JANIE STACEY	ANNA WILLIAMS
ROSE STACY	MARY WORTH
BEATRICE YARBROUGH	



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MR. E. E. BALCOMB
MISS VIOLA BODDIE
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MISS EVA BRYAN
MISS CAROLINE BURGESS
MISS CLARA B. BYRD
MISS ALICE CHURCHILL
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MRS. ELIZA WOOLARD



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THE ADELPHIAN-CORNELIAN LOVING CUP

The Adelpbian and Cornelian Literary Societies, wishing to stimulate greater literary development on the part of the girls of our State, have decided to offer a loving cup, which, in accordance with the following regulations, shall constitute a prize to be awarded the high school girl submitting the best short story to the societies. Our plan and regulations are as follows:

All secondary schools of this State, however supported, offering regularly organized courses of study above the seventh grade and not extending in their scope and content beyond a standard four year high school course as defined by the State Department of

Education shall be eligible to com-

pete for this prize. The short

story shall contain one thou-

sand words, and not more

than three thousand and

shall be written by the stu-

dents themselves with only

such suggestions as the

teachers deem necessary.

Each high school enter-

ing the contest shall have

a preliminary contest choos-

ing their own judge for

the local contest. The best

story of this contest shall be type-

written and sent to the Society Com-

mittee judges at the Normal College not

later than April 20th. The win-

ner of this cup shall have the name of her

High School with proper date engraved on it,

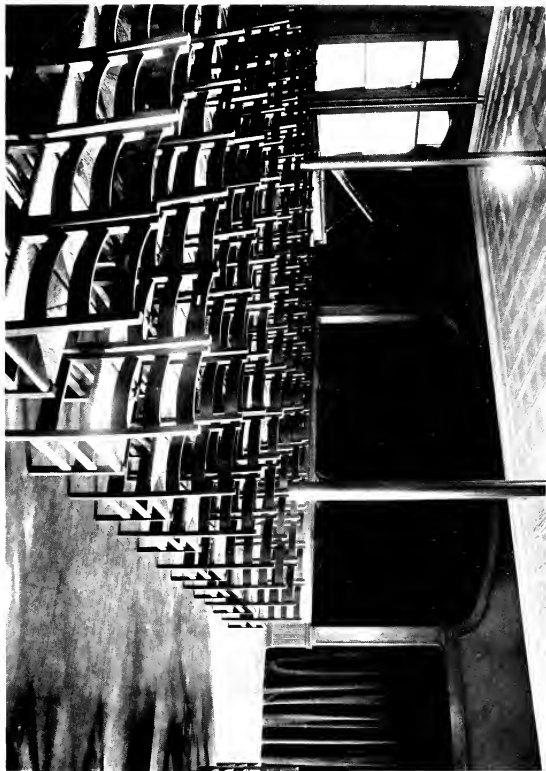
and her story shall be printed in the May number

of the Magazine of the State Normal and Industrial College.





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ADELPHIAN SOCIETY HALL



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Adelphian Literary Society



AFTER the Normal School had settled down to regular schedule work in 1892, the Senior Class, formed of ten honor graduates of other reputable schools, began to make plans which would benefit all the students at the Normal. Now these maturer students, all but one of whom had previously taught, saw that nothing was more requisite for a teacher or any well-rounded, efficient woman than the power of thought and expression. They also saw that no one thing would give the students more culture, dignity, self-control, and pleasure combined than literary societies. Thus to promote the welfare of the students by accomplishing the above aims and by joining them into a closer bond of friendship, the Senior Class, in the early part of 1893, met the student body at a mass meeting and suggested that two literary societies be formed. In order to organize them, it was proposed that two girls, equal in ability and popularity, be chosen as captains, about whom the students should gather according to their personal preference. The names of Misses Mary Arrington and Alice Green were suggested. Mass meeting quickly followed mass meeting. Many ideas were advanced as to the proper way to organize the societies. A few girls took action on the plan suggested by joining the side of Miss Arrington or Miss Green.

Just at this point, however, Dr. McIver, the wise president of the Normal, intervened, and gave a new turn to affairs by submitting a different plan for organization. Meeting all the students, he pointed out that instead of creating two equal societies in which the girls of all sections of the State would become better acquainted, their plan would doubtless lead to the societies becoming geographical divisions which might soon differ in numbers and power. To avoid such a condition, he suggested that the plan of organization be altered so that Misses Arrington and Green, instead of being chosen by the girls, should alternately choose the girls, on the ground of their ability, dividing them into two equal groups. Those few, however, who had already joined either band were allowed to remain. This plan, not proving entirely satisfactory, was in later years changed to the present impartial system of two committees from the societies jointly dividing the new students into two equal groups and determining by lot which group shall join each society. The first division, however, was made exactly as Dr. McIver advised. Those whom Miss Arrington chose were known as the members of the Arrington or "A" Society. The first meeting of the "A" Society was in the chapel, March, 1893, when it was determined to draw up a constitution. This was the first and last business



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ADELPHIAN COMMITTEE ROOM

meeting whose proceedings were made known, for at Dr. McIver's suggestion it was decided that the societies be secret. Very busily did the members go about laying the necessary foundations. Various suggestions were given by members of the Faculty and by outside friends. So closely were the "A" girls drawn together by this working for a common cause that they afterwards chose as a permanent name for the Society the word Adelphian—"A Band of Sisters." They clearly saw that, though differing in many ways—ability, talent, and station—they were united by the ties of mutual affection, and the common desire to form high, ennobling ideals. Red and gold were selected as an outward sign of their union. After the society colors were selected, a society pin was designed—a diamond-shaped onyx framed in gold, engraved with a laurel wreath and set with four pearls. Across the onyx the name of the society is written in Greek letters. This pin, unchanged save that the onyx is now entirely encircled with pearls, has always been the badge of the Adelphians.

Once organized the Adelphian Society began to have very helpful literary exer-



cises. It is interesting to find that the very first literary program of the Society, given April 25, 1893, consisted of a debate: "Resolved, that co-education is beneficial to the race." Sometimes the programs consisted of evenings spent with certain authors, whose lives, characteristics, and works were studied. Sometimes an evening was devoted to music. There were practically no society plays during the first few years. Whenever any public plays were to be given, the best talent was selected from both societies.

As early as the second year of the Adelpian Society, the great need of a society hall, a permanent place for meeting, was discussed. Though no definite action towards obtaining this was then taken, the enthusiasm manifested furnished a beginning for later action, which resulted in obtaining the much desired hall. In various ways the Society zealously strove to aid in securing the amount necessary for such a building. Bit by bit was added to the Students' Fund. In January, 1899, the Society promised to give \$300 to the Students' Building. Not until the year 1902 was this building completed, and the Societies given a regular home. The new hall necessarily called for suitable furniture, which was bought. In addition to the regular hall, each Society has recently fitted up an adjoining committee room.

The Adelpians, in 1894, raised a Fellowship Fund sufficient to pay annually the tuition charged for the college training of one of their "sisters." That same year the Society gave \$150 to the Library Fund to aid in the purchase of books. Up to the year 1898, a part of the Society money was each year expended this way, but after that time it was added to the Students' Fund. When the College suffered disaster by the loss of one of its best equipped dormitories in the fire of 1904, both Society Halls were temporarily converted into dormitories.

Since the time that a hall was secured, the Adelpian Society has used the bulk of its money to furnish and beautify it. The Fellowship Funds no longer exist. What was once their work is now done by the McIver Loan Fund. The Cornelian and Adelpian Literary Societies yearly set apart a certain amount of their money to give financial support to our College Magazine, thereby enabling the editors to place a copy in the hands of each Normal student.

The custom instituted three years ago of having a public Inter-Society Debate on Thanksgiving night is still observed. Healthful competition between the two Societies is also encouraged by the Matheson Prize, annually awarded to that member of either Society who submits the best short story.

Though the Adelpian Literary Society has undergone many changes in its history of twenty years, though it has steadily grown in numbers, in power, and in the scope of its influence, it is still fundamentally the same, a "Band of Sisters," together striving upward and onward.

The members of the Society in college today have not forgotten that it is their



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older sisters who gave the Society its beginning, and contributed so largely to its development. In spite of the lapse of time, the work of these pathfinders still lives in the hearts of all their sister Adelphians.

KATHRINE McDIARMID ROBINSON, '13.

Adelphian Song

Shoulder to shoulder, hearts filled with devotion,
With purpose not aimless, but earnest and true,
United by all the ties of deep friendship,
We bring, O Adelphai, our homage to you.

We pledge to you loyalty, long and unending,
Loyalty which will be firm, will be sure;
Devotion we pledge you, which never can perish,
And love which through all coming time will endure.

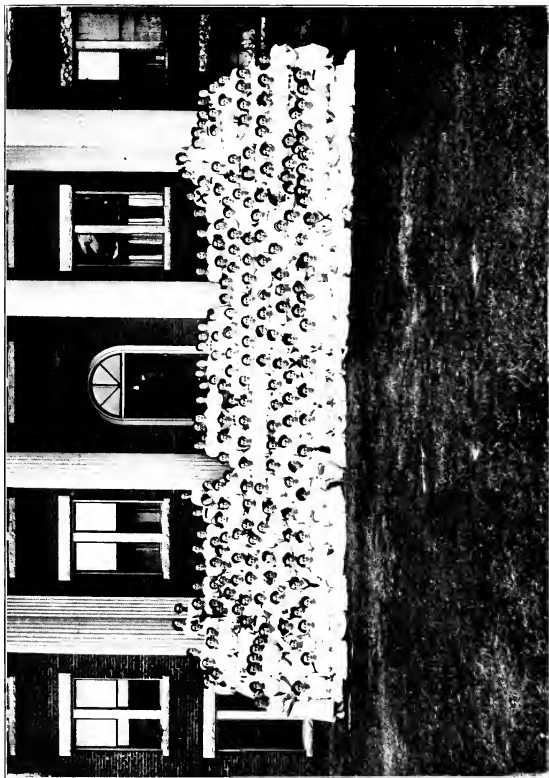
In all that we do we shall never forget you,—
Each member will strive to gain honor, gain fame,
Not merely to satisfy selfish ambitions,
But to add honor to your beloved name.

Ever before us to point toward the highest,
Ever beside us to lean toward the right,
You, in the years now dim in the distance,
Will be, O Adelphai, our clear guiding light.

With courage undaunted, we'll march ever onward
Up heights to be won, along paths strange and new,
But, now and forever, one great band of sisters,
We'll be, O Adelphai, still loyal to you.



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ADELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY



ADELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

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MAY ADAMS	KATE COCHRAN	KATHERINE COBB
RUTH ALBRIGHT	BEULAH CONRAD	
LOUISE ALEXANDER	MABEL COOPER	
LAURA ANDERSON	MARY COOPER	
RUTH AREY	IRIS COUNCIL	
ETHEL ARDREY	JANE COX	
AGNES ASHLEY	LOUISE CRAWFORD	
GLADYS ASHWORTH	LILLIAN CRISP	
COLINE AUSTIN	MARGARET CRONLEY	
EDITH AVERY	LUCY CULPEPPER	
LILLIAN AVERY	ETHEL DAVIS	
MAUDE BAGWELL	CLYDE DEANS	
MYRTLE BAILEY	IRMA DEANS	
EFFIE BAYNES	MARY DORRITY	
ANNIE BEAM	SIDNEY DOWTY	
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HALLIE BEAVERS	MILDRED EDWARDS	
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RUTH GILL	PATTIE BENTON	MARTHA FIELDS
WILLIE GILLON	ANNIE BLACKWOOD	NANNIE FLINTON
ANNIE GLENN	MATTIE BLACKWOOD	FANNIE FRANCIS
LENA GLENN	SAVANNAH BLEVINS	MARGARET FREEMAN
BRIGHT GLUYAS	AILEEN BOONE	ANNIE MAY FULLER
LOUISE GOODWIN	MABEL BOLTON	LIZZIE FULLER
DESSIE GRANTHAM	MARGARET BOSEMAN	MAY GAY
ELIZABETH GRAY	KATHLEEN ERWIN	RUTH GAITHER
JANIE GRAY	CAPLINE BRACEY	
MARY GREEN	EFFIE BRADSHAW	
ESTELLE GREENWOOD	IDA BRAY	
GERTRUDE GRIFFIN	EMMIE BROWN	
FLOSSIE GRIGG	NINA GARNER	
IONE GROGAN	HELEN BROWN	
HULDAH GROOME	MABEL BYRD	
JESSIE GROOME	NELL CALLAHAN	
RUTH GROOME	BESSIE CAMERON	
MERIEL GROVES	CHARLOTTE CAMERON	
SUSAN GUION	ELIZA CAPEHART	
LINNA GULLEDGE	CORA CAUBLE	
RUTH GUNTER	FLETA CAVINESS	
MARY GWYNN	RUTH CHANCE	
SARAH GWYNN	FANNIE CHANDLER	
ELVA HALL	EDITH HAIGHT	LEAH CLARKE

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MEMBERS

(270)



CAROLINIAN



ADELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

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MAMIE RUTH POLLARD	CARRIE STOUT	
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LILLIAN PROCTOR	FRANCES SUMMERELL	
MILDRED RANKIN	TEXIE SWINK	
SUSIE RANKIN	BESSIE TERRY	
Mrs. MARY G. REITZEL	BESSIE TARKENTON	
ALICE ROBBINS	HILDA TARKENTON	
IRENE ROBBINS	LEIGH TARKENTON	
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GENA ROBERTSON	RUTH TAYLOR	
KATHRINE ROBINSON	PEARL TEMPLE	
ELLEN ROSE	MARY TENNENT	
ULNAH RUSH	HATTIE THIGPEN	
CHRISTINE RUTLEDGE	LOUISE TOWNSEND	
NORMA SAUNDERS	GRACE TRENT	
ALICE SAWYER	FRANCES TULL	
LOUISE WHITEHEART	LILLIE TURNER	
GRACE LEE WHITE	ORA VAIL	
PAULINE WHITE	ETHEL WELLS	
ADDIE WHITEHURST	MILDRED WHITE	
CLARA WHITLEY	AGNES WHITE	
BESSIE WHITSON	LOLA WOLTZ	
LOUISE WHITTELSEY		
MARGUERITE WILEY		
BONNIE WILLIAMS		
ELIZABETH WILLIAMS		
NANNIE WILLIAMS		
PEARL WILLIAMS		
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EMMA WILSON		
LUCILLE WINKLER		
THELMA WOODARD		
EMILY STEWART		
EMMA WOODWARD		
ETHEL WORTH		
KATE WORTHAM		
BESSIE WRIGHT		
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ALMA YOKLEY		
MARGARET STEVENSON	EDDIE YOUNGE	



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MISS IOLA EXUM
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MISS EVA WASHBURN
MISS OELAND WASHBURN



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Inter-Society Debaters



MILDRED HARRINGTON

KATHRINE ROBINSON

Query: Resolved that the Monroe Doctrine should no longer be enforced.

Affirmative *Adelphian Literary Society*

MILDRED HARRINGTON, KATHRINE ROBINSON

Negative *Cornelian Literary Society*

MARY K. BROWN, ALICE WHITSON

ALICE WHITSON

Won by the Negative.

MARY K. BROWN



1911-12





Inter-Society Debaters

WILLIE MAY STRATFORD

CORINNA MIAL

Query: Resolved that the Governor of North Carolina should have the veto power under the same conditions as that exercised by the President of the United States.

Affirmative *Cornelian Literary Society*

WILLIE MAY STRATFORD, CORINNA MIAL

Negative *Adelphian Literary Society*

KATHRINE ROBINSON, LILLIAN CRISP

KATHRINE ROBINSON

Won by the Negative.

LILLIAN CRISP



1911-12



CAROLINIAN



The Short Story Prize

In order to stimulate interest in the short story and in short story writing, for the past three years Mr. Matheson has offered a prize of five dollars in gold to the girl from the Cornelian or the Adelpian Society who submits the best story. The stories that are presented are read and passed on by judges chosen by the two societies.

The prize story and the second and third best are then published in the college magazine. Beginning with this year, the reading of the best stories and the bestowal of the prize is to occur one evening in the auditorium, and all who are interested in the contest are invited to be present. Great interest has always been manifested in this contest, and much literary development has been gained from it. The first prize was won by Annie Goodloe Browne, '11, of the Adelpian Society; the second was won by Mildred Harrington, '13, of the Adelpian Society; and the third by Nettie Fleming, '12, of the Cornelian Society.



CAROLINIAN



TOP TO BOTTOM: BOLLINGER, KEETER, RANKIN, STRATFORD, IDOL, CRISP, MELVIN,
SHUFORD



CAROLINIAN



State Normal Magazine

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MISS MARTHA E. WINFIELD

MISS ELEANOR ELLIOTT

MISS EMMA KING

BOARD OF EDITORS

CORNELIAN

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VERTA IDOL, '13

SARAH PERRIN SHUFORD, '14

ADELPHIAN

MILDRED RANKIN, '13, *Assistant Chief*

LILLIAN G. CRISP, '13

LILA MELVIN, '14

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WILLIE MAY STRATFORD, '14, *Assistant*

ETHEL KEETER, '13, *Chief*



The Students' Council

OFFICERS

MERIEL GROVES	<i>President</i>
SADIE RICE	<i>Vice-President</i>
LILA MELVIN	<i>Secretary</i>

MEMBERS

ELIZABETH CRAIG	KATHLEEN ERWIN
LILLIAN CRISP	FANNY HUNT
PATTIE GROVES	ANNIE SPAINHOUR
EFFIE BAYNES	ANNA DOGGETT
RUTH HARRIS	LOUISE GOODWIN



CAROLINIAN



THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL.



HE Students' Council, though a young organization in the College, is a very important factor in our college life and government. This Council was organized in the fall of 1910. In the development of our College history we had reached the time when we needed to take some definite step in the direction of student self-government. The result of this need was the formation of a Students' Council, having for its aim first, the provision of a means of communication between the College authorities and the student body; second, the detection and strengthening of weak points in the College life.

The Council consists of thirteen members, three from each regular class except the Senior Class, which has four members, the Chief Marshal and President of the Council, elected by the Literary Societies, constituting a fourth member.

It is the custom of each regular class, at its meeting, to set apart a certain time in the order of business for discussion of problems concerning the College as a whole. Any suggestions for improvements go from the classes to the Students' Council and thence to the Faculty Council.

Many helpful changes have been wrought in this way. Dormitory life has been greatly improved by building up a sentiment for keeping rules. The students have cultivated, more and more, a spirit of hard and serious study. One of the great aims of the Students' Council is to increase in the College the democratic spirit of mutual helpfulness. Especially does it desire to help and encourage weak students. It is probably due largely to the influence of this organization that positions of honor among the students are coming to be given, more and more, on a basis, not of popularity, but of worth and ability. The Students' Council filled a long-felt need in the College when it recommended the point system, giving a value of so many points to each position of honor and responsibility, and limiting to five the number of points to be held by any student at one time. The adoption of this system has brought about the efficient development of many more students than formerly, with equally good results to the College organizations. The point system is being continually studied and revised according to the changing demands of our life.

The Students' Council is ever on the alert for a means of strengthening the College by making the students co-workers with the authorities. By such a course of development, the student body may finally assume the responsibility of self-government.

ELIZABETH CRAIG, '13.



CAROLINIAN



The Miscellany

OFFICERS

FALL TERM

LIZZIE RODDICK, '13 *President*
SARAH PERRIN SHUFORD, '14 *Secretary*

SPRING TERM

HATTIE MOTZNO, '13 *President*
GRETCHEN TAYLOR, '13 *Secretary*



MEMBERS of the Faculty, the Senior and Junior classes meet every other Saturday night to discuss things that have happened in the outside world. Living in a community so complete in itself it is difficult not to grow into thinking that our problems are the only problems, that our class elections are the most important in the world, that our hockey games are the chief sport. In other words, we grow narrow. It grows hard to carry on an ordinary conversation with anyone who is not vitally interested in the happenings around College. The Miscellany tends to remedy this weakness.

It is intended that the members of the Miscellany shall gather interesting news of the outside world at their meetings, and through their conversation at the tables, on the



walks, in their rooms, be so alive as to quicken and stimulate the other students to read the newspapers and magazines.

In academic terms, the Miscellany "offers two courses": One a review of the world's happenings, the other a short sugar-coated course in economics. If you were to attend a meeting of the Miscellany you would first hear one of its members giving a running account of the events of the past week, inviting discussion on every point. Since all members of the Miscellany read the Literary Digest and other periodicals, they are able to take part in an intelligent discussion.

After this we study some subject that we feel ignorant on, as "Currency" or "Why it is that the United States can put its stamp on a mere scrap and make it worth so much," or again, "Crime and its preventives," and not infrequently "Woman suffrage" and the growth it has made in the United States within the last few years. These discussions are conducted by some outsider who has made a specialty of the subject. In this way the Miscellany arouses interest in national events and problems.

LIZZIE RODDICK, '13.

PROGRAMMES, 1912-1913

OCTOBER 20, 1912.

Machinery of Political Campaigns.....C. C. HINES, of Greensboro

NOVEMBER 2, 1912.

Political Outlook.....W. C. JACKSON

Presidential Election—Nominees: Taft, MARGARET SMITH; Wilson, PATTIE GROVES;

Roosevelt, LIZZIE RODDICK; Debs, MERIEL GROVES.

NOVEMBER 23, 1912.

Currency System.....PROF. CARROLL, of Guilford College

NOVEMBER 29, 1912.

Development of Education.....CHAS. L. COON, of Wilson

DECEMBER 12, 1912.

TaxationDR. RAPER, of U. N. C.

Current Events.....MR. MATHESON

JANUARY 11, 1913.

Summary of Political Events of 1912.....W. C. JACKSON

Recent Discoveries in the Medical World.....DR. GOVE



ORCHESTRA



M.E.H. '16.



CAROLINIAN



The College Orchestra

The Orchestra had its beginning in the Fall of 1900, under the direction of Mr. Charles J. Brockman. Since its organization Mr. Brockman has been the leading inspiration and moving power of the orchestra. It has grown to be an indispensable factor in the public and social life of the college. From the Commencement of 1901 when the "Infant Orchestra" furnished the greater part of the music, the college has depended entirely upon it.

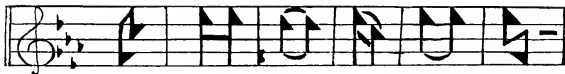
MR. C. J. BROCKMANN *Director*

HELEN HUNT, Violin
MARGARET PETRIE, Violin
LOUISE WHITLEY, Violin
RUTH FAISON, Violin
RUBY SIDBERRY, Violin
EMMIE BROWN, Violin
CARLINE BRACY, Violin
DOLORES MIRANDA, Flute

IDA BRAY, Cornet
ESTELLE DILLON, Cornet
HELEN OLIVER, 'Cello
MARGARET HARPER, 'Cello
RUTH GAITHER, Bass
LOUISE BELL, Drums
MAY MCQUEEN, Clarinet
VIRGINIA KENDALL, Piano



CAROLINIAN



EW events, we think, have meant more towards the advancement of our College than the organization of a chorus of one hundred and twenty-five voices, October 30, 1912, under the leadership of Mr. Wade R. Brown, our director of music. For many years the need of such an organization at the Normal has been deeply felt. Until this year, however, only Glee Clubs have been an outgrowth of this sensibility. These, of course, have not done genuine choral work, and, with only occasional practices, have accomplished but little. Our present chorus organization meets regularly for weekly practices, such compositions as choruses from the great operas constituting its main undertakings. Primarily, the purpose of the chorus is to do concert work; incidentally, through it the music, at chapel exercises, Y. W. C. A. services, and in every College activity in which music forms a part, is greatly improved. Moreover, from the study of the masters' compositions which are taken up at the successive practices, the chorus members themselves receive inestimable cultural development. Surely no organization among us is more far-reaching in its effect and more beneficial to the College than our chorus. Indeed, it now seems one of our indispensable heritages.

ANNIE WHITTY, '13.



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THE COLLEGE CHORUS



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DRAMATICS



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The Dramatic Club

OFFICERS

LIZZIE RODDICK	<i>General Manager</i>
IONE GROGAN	<i>Business Manager</i>

MEMBERS

LIZZIE RODDICK	HATTIE MOTZNO
SARAH PERRIN SHUFORD	KATHERINE COBB
KATHRINE ROBINSON	ELEANOR MORGAN
LURA BROGDEN	HELENA WEILL
MARGARET MANN	EFFIE BAYNES
EMMA WILSON	FANNIE STARR MITCHELL
COLINE AUSTIN	EDITH HAIGHT
MARGARET SMITH	AMELIE ADAMS
LUCY CULPEPPER	LOLITA MIRANDA
SADIE RICE	MARIANNA JUSTICE
GRETCHEN TAYLOR	MAIZIE KIRKPATRICK
MABEL LAUGENOUR	LALLAH DAUGHETY
KATHLEEN ERWIN	LOUISE WHITLEY
VERTA IDOL	MERIEL GROVES
LOUISE BELL	IONE GROGAN

When the idea of a college dramatic club first originated, the question arose, What is the reason for the need of such an organization? The fundamental reason is this: The State Normal and Industrial College sees that there is real development and education in properly conducted dramatics and, therefore, it should have a college organization which will, as a concentrated force from the entire student body, be more capable of giving to the public, performances which will reflect credit upon the college.

There is also a more particular and immediate need for this organization. One of our college regulations says that there shall be only one public performance given by the two societies each year, this privilege alternating between them. The two literary societies think it wise to give to the public one allotted performance a year in which the students taking part can be selected from both of the societies.

The Dramatic Club, then, has a two fold purpose, co-operation of the two societies and organized and centralized effort in dramatics.



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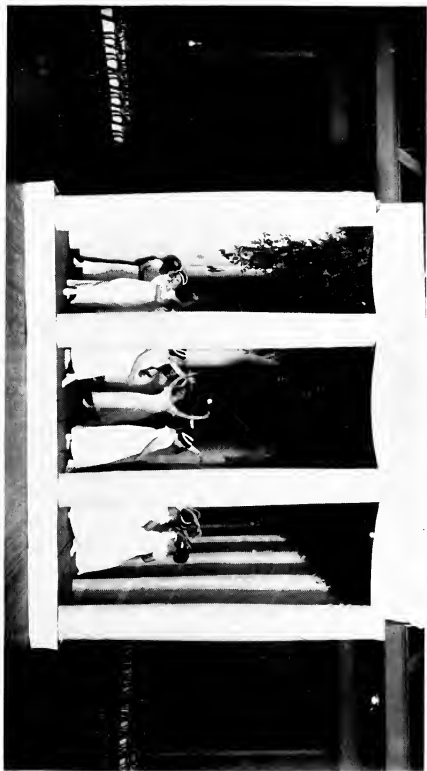
THE DRAMATIC CLUB



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GREEK TEMPLE AND DANCERS—ADELPHIAN INITIATION BANQUET





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GREEK DANCERS—ADELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY



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DAVID COPPERFIELD—DRAMATIZED FROM DICKENS' BOOK OF THAT NAME BY THE NOVEL CLUB OF THE ADELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mrs. Copperfield.....	VONNIE McLEAN	Mr. Peggoty.....	CLARE HUNT	Mr. Wickfield.....	BESSIE TARKINGTON
David Copperfield.....	KATHLEEN ERWIN	Ham.....	ETHEL WELLS	Agnes Wickfield.....	DOT GRIFPIN
Little David.....	IRMA DEANS	Little Emily.....	CATHERINE COBB	Uriah Heep.....	MABEL BYRD
David Grown Up.....	BRIGHT GUYAS	Miss Grummidge.....	LILLIE TURNER	Dora Spenlow.....	MARGARET JOHNSON
Mr. Murdstone.....	GUETHA DEAMMAN	Miss Trotwood.....	LILLIAN PROCTOR	Miss Lavinia Spenlow.....	BESSIE WRIGHT
Miss Murdstone.....	EFFIE NEWTON	Mr. Dick.....	KATE COCHRANE	Miss Clarissa Spenlow.....	LILLIAN SMITH
Peggoty.....		Mrs. Crupp.....	MALONA PATTERSON		ELISE HOUSE



CAROLINIAN



SCENE FROM "CARROTTY NELL"—ADELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Orphans:

Carrotty Nell.....MABEL LAUGENOUR
Primsey.....EMMIE BROWN
Evalina.....AILEEN BOONE
Janie.....IRIS COUNCIL
Cherrie.....MARGUERITE WILEY
Miss Smith, the matron.....CLYDE DEANS
Sarah, the housekeeper.....SADIE McBRAYER
Mrs. Cartwright, a wealthy widow. ELIZABETH McCRAW

Beth, her little daughter.....RUTH GILL
Gladys Gale, a gushing society girl.....
.....LUCILE WILLIAMSON
Charlotte Breeze, a gushing society girl.....
.....LILLIE PARRISH
Hebe, Beth's German maid.....CORINNE MORRISON
Miss Croker, a sour old maid.....FRANCES MORRIS
Bella Slowe, a helpful gleaner.....CATHERINE LAPSLEY
Ella Styffe, a helpful gleaner.....ANNIE SOMERS



SCENE FROM "THE RIVALS," GIVEN BY ADELPHIAN LITERARY
SOCIETY IN HONOR OF CORNELIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

. CAST OF CHARACTERS

Sir Anthony Absolute.....	LUCY CULPEPPER
Captain Jack Absolute, alias Ensign Beverly, son of Sir Anthony Absolute...	ELIZABETH GRAY
Sir Lucius O'Trigger.....	ALICE MORRISON
Faulkland.....	MERIEL GROVES
Acres.....	KATHRINE ROBINSON
Fag, servant to Captain Absolute.....	
.....	FRANCES SUMMERELL
David, servant to Acres.....	BERTHA STANBURY
Coachman to Sir Anthony.....	MARY TENNENT
Julia Melville, friend to Lydia Languish.....	
.....	MERRILL SHELTON
Lydia Languish.....	MARIANNA JUSTICE
Mrs. Malaprop, aunt of Lydia	LILLIAN PROCTOR
LUCY, maid to Lydia.....	MARGARET SMITH
Boy, servant to Captain Absolute....	EDITH HAIGHT



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TABLEAUX—"RED WING," FLORENCE HAWKINS; "SCHOOL DAYS," KATE JONES,
LUCY HATCH.



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TABLEAUX—"THE BRIDE," ANNIE H. SMITH; "WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE," WILLIE GILLON, CATHARINE NEWBY



CAROLINIAN



TABLEAUX—"DAY DREAMS," MARGARET CRONLY; "GARDEN OF ROSES," EDWINA LOVEFACE



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SANTA CLAUS AND THE XMAS TREE—CORNELIAN LITERARY SOCIETY



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SCENE FROM SILVIA, AN OPERETTA—CORNELIAN LITERARY SOCIETY



SCENE FROM "SYLVIA"—AN OPERETTA PRESENTED BY THE COR-
NELIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Sylvia (Court lady).....	SADIE RICE
Betty (farmer's daughter).....	BESSIE COBB
DeLacey (gentleman of the court)....	MABLE CLARY
William (farmer boy).....	GRETCHEN TAYLOR
Country girls.....	ADA SIMPSON
	MAGGIE STATEN HOWELL
	LOUISE GILL
	EMMIE BELLE WILLIAMS
	HATTIE HOWELL
	MARY WILSON
Farmer lads.....	LOUISE BELL
	CLAUDIA CASHWELL
	LILLIAN PITT
	EFFIE HUGHES
	MARGARET MARTIN
	VERTA IDOL



CAST OF CHARACTERS

Polly Whitaker.....	VERTA IDOL	Eleanor, Nu Psi.....	MARGARET MANN
Polly Whittier.....	Mary Cliff Bennett	Charlotte, Nu Psi.....	MARY WILSON
Nan Carrington, Nu Psi.....	LIZZIE RODRICK	Minerva, Nu Psi.....	MAY BELLE COBB
	Brownie, Nu Psi.....	LALLAH DAUGHTY	
	The Twins, Eu Psi's.....	ELEANOR MORGAN	
		ANNIE HALL	



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SCENE II, "THE PLEDGING OF POLLY"—CORNELIAN LITERARY SOCIETY



DANCE GIVEN AT SENIOR TREE-DAY EXERCISES



CAROLINIAN



SCENE FROM "TWO WAGERS AND WHAT CAME OF THEM"—JUNIOR CLASS

Cast of Characters

Earl of Hassenden.....MARGARET SMITH
 Sir George Sylvester.....SARAH PERKIN SHURFORD
 The Rev. Mr. Blimboe.....LILLA DAUGHERY
 Mr. Dent.....LOUISE BELL
 Mr. Castleton.....FANNIE SPARK MITCHELL
 Mr. Devereaux.....ALICE ROBBINS
 Mr. Ward.....PARTIE GROVES
 Sir Robert Clifford.....FANNIE ROBERTSON

Quilon.....EFFIE NEWTON
 Mills.....EFFIE BAINES
 Servant.....RUTH GUNTER
 Mrs. Fenton, aunt to Dorothy Fenton..ELISE HOUSE
 Dorothy Fenton, betrothed to Lord Hassenedn.....ELEANOR MORGAN
 The Lady Urseda Barrington, sister to Lord Hassenden.....MAUD BUNN



CAROLINIAN



THE BIRD CLUB



The Consumer's League

OFFICERS

EUNICE SINCLAIR	<i>President</i>
FLORENCE MITCHELL	<i>Vice-President</i>
RUTH JOHNSTON	<i>Secretary</i>
JESSIE GAINES	<i>Treasurer</i>

The Consumer's League of the State Normal College is a branch of the National Consumer's League. Its chief purpose is to acquaint the students with prevailing conditions in the industrial world. Through the work of various committees and lectures its members may gain a deeper insight into the lives of their fellow citizens, and some of the reasons for the vice, illiteracy and heavy death-rate prevalent in certain communities. A consistent study of such problems will enable students to co-operate with other workers in bringing the necessary investigation, proper sanitation, and practical education to the relief of the masses. Only by such work and study as this may we render intelligent and effective service to our State.

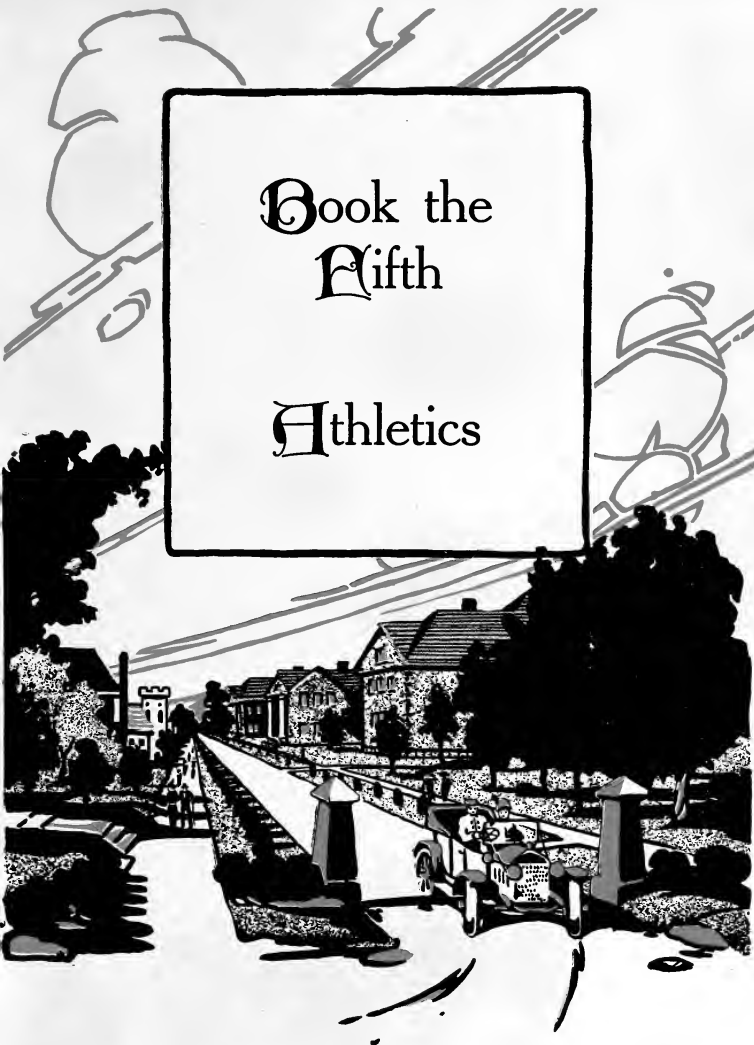


MERIEL EVERETT GROVES, Craven County . . . *Chief Marshal*

CHRISTINE RUTLEDGE.....Gaston County
GERTRUDE GRIFFIN.....Wayne County
IONE GROGAN.....Rockingham County
FANNIE STARR MITCHELL.....
.....New Hanover County
ALICE ROBBINS.....Caldwell County

SADIE RICE.....	Craven County
MARGARET MANN.....	Hyde County
HATTIE MOTZNO.....	Wayne County
ELEANOR MORGAN.....	Wayne County
PATTIE GROVES	Richmond County

Book the
Fifth
Athletics







CAROLINIAN





CAROLINIAN



OFFICERS OF ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

OFFICERS

LURA BROGDEN	<i>President</i>
EDITH HAIGHT	<i>Treasurer</i>
LIZZIE RODDICK	<i>Critic</i>

FALL TERM

CORINNA MIAL . . .	<i>Vice-Pres. Senior</i>
FANNIE ROBERTSON .	<i>Vice-Pres. Junior</i>
LOUISE WHITLEY .	<i>Vice-Pres. Sophomore</i>
FRANCES SUMMERELL .	<i>Vice-Pres. Freshman</i>
ANNE WATKINS . . .	<i>Secretary</i>

SPRING TERM

EVA JORDAN	<i>Vice-Pres. Senior</i>
WINIFRED TURLINGTON .	<i>Vice-Pres. Junior</i>
JULIA BRYAN . . .	<i>Vice-Pres. Sophomore</i>
FLORA GARRETT .	<i>Vice-Pres. Freshman</i>
CORA JOHN	<i>Secretary</i>



ATHLETIC VICE-PRESIDENTS



The Development of Physical Training in Our College



ALTHOUGH the duties incident to the establishment of the Normal were numberless, the College authorities, realizing the value of a sound body, took time to provide for the physical development of the students. They fitted up one small room in the Main Building as a gymnasium. Here, under the direction of Dr. Miriam Bitting (now Dr. Miriam Bitting Kennedy), college physician, assisted by Miss Maude F. Broadway (now Mrs. E. McK. Goodwin) each girl was required to spend two periods a week. Those who made the most progress in their physical work were asked to form an Indian Club class. So enthusiastically and well did this class work that it was requested to give an exhibition of its skill as part of the commencement exercises.

During the first few years physical training was restricted to work indoors. There were no athletic games. Outdoor exercise took the form of long country walks. By the purchase of Peabody Park in 1895, the girls were given abundant space on the Normal grounds for pleasant rambles. Tennis courts were laid out about this time.

In order to promote interest in College athletics, and to provide sufficient means for every student to take an active part, the class of 1900 formed an Athletic Association. This same class further aided the growth of "athletic spirit" by presenting a trophy cup to the Association, to be given each year to the champion team in basket ball. Before that time there had been no regular class teams. Lessons in Physical Training, begun the first year of the Normal, were carried on, in 1893-4, by Miss Maude F. Broadway; in 1894-5, by Miss Alice M. Crocker; in 1895-6 by Miss Gertrude Royster; in 1896-7, by Miss Laura Hill Coit; 1897-8, by Mrs. Mary Settle Sharpe, assisted by Miss Phoebe Pegram (now Mrs. H. H. Baughan); in 1898-1900, by Mrs. Sharpe, assisted by Miss Coit. From 1900 until 1907 no systematic course of Physical Training was offered, owing to lack of adequate provision for a gymnasium. Each girl, however, was required to spend a certain time every day in outdoor exercise, if the weather was suitable. The custom of observing a walking period is still retained.

In 1907 the college employed, for the first time, a director, Miss Ruena Gertrude West, who had been specially trained for the work. Being thus relieved of other duties, she exerted all her energy to heighten the interest in athletics. Beside regular gymnasium



CAROLINIAN



work, all outdoor games, as tennis and basket ball, were made special features of her instruction. Her successor, Miss Bertha May Bell (1908-9) furthered the development by introducing field hockey into our college. In order to arouse interest in this game, she offered a trophy cup to the champion hockey team. At her suggestion camp suppers were first given to Association members. What girl will ever forget the camp suppers, the long jaunt to some pretty woodland spot; the big fire built of bark, straw, and branches of old trees; the bacon held too near the flames; the delicious coffee drunk from tin cups; the toasted marshmallows; the exciting stories told around the fire; the songs lustily sung by the crowd homeward bound!

A further incentive was given to athletics by setting aside one day in spring for outdoor sports—a day on which the members of each class unite in their efforts to win first place in gymnastic drills, dashes across the hockey field, jumps of various kinds, marches, and different races. The class which comes out of the contest with the greatest number of points is presented with an athletic banner. On Thanksgiving day a mock field day is held, at which time the victorious class is presented with a tin cup.

At present, physical training is ably directed by Miss Laura McAllester and Miss Eva P. Washburn. They are ever ready to co-operate with Dr. Gove, college physician, in overcoming physical weaknesses in the students.

Though the apparatus of our gymnasium is not yet complete, we feel that the work done there is justly a source of pride to the college. From outdoor games, where lack of equipment does not offer such a hindrance, the benefit derived is even greater. The spirit of co-operation, the team work brought about by athletics does inestimable good. "Athletic spirit" has steadily grown in our college because the students have come to realize that physical training gives them needed relaxation, poise, self-control and ability to work with others.

KATHERINE McDIARMID ROBINSON, '13.





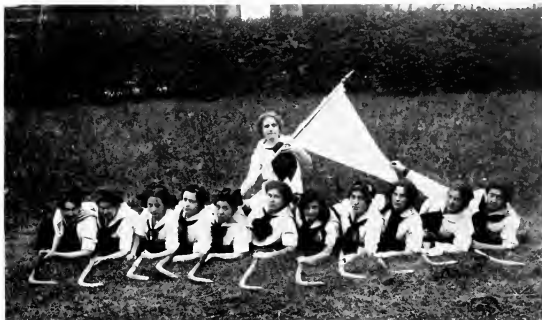
CAROLINIAN



ATHLETICS WE DO AND DO NOT ENJOY



CAROLINIAN



Senior Hockey Team

VERTA IDOL *Captain*

FORWARDS

MARY PORTER
CARRIE TOOMER
GRETCHEN TAYLOR
MARY TENNENT

HALF-BACKS

LURA BROGDEN
HATTIE MOTZNO
CHRISTINE RUTLEDGE

FULL-BACKS

MARGARET MANN
CORINNA MIAL

GOAL

EVA JORDAN



Champion Hockey Team, 1911-'12

VERTA IDOL *Captain*

FORWARDS

MARY PORTER
 CARRIE TOOMER
 GRETCHEN TAYLOR
 MARY TENNENT

HALF-BACKS

LURA BROGDEN
 HATTIE MOTZNO
 CHRISTINE RUTLEDGE

FULL-BACKS

MARGARET MANN
 CORINNA MIAL

GOAL

DELLA BLEVINS



CAROLINIAN



Junior Hockey Team, Champions '12

NINA GARNER *Captain*

WINGS

MARGARET SMITH
WINIFRED TURLINGTON

HALF-BACKS

ELIZABETH HALL
EFFIE BAYNES
WILLIE MAY STRATFORD

FORWARDS

EMMA WILSON
LOUISE BELL

FULL-BACKS

CORA JOHN
BESSIE TERRY
MARGARET SPARGER



Sophomore Hockey Team

LOUISE WHITLEY *Captain*

FORWARDS

MARY WILSON
BERTHEL MITCHELL

FULL-BACKS

EDITH HAIGHT
VERA KLUTZ

WINGS

MAIZIE KIRKPATRICK
GERTRUDE CARRAWAY

GOAL

NOLA WAGSTAFF

HALF-BACKS

JULIA BRYAN
LILLIAN REEVES
MARY WORTH

SUBSTITUTES

MARGARET WILLIS
HALLIE BEAVERS
AUDREY KENNETTE



CAROLINIAN



Freshman Hockey Team

FLORA GARRETT *Captain*

FORWARDS

ELIZABETH CRADDOCK
VIVIAN COLE

FULL-BACKS

CLYDE DEANS
MARGARET HARPER

HALF-BACKS

ESTHER MITCHELL
ANNIE SPAINHOUR
FRANCES SUMMERELL

GOAL

LORENA KERNODLE

SUBSTITUTES

HELEN BROWN
OCTAVIA JORDAN
MARIE NORWOOD
LUCILLE WINKLER



CAROLINIAN



Special Hockey Team

VERNA LEGGETT *Captain*

FORWARDS

MAMIE DRAUGHN
MARGARET CRONLEY

HALF-BACKS

SALLIE LOVELL
LOUISE BROWN
MABEL LAUGENOUR
MARTHA TAYLOR
CAREY WILSON

WINGS

EDNA EARL OVERMAN
LILLIAN PITT

GOAL

NANNIE FLINTON



Second Preparatory Hockey Team

LOTTIE HARRIS *Captain*

KATHERINE LAPSLEY
KATE JONES
SARAH GWYNN

HALF-BACKS
GLADYS EMERSON
LOTTIE HARRIS
ELIZABETH WILLIAMS

WINGS

FRANCES MORRIS
MINNIE MCCLAUD

GOAL

MATT WILLIAMS

FULL-BACKS

ISABELLE MCALLISTER
MARY GWYNN



CAROLINIAN



CHAMPION TENNIS 1911—FRANCES SUMMERELL, LOUISE WHITLEY



Senior Basketball Team

GRETCHEN TAYLOR *Captain*

GUARDS

CORINNA MIAL
LURA BROGDEN
VERTA IDOL

GOAL

CARRIE TOOMER
CHRISTINE RUTLEDGE
HATTIE MOTZNO

CENTERS

MARGARET MANN
MARY PORTER



Junior Basketball Team

WILLIE MAY STRATFORD *Captain*

GOALS

MARGARET SMITH
GLADYS GOODSON
WINIFRED TURLINGTON

GUARDS

NINA GARNER
MARGARET SPARGER
ELIZABETH HALL

CENTERS

LOUISE BELL
EFFIE BAYNES



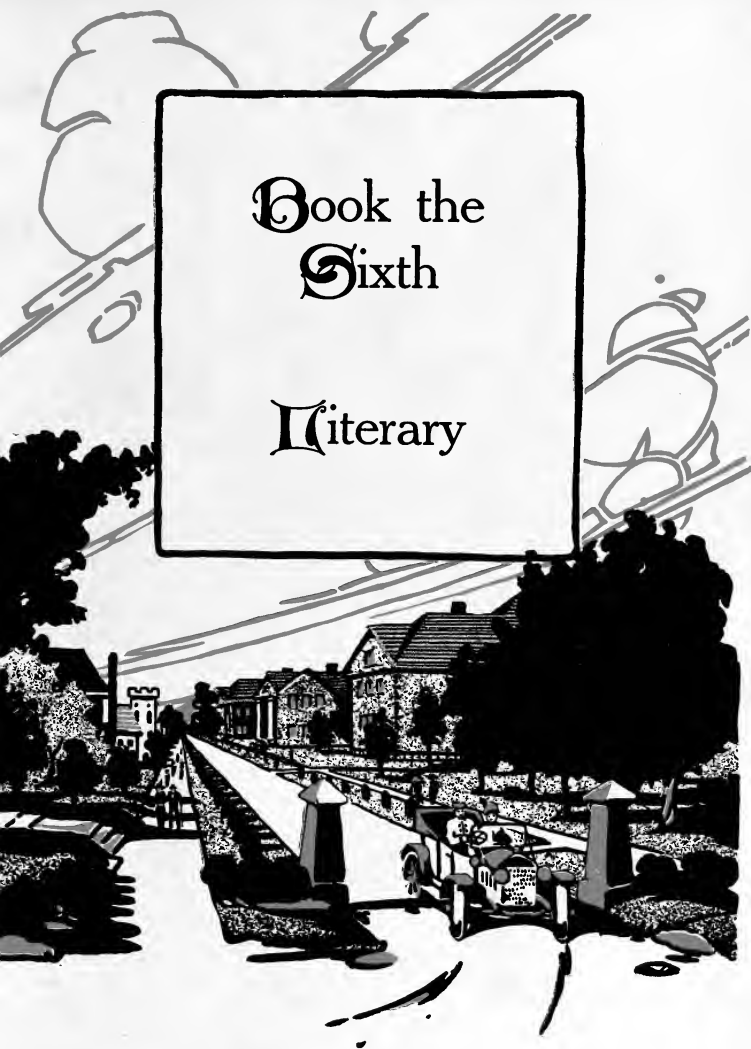
CAROLINIAN



A FIELD

Book the
Sixth

Literary





CAROLINIAN



LOVER'S LANE—SCENE IN PEABODY PARK



CAROLINIAN



A Lullaby

Sleep--sleep--the shadows are deep;
The fire glows dim, and the candle low;
The fire fairies, stealing from out the warm glow
Come with the sandman, and silently creep
Luring my baby to sleep—to sleep.

Sleep—sleep—there's a hush o'er the deep;
Swayed by the breezes, the bird's in his nest;
The grasses and flowers, on mother Earth's breast,
Where crooning brooklets long night vigils keep,
Are drowsily nodding in sleep—in sleep.

Then off and away to the Valley of Sleep,
Down the mystic highway of dreams,
Where dream boats glide slowly down clear fairy streams
And great silken poppies their dream potion steep;—
Hush—My baby's asleep—asleep.

—*Louise W. Goodwin.*



The Last Days of Uncle Crump and Aunt Ca'line

"Oh! sinnah ye dwell in d-a-r-k-ness and ye cannot see de light." The words of the old revival song floated out in a high, thin quaver from the lips of an old colored woman, sitting in the doorway of a rickety cabin.

The miserable little house, with its one acre of poor, sandy "cotton patch," was surrounded on all sides by desolate woods of scrubby oaks, such as may be seen on the wornout sand-hills in certain sections of Carolina. At one end of the cabin a grape vine, full of late clusters of shining black grapes, overran its tumbled down arbor, and wound up into the branches of a nearby tree. In the rear stood the main dependence of the family, the sweet potato "hill," at the opening of which a cripple colored boy was filling a pan with potatoes.

"Oh! sinnah ye dwell in darkness and ye cannot see de light," he sang, taking up the song of the old woman.

It was sunset, and the western sky was glowing red. A light wind rustled the brown leaves, still clinging to their branches, and an unwonted sharpness suddenly replaced the bright warmth of the Indian summer afternoon. The soft, Southern voices rang out melodiously on the evening air, and the odor of bacon sizzling within the cabin tantalized the nostrils.

Presently the old woman arose and peered anxiously down the road which ran past the house. Resuming her seat, she muttered: "I do wondah where Jim Crump be. It shorely am time fo' him to be a-coming home."

Soon a stooped old negro, carrying an axe on his shoulder, came shambling down the road. As he neared the cabin, the old woman called out in querulous tones: "Crump, why ain't you been home befo' now? Yo' suppah am gittin' jist as *cold!*"

Paying no attention to her inquiries, however, Uncle Crump seated himself on a wooden bench by the door and broke out in an excited voice:

"I tell yah, Ca'line, I ain't gwine do hit!"

"What yon ain't gwine do? What you talkin' 'bout, man?" demanded Aunt Caroline.

"Well, I seed Ella's old man Pete today when I'se in town, and he say dat dey wuz agoin' ter move ter Charity Mills nex' month. An' he 'lowed dat we'se a-gettin' too ole ter stay out heah wid just his youngun Bill, and he cripple, too. He say dat we



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ought ter come stay wid dem 'case dey cain't help us no more. And he say dat I could cut de wood and carry de washin's home, while you hoped Ella wid de ironin'. In dat way we would pay fer ouah boa'd, he says. But I tell yah, I won't go! I got ter keep mah promise to Marse Frank and I won't go! Not fer Pete, nor de whole county," he cried, gesticulating wildly with his bony hands.

"Go to lib wid Ella! Well, yah don't ketch me doin' dat air. Agoin' to lib whar I'll be bossed by a passel o' sassy yellor chillun; fo' if dey is my own darter Ella's, dey is de sassiest, mos' imperdent pieces what I eber did see," cried Aunt Caroline. "You sho' did do right fer one time in yo' life, Jim Crump! But come on in an git yo' suppal. It's a-gittin' cold."

After the scanty meal of bacon and cornbread was over, Uncle Crump went to the mantlepiece and took down an old, old fiddle. Leaning back in his split-bottom chair, he began an ancient ditty, accompanied by a vigorous patting of the foot and nodding of the head.

"Howdy do ladies, howdy do ladies,
Howdy do ladies all.
Come out and sail in an ole wooden pail,
And howdy do ladies, howdy do ladies,
Howdy do ladies all."

"Dat song am mah bery own, Bill," proudly declared Uncle Crump, addressing his little cripple grandson in the chimney corner. "I made up bof de chune an' de words. Marse Bob, when he wuz leetle lak you, uster make me play dat all der time. It were his faborite."

"Gran'paw," inquired little Bill, "what dat you done promised Marse Frank, so'se yah won't go lib wid paw?"

"Lawse a-massy, youngun, ain't I neber done tole you 'bout dat? Well," returned Uncle Crump, bending forward with his chin in his hands, while the firelight shone on his honest, wrinkled face. "I'll tell yah. It was dis a-way. Marse Bob, when he got big and went off ter school, 'clare to goodness if he warn't a reg'lar wheel-hoss, he was dat smaht. He was de only chile, an' Marse Frank kindah spile him, 'case Miss Celia died long time fo' Marse Bob could 'membah. Marse Frank wuz jes' bound dat dat boy got ter git a sight o' book learnin'. So me an' Ca'line hab ter hope him rake an' scrape ter make der two ends come anywhar nigh o' meetin'. Well, as I wuz a sayin', while Marse Bob he wuz off ter school, der come a gem'man ter see Marse Frank one day. I wuz jes' startin' down de hall ter ask 'im how he wanted de gyarden fixed when I seed he hab comp'ny. De do' wuz open an' I heered 'em jes' a-talkin'. Den Marse Frank he say out loud lak:



CAROLINIAN



"'It is impossible! My boy gamblin'? In debt!'

"I couldn't stay ter heah no mo' 'case dey could see me, so I went down ter de kitchen an' tole Ca'line.

"Atter dat day Marse Frank neber seemed like hisself no mo', and Marse Bob neber come back home again. Marse Frank say he wuz on a pleasure trip out Wes', but me'n Ca'line des natchally knowed he'd got inter some trouble at school.

"Den one day Marse Frank keeled ober in de po'ch turrible pa'lized. Lawdy! dis wuz one scared nigger. In des a little while de doctah say he wuz a dyin'. Den he call fer me. I kin see 'im now a-lyin' dere so white and changed.

"'Come up close, I'm goin' fas'! he says. 'Oh! my pore boy! Tell him his fathah forgibs him!'

"Den he tell me dat me'n Ca'line mus' stay on ter de ole place so'se when Marse Bob come back home we could tell 'im.

"'Yas, Marse Frank, I'll neber leave dis place while I libs,' I says. "'Yah hab been a faithful servant. God bless yah—' he whispered, right sof' lak, an den he died.

"Somehow it were found atter his death dat de mor'gage on de place hadn't been paid, an' it was sold. But me'n Ca'line rents dis same house what we libed in den so'se Marse Bob kin fin' us when 'e comes home."

"Yaas," broke in Aunt Ca'line, stopping in her work of cutting out red calico quilt blocks, "and dat ole man what owns dis place just charges scandaciously fer dis leetle ole passel o' lan', what cain't sprout cowpeas scacely—po' white trash!"

"Marse Frank's las' wuds wuz: "Gcd bless yah. Yah am a faithful sarvent," said the old man, jumping up with wild gesticulations. "We ain't gwine ter be drug to de po' hous', lak dat lyin' Pete say we gwine sholy be. I ain't neber gwine leeb here 'fo' Marse Bob come back! Neber! Neber! Neber!" Wincing with the pain so much exertion caused in his rheumatic old limbs, he sank back into his chair.

A burning stick on the hearth snaped in two. The blaze flaming up showed the bare poverty of the room; it softened with its warm glow, the monotony of the walls hung in newspapers, the wretched bed with its faded crazy quilt, and fell caressingly upon the scarred and wrinkled visages of the two old darkies. Thus in the evening of life, without a "thought for the morrow," they await the end, loyal with all the strength of their simple souls to the memories of the dead past.

RUTH HARRIS, 15.



CAROLINIAN



James Henry

No'm, Miss Annie's partyin'
Dat her son out dar;
An' he am one mo' han'ful,
Caze he 'zac'ly lak his pa.

Watch de sun a-callin'
Golden out his ha'r.
Angel blue's a-splashin'
Fum his li'l eyes so cl'ar.

His ma she dat perticklar
She hate a spec' o' dirt—
I hol's dat long's hit's clean, hit do
Nobody's chile no hurt.

Darfore, now, be joyful,
Time ain't come ter wash—
He rollin' on a ingine
Conjuned outen no 'count trash.

A broke chair fer foundashun,
Not needing any gear,
Him ridin' on it, bein'
Whistle, steam en ingyneer.
—Cary Wilson.



CAROLINIAN



A Storm



THE black cloud which had been gradually rising in the west now obscured the sun. The waters, a moment before blue and transparent, took on an opaque tinge. Swelling angrily about us, they changed from dark blue to green and purple; from purple to black, lighted now and again by streaks of vivid red and yellow. We shot our boat rapidly forward, for the sky was become a black cavern roof. Two strokes, three, another, and we would pass the inlet into the harbor off Judith's Island. But a mighty wave bearing down upon us now broke, and the boat was tossed midway in air. Clinging desperately to the oarlocks, we managed to keep our seats while the boat reeled dizzily, now plunging its nose into a hideous gulf made by a receding wave, now shooting upward on a mass of curling water. A blinding flash revealed the mad billows, white-topped and gleaming. The lightning played a moment on the boiling, seething mass, then a wild crash and a blackness, emphasized by the sudden cessation of sound. A moment of awful stillness and a flood of raindrops slapped the water's face. Our ears were assailed by uninterrupted peals and crashes. The heavens were ablaze. Breathless, we clung, expecting to be shriveled in the awful light. A boom, a horrid blare of sound, and the clouds drew apart. A wall of water rose before us. We were tossed clear of it onto the crest of the next wave, and then straight down. With incredible speed we came up and were shot over the bar into the harbor.

A Thought

A thousand lights gleam forth upon the night,
And lo, 'twould seem a brotherhood of stars had
caused the sight.

A thousand children bend low above some loom,
And a curse descends on man's insatiate greed
that gives their doom.

—Edith Avery, '15.



Judge Not



HE long-promised walk was a reality. Susanna clung to her mother's hand and tried to keep her dancing feet from stumbling over the puppy that frolicked among the fallen leaves before her. Her face from its halo of red-brown curls smiled out upon the world, and the world, radiant in the glory of the mellow autumn sunlight, smiled back upon Susanna.

"Mumsie," pleaded Susanna, in her pretty baby treble, 'you jus' really mus' tell me one little teeny weeny story while we pass the knight's castle, pl-pl-please!"

The mother smiled a queer, tired little smile that deepened the sorrow in her dark eyes and drew her lips into a harsh line.

"You tell me one," she said.

The wind, in a sudden spurt of energy, swept a flaming leaf from a maple bough above and held it quivering for a brief instant against the black of her widow's dress, and then dropped it carelessly among its fellows on the ground.

"Well," Susanna began, with a sigh of resignation, "once they wuz a prince—a beau'ful, lovely prince, and he wuz des' as good as he wuz beau'ful. He's des all time doin' somethin' good for somebody—helpin' de widows" (the mother winced at the word spoken so carelessly by the little tongue) "an' de poor little o'phans. I spec' he wuz a knight stid of a prince, 'cause one time he rescued a beau'ful lady what a ugly, old—old—old—"

"Baron?" suggested the mother.

"Um, baron wanted to marry. An' he wuz so good that everybody—every single one of his subjects des loved an' loved him. Oh! he mus' a bin a prince stid of a knight, 'cause knights don't have subjects, do they, Mumsie? Anyhow he wuz awful good, an' an'—"he voice sank to an excited whisper, "an there he is."

They were approaching a stately old mansion that seemed almost worthy of the child's name for it—the castle. The owner, who, as far as appearances went, was equally worthy of his name, was just opening the heavy iron gate.

Susanna's mother looked up as the child spoke and saw the "prince," and then she glanced down at the little maid by her side.

"Oh, little girl," she mused, "indulge in your pretty dreams while you may. Think that the world because it wears a gala garment today knows no bitterness or despair? Dream that a man, because he is handsome, is a gallant knight, a prince among men!



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Soon enough the years will come to blight your faith and teach you the bitter lessons that life holds for everyone. They will show you that the hectic glory of the autumn world is but a cloak to cover death and decay. They will reveal to you your worthy prince yonder stripped of his manly beauty, and stalking through his unholy life in utter selfishness. A knight? He tortured the heart of his poor little wife until Death in infinite pity took her and her child. A prince? He reeks out the bitterness of his wrecked life upon all those who serve him and poisons happiness wherever he may."

Susanna had dropped her mother's hand and chased the adventurous puppy out into the quiet street. Lifting him in her arms, dusty and squirming, she paused to chide him for his naughtiness. She made such a pretty picture standing there in the sunlight, her finger upraised in reproof and her bright curls blowing about her bent head, that the woman and the man both paused to watch her.

The next moment they both sprang forward as a powerful machine swung recklessly round the curve and bore down full upon the child. The woman cried out in helpless terror, and the glaring sunlight suddenly blackened before her eyes.

When her vision cleared again the man was standing before her, the little maid and the dusty puppy both in his arms. He was looking down at the baby face lying so trustingly against his shoulder and in his own face—bereft in the crucial moment of its iron mask—was written loneliness and aching hunger.

The woman saw and in her mother's heart she understood. His little girl might have lain thus, warm and sweet in his arms, if—

"She isn't hurt," the man said, and then because he was painfully conscious of the moisture in his eyes and the twitching of his lips, he added gruffly, "but you'd better teach the young lady not to play in the street."

As mother and child walked home through the softening autumn sunlight Susanna hugged the puppy tight in her arms.

"You iss the baddest doggie!" she told him in tones that strove to be severe. "You might a bin killed and a got me killed, too. Ain't you 'shamed? I spec' we'd both be des as dead if it wasn't for the knight."

"Mumsie, he must be a knight 'stid of a prince, 'cause he dus' rescued me mos' like he did that beau'ful lady."

The mother smiled assent, the harsh lines that had lately formed in her face melting into a new sweetness.

"Ah! little girl," she mused, "when the passing years teach you your lessons of sorrow and heartache, when they blast your childhood's perfect faith in goodness and beauty, may they fill your woman's heart with the deeper, tenderer sympathy that I have learned today."

SARAH PERRIN SHUFORD, '14.



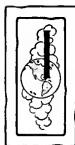
CAROLINIAN



THE OLD BEECH TREE—SCENE IN PEABODY PARK



The Real Placid



It was in a Southern city some thirty years ago. And it was Christmas Day. Outside in the yard before the big, square brick house the fine old cedars drooped with their burden of snow. The world was white and still. Within a white-haired man, old, very old at fifty-five, sat in an easy chair before the great log fire and mused. The Major was all alone this Christmas afternoon, for he had sent away the servants to enjoy the holiday. It was deathly quiet; not even the fire would crackle. And the Major sat before the fire and gazed into the eyes of the portrait over the mantel, the portrait of a lovely child. The delicate white dress left bare the round little arms and pretty, soft neck, and shining golden curls made a halo for the cherub face. And the eyes, great, deep blue eyes, serious, wonderful in a little child! It was into the eyes of his "Dream Placid" that the Major now, as always when alone, gazed in peaceful reverie. But, oh! this Christmas Day "Dream Placid" somehow failed to satisfy, for the heart was not so steeled to meet mocking recollection as on other days. That other Christmas Day, twenty years ago, it was—

With the help of his strong cane the Major crossed the room and took from a double-locked cabinet a little leather book. Eagerly he sat down to read his diary. He fingered the yellowed pages impatiently until he came to the date, December the twenty-fifth, 1862. The record was short and happy:

"Christmas Eve. Leave obtained. Christmas with Marie!"

With trembling fingers he turned the page.

"Christmas Day. I dare not trust myself to put into writing my feelings. I will only state the facts as I dazedly see them.

"I came home, to spend Christmas with my wife and my child. Mother met me at the door, and I knew that something was wrong. Frantic, I demanded if Marie was ill, if harm had come to our Placid. And you, mother, you told me, gently as it could be told, but how cruelly, that she was gone, and had taken with her the child.

"I plucked a butterfly from the flower world. The butterfly has flitted back. Marie has escaped into the enemy's country, her own land. There, behind the footlights she will sing her way again into the hearts of men. And Placid, my wee Placid, what of my little one? At least I have the comfort of knowing that Marie took 'Mammy Julia' with her. The faithful creature would die for the child.



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"My country calls me. Tomorrow I return to my company. There will be a battle, and haply I shall be in the front rank."

Slowly the Major turned the pages and read the meagre account of his return to his command, of his new recklessness and wild bravery in battle—a thrilling career through strenuous campaigns—and of his secret agony through all the storm, the unconfessed pain that brought white hair at thirty-five. Then a long space between dates told that the longed for opportunity had come, that the gallant leader of the charge had fallen. For many months the brave Major had faltered between life and death, while before convalescence came Appomattox. He waked to find the cause a lost cause.

Then the faded pages told how, broken in body and in spirit, he had returned to his old home and had settled down to a darkened life. In the grievous days of Reconstruction had come the death of his beautiful mother, leaving him to gray days alone.

For a while the Major sat nervously turning the pages, and then he locked the book away and turned again to the picture of his daughter. In all these years "Dream Placid" had been his sole comfort. Forced by ill health to give up his profession of the law and to live all alone in the old home, he had centered his whole life in the daughter of his dreams. Love for the frivolous Marie had left him bitterness to be softened only in remembrance of little Placid. And so he spent his whole thought upon this daughter of his dreams. He had fashioned for her a wonderful life, had created of her a character brilliantly beautiful. From day to day he had imaged her career; now she was a woman grown, a glorious creature.

Yet, even in his wildest dreams, the Major realized that he had no desire to see the real Placid. It would be too hard. His daughter was also *her* daughter, but "Dream Placid" was his own. He could see the dream girl now, the central figure in rich parlors, graciously receiving honor and prestige. Now, as always, he saw his daughter successful, happy, enveloped in an aura which he himself never entered, but only adored from afar. Absorbed in such imaginings, he had not heard the ring of a stranger, nor the light tap at the study door. But now a faint perfume of violets and a sense of the presence of another roused him. He turned and saw—was he dreaming?—a beautiful lady all in dull blue, with violets, and with a smile beneath the tears that dimmed her deep blue eyes. Clutching his cane, the Major rose, but before he could speak the visitor cried:

"Father!"

The real Placid told her story. It was true that her mother had gone back to the stage. But she herself had been sent with her old nurse to the home of her grandfather, and had there received her bringing up virtually at the hands of "Mammy Julia." That faithful old soul had not allowed the child to forget her father nor her father's home.



CAROLINIAN



"I know how every room looks," said Placid; "that is how I was able to find you today." She had learned to wish for her Southern home, and had longed to see her "Captain Daddy," as she had called her father in the days when her golden curls had tossed above his head as he held her high in air. When she was yet very young there had come a day of strange gloom to the house, and they had told her that her mother was dead.

Throughout a girlhood surrounded by every luxury and filled with happiness, there had always lived in her heart a desire to know her father and her father's land. And as a debutante she had remembered her history. Then, when she married a Southerner, she had set about finding her father. Nor was this hard to do, for the name was not unknown in the State. She had learned of his enfeebled health and of his loneliness, and, knowing what his life must be, she had come to offer him love and to beg him to accept her own home in a neighboring town.

Her father listened dumbly, and for a long time after she ceased speaking he remained in silence. Then he raised his eyes to "Dream Placid" and mutely shook his head. And the real Placid knew that she must not urge.

"You may answer when you will," she said, and quietly went away.

For a long time after she had gone the Major sat and stared into the fire. Bitter memories overwhelmed him. Again he suffered as in those early days. And then he began to think. A home and kindness and love in his old age, what it would mean! But with a Placid so different from his "Dream Placid." For the real Placid was less tall, less queenly than the other, and if her eyes were deeper blue, her hair was brown, not gold. She was but a woman, tender and sweet, and not the radiant creature of his dreams; and a woman who stirred the most unwelcome recollections, who would be a constant evidence of the ruin of his life. "Dream Placid" had dulled his pain before; she would do so now. He would go on in the same life, and not suffer the old wound to be reopened.

And so he wrote briefly, thanking his daughter for her kindness, assuring her of his love and gratitude, but firmly declining the invitation, declaring that it was best that things should continue as before.

But Placid, when she received that note, did not lose hope, for she knew that in time she could woo her father from his melancholy. And because she so longed to be able to make the last days of his life, after all the years of bitterness, in a measure happy and bright, she continued her efforts to keep news of the Major. From his house-keeper she learned from day to day the state of her father's health, and all that was to be known of his life.

As for the Major, he set himself to live as he had been living for the past seven years. But in spite of himself sometimes an image of dull blue would float before



CAROLINIAN



the face of "Dream Placid," and the memory of violets was sweet. Meanwhile "Dream Placid" grew more distant, more glorious, less human. . . . Then one day the Major lanced a new seat by the window, and the chair was so comfortable he sat all morning staring at the distant street. The next day he moved over to the window again—this time to see if many people were passing. As the days dragged by he continued this more and more frequently, until at last he seemed to have forgotten his old chair.

Then one day in the late spring he returned from his ride to find on the windowsill by his chair a big bowl of violets. And they were not the florists' beauties, but simple, old-fashioned garden violets, with long, tender stems and rich, purple-velvet petals and great, blue-veined white hearts. The Major bent over them and in their delicate fragrance seemed to rest the image of a slight figure in blue, with a gentle smile, and blue eyes that plead.

The tiny note that lay beside the flowers said: "Violets for your birthday, father."

Was it his birthday? He had not thought of it. Ah, yes! "Dream Placid," you never remembered my birthday," he reproached the portrait.

And at the end: "We need you."

"'Dream Placid,' you never needed me." And the Major smiled. "'Dream Placid,' 'Dream Placid,' good-bye, 'Dream Placid.'"

ELEANOR MORGAN, '14.

Hope

The soul is oft o'erwhelmed by darkest gloom;
Then sighing winds no cheer nor comfort bring,
The birds, once merry, e'en refuse to sing,
And cares in blackest form before us loom.

A comrade of despair now seems our doom,
To walk with her and hear no sweet bells ring;
No blessing rare, no friend on whom to cling;
Nor flowers bright with solace spring to bloom.

But soon is banished gloom and sombre care,
The curtain lifts, the dark cloud flits away;
For the mind has power to rise above despair,
When hope, a gentle beam of heaven's own ray,
Steals in, as flow'ry perfume-laden air.

—Lila Melvin, '14.



CAROLINIAN



SUMMER HOUSE AT ENTRANCE TO PEABODY PARK



The Foolish Dreamer and the Three Wise Friends



HERE once lived a Foolish Dreamer in the Land of Faith; and his Three Wise Friends dwelt in the Land of Facts. The Foolish Dreamer was possessed of many beautiful dreams and fancies. He beheld the mountains kissing the blue heavens; the seas rolling and sounding the enigma of their depths; the green earth sparkling with dewdrops; the flowers, a violet perchance, nestling on Earth's bosom. He beheld—and all was beautiful. He walked among men, and in his walks he met many of the good, many of the evil; but this Dreamer, as he looked into the eyes of the men, looked even deeper into their very hearts. So he found the truth in all, and loved them passing well. It came to pass on a day that the Three Wise men, having long deplored the error of the Foolish Dreamer, came to him and questioned him much concerning his dreams. When they caught a glimpse of what he believed, the three said: "Behold the mountains, craggy barriers to man's progress; the sea, cruel robber, hiding within his depths the secret of many a death. The dew and the flowers, what are they? These blossoms soon fall and are gone. What beauty canst thou see in these things, O Foolish Dreamer? And more, behold yon beggar, crouched upon the earth, and yon child of the streets in her tattered rags. What truth is in them? How canst thou love such, O Foolish Dreamer?" And as they spoke, the beggar plucked a flower from the tangled grass at his feet and gave it to the child of the streets. So the child and the beggar smiled. And such a smile as the child's might have been an angel's. The four beheld, but only the Foolish Dreamer saw. He smiled and spake: "Yon beggar and yon child of the streets have found joy in the lowliest flower, which you have scorned because it faded. The beggar hath naught of the world's goods, and yet hath experienced the blessedness of giving. See you not how nature gives of beauty, man gives to man, and both give thanks to their Maker? Would that I might touch your eyes with faith."

The Three Wise Friends saw not, but dwelt on in their wisdom, and the Foolish Dreamer was left happily with his dreams.

EDITH AVERY, '15.



CAROLINIAN



A Dream

Last night I slept, and sleeping I dreamed,
And the dream, dearest, was you.
(The Star where you wait, thru' the cold winds gleamed)
And you came to my side, yes, you.

You were lovely and tall, as in trailing white,
Down the path of a star gleam you came,
Your arms outheld, your grey eyes alight,
As you tenderly called my name.

But you went away, in a wind gust chill,
And lonely, I peered afar,
'Till fainting I saw you beckoning still
In the light of the radiant star.

Oh, yours is the hand that beckons me on,
To my goal in the Star, with you,
Yet I long for your mother arms, anon,
And my white Star dream come true.

—*Louise Winston Goodwin.*



The Recompense



EVERYTHING about the little house seemed hushed and subdued. Only a breath of air was stirring. The nervous leaves of the two tall aspens before the door were almost motionless, and the cheap lace curtains at the small, ugly windows billowed in and out ever so slightly. On the warm, sun-splashed piazza a long, lean hound dozed, one ear cocked warily. Save for the sleeping hound there was no sign of life about the place. The almost solemn stillness was unbroken by so much as the drone of a bee.

Through the half-open door of a small room jutting out from the rear of the house there was a glimpse of a freshly-scrubbed pine floor. On paper-covered shelves against the unpainted walls were rows of jelly glasses and shining cooking utensils upon which the mellow sunshine played lazily. A drove of flies buzzed about a tin dishpan in which stood hastily stacked, unwashed dishes. Beside the pan a long, dark, unsightly stain from an overturned coffee cup showed against the snowy whiteness of the home-bleached tablecloth.

Already her absence was felt, although it was only two days since her hard, capable hands had been at their tasks. Only two days, and already the unwatered flag lilies hung limp on their parched stalks against the garden fence; already the dog trailed mud through the narrow hall unmolested; already flies sang over refuse in the tiny kitchen she had kept spotless with ceaseless scrubbing.

How they had resented her exacting cleanliness and her tired, petulant voice forever reminding them to be careful.

And now she was gone.

Now they might do anything they liked—forget to clean their shoes at the steps, muss up the hard, lumpy cushions on the old settee, leave the paper unfolded and scattered about, even raise the shades and flood the darkened "front room" with light. But no—they shuddered—she had lain there yesterday, cold and rigid, her toil-worn hands crossed on her flat, still breast—orderly even in death.

They shuddered afresh as they thought of the rows of stiff-backed chairs against the walls, the solemn-faced neighbors, some kindly, some curious. They heard again the monotonous underdrone of the black-garbed minister, his well-meant eulogy—a mere string of meaningless platitudes. For what did he and the others know of her weary struggle to make both ends meet?

As in a sort of nightmare they re-lived the preceding day. They saw again the



CAROLINIAN



long, black procession winding slowly over the hill. Every jolt of the rude cart in front on the rough, uneven road pierced their hearts anew. Then came the last sad stop. They tried not to remember that the clumsy neighbors had covered her away with the dirt she had hated.

At last it was all over. Then came the lonely, silent ride back. The emptiness of the house had appalled them. They had found themselves listening with strained ears for the scratch of her broom on the bare floors.

They were numbed with the suddenness and swiftness of it all. The end had found them unprepared. They had been told that the third shock would probably be fatal, but it seemed so absurd to think of her in death, she who had always been at the helm. Other people might sicken and die, but not she. She had been ill before and had recovered. Doctors always talked a lot of twaddle. It was part of their trade. And so they had been tender for a few days and then had forgotten.

In the cramped back room that had been hers they sat now, the father and daughter. He seemed strangely old and bent. More so perhaps because always before he had borne his sixty odd years so gallantly. Now they seemed to press at his sunken shoulders. The girl had her father's pleasant, indeterminate mouth and kindly eyes. Her face was swollen with weeping and her breath came in convulsive gasps like that of a wornout child's. They sat thus for a long time, their thoughts with their dead.

The shadows deepened. Night came on. The hound on the piazza rose and stretched himself and came into the house. From out in the patch of woods back of the house came the soft flutter of wings as the chickens sought their roosts. The girl's breath came more easily now. She got up and lighted the kerosene lamp. A small pile of papers slid lightly to the floor when she put the lamp on the table. She righted them with painstaking care. The man stirred in his seat. He, too, rose. *She* would never have let the chickens go to roost unfed.

He paused in the doorway and looked at the girl.

"She was a good wife," he said, slowly.

"Good and smart, Pa." The girl's broken utterance had a curious thrill of pride in it. "And she's resting now. Seems like she never got a chance before. And somehow, Pa, I can't help believin' she knows about things, how we feel and all—and understands."

The man's face brightened. Unconsciously he squared his stooped shoulders. "I shouldn't wonder," he said softly, and he added, to himself, as he picked up the chicken pail and stepped out into the cool darkness: "She was a good wife and a good mother."

MILDRED HARRINGTON, '13.



CAROLINIAN



The Little Brother at Home

You ask me why I love him,
That boy so wondrous fine;
One reason that I love him,
He's some kin o' mine.

He often taunts and worries,
And to hinder does incline.
But somehow still I love him,
He's some kin o' mine.

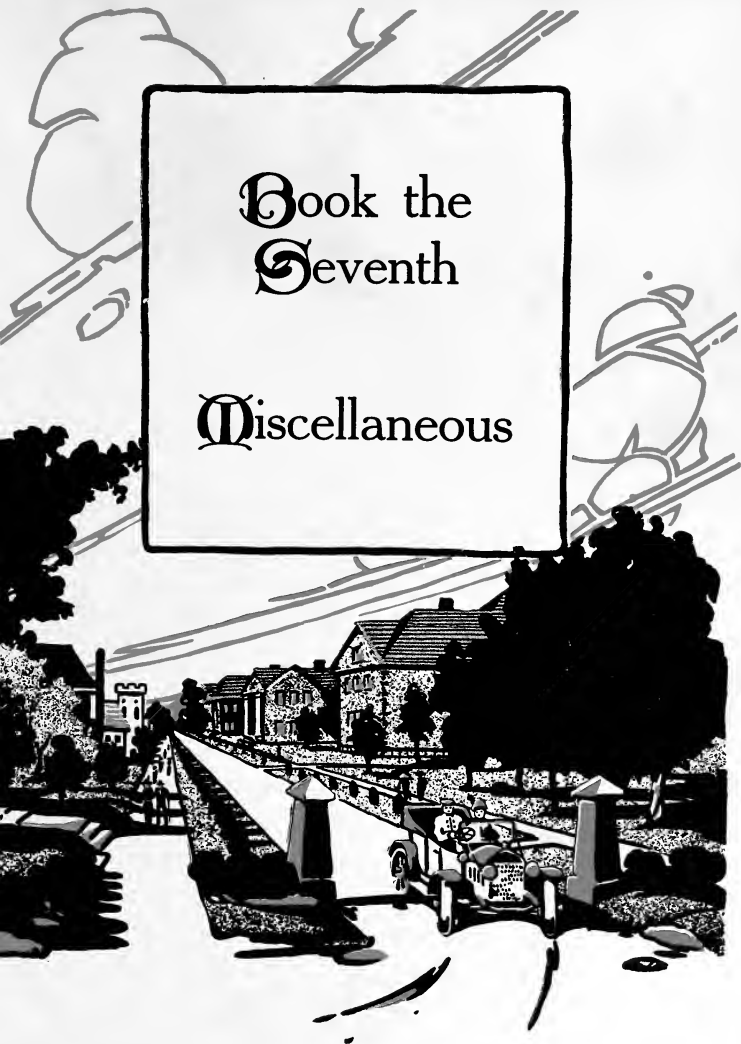
When he's grown and leaves us,
Nor needs our care, our time,
I know we'll miss him ever;
He's some kin o' mine.

Ah, yes, he'll make earth sweeter,
All hearts bowing at his shrine
For folks can't help but love him,
Who's some kin o' mine.

—Genevieve Moore.

Book the Seventh

Miscellaneous





CAROLINIAN



Statistics



Our Poet

LILLIAN CRISP

"God's prophets of the Beautiful
These poets were."

The Most Stylish

AMELIE ADAMS

"She moves a goddess, and she looks a
queen."





CAROLINIAN



STATISTICS



The Biggest Wit

CORRINCE MIAL

"The wit vs. nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well
expressed."

Most Musical

VIRGINIA KENDALL

"Music resembles Poetry: in each
Are nameless graces
Which no methods teach
And which a Master hand alone can reach."



STATISTICS



Suffragette

WILLIE MAY STRATFORD

"Why should not then, we women act alone?
Or whence are men so necessary grown?"

The Best Dancer

COLINE AUSTIN

"But oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight."





CAROLINIAN



STATISTICS



The Typical Senior

VERTA IDOL

"Praise me not too much,
Nor blame me, for thou speakest to the
Greeks
Who know me."

Most Practical

EUNICE SINCLAIR

"She riseth also while it is yet night, and
giveth meat to her household, and a portion
to her maidens."



STATISTICS



The Most Popular

PATTIE J. GROVES

" 'Tis neither this nor that,
 As all the world may know,
 But the way you talk and look at things,
 That makes us love you so."

Most Optimistic

EMMA WOODWARD

"It is easy enough to be pleasant
 When life flows along like a song;
 But the man worth while is the one who
 will smile
 When everything does dead wrong."





CAROLINIAN



STATISTICS



Most Attractive

KATE GRAHAM

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant too, to think on."

The Future Star in the Theatrical Firmament

LILLIAN PROCTOR

"On the stage she was simple, natural affect-
ing,
It was only when she was off she was act-
ing."





CAROLINIAN



STATISTICS



The Student

ANNIE REE HAMBERT

"Whilst that the childe is younge let
him be instructed in vertue and lyttera-
ture."

Our Information Bureau

FRANCES SUMMERELL

"The maxim 'Know Thyself' does not suf-
fice;
Know others, know them well—that's my
advice."



STATISTICS



Most Womanly

MARY WORTH

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit, still and bright,
With something of an angel light."

Best Cook

LIZZIE RODDICK

"The glory of the kitchen! Those that
hold cookery a trade from Adam, quote her
broths and salads."





STATISTICS



The Dreamer of Dreams

EDITH AVERY

"She stands within the shadow of the night,
But looks beyond it toward the coming
light;
And sees, far off, with tranced prophetic
eyes,
The consummation of the centuries."

Woman of Letters

MILDRED HARRINGTON

"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And, faith, she'll prent it."





CAROLINIAN



STATISTICS



Our College Baby

KATHERINE COBB

"Beautiful and sweet;
And young as beautiful;
And soft as young;
And gay as soft;
And innocent as gay."

Our Artist

MARGARET HARPER

"Seraphs share with thee Knowledge: But
Art, O man, is thine alone!"



STATISTICS



Most Accomplished

MARGARET SMITH

"All the arts wait at my table, every man
of quality,
Take sanctuary here! I will be patron
To twenty liberal arts."

The Most Athletic

LOUISE WHITLEY

"Here's to the girl that's strictly in it,
Who doesn't lose her head even for a minute,
Plays well the game and knows the limit,
And still gets all the fun there's in it."



STATISTICS



Typical College Girl

LURA BROGDEN

"Type of our college world's sanest and best."

The Daintiest

ELEANOR MORGAN

"The daintiest last to make the end most sweet."





CAROLINIAN

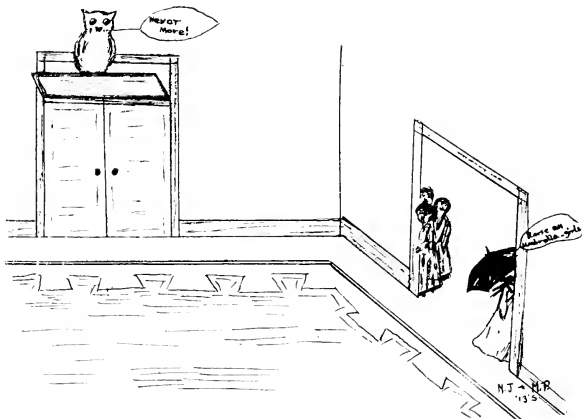


THE CAROLINIAN





CAROLINIAN



Before

Back to school we came out of season,
That's all true but I'll give you the reason.
We were patiently waiting the promised completion
Of our new dormitory with great expectation.
So in October we returned already guilding
Our imaginations with visions of the building.
But alack and alas for our disappointment sore,
For in the building was neither window nor door,
The floor was not laid, not a plastered wall;
In short, the building was not finished at all.
The inhabitants within that greeted the newcomers
Were nothing more than carpenters and plumbers.
Our joy all crushed, disconsolate faces!
On the sidewalk we sat on suit cases
'Till kind friends, moved at the sight,
Bestirred themselves to remedy our plight.
Infirmary and sitting rooms found us shelter,
In every nook and corner we packed helter skelter.

But deep within our hearts our sorrows we sealed,
 And with cheerful faces no disappointment revealed;
 And only in the secrecy of our nooks and corners
 Did we unburden our hearts to congenial mourners.
 Once at midnight, to six seniors appeared,
 While thus lamenting an omen weird;
 There perched on the transom above their door
 An owl like Poe's ancient raven of yore.
 When asked if we would get in our new dormitory or
 how long before
 It wierdly hooted "Nevermore."
 By this dismal prophecy their hope all blighted
 The girls tore to Miss Coit, much excited.
 Miss Coit rising straight from her bed
 Started a search for the bird and grimly said:
 "That ominous bird and its prophecy we will
 Snatch from that door and straightway kill."
 And now let me tell you, my dear school mates,
 That's the only way we escaped the fates
 And came at last to our new dormitory
 By slaying the utterer of that foul story.

—*M. Justice, '13.*





CAROLINIAN



After

I.

I sprang to the door, the bell had rung long,
I galloped, all galloped in one mighty throng.
"Good speed," cried the marshal on duty line,
"Hurry up, get inside, or your name you must sign."
Then, into the dining-room we galloped and stood,
Panting and breathless, and waiting for food.

II.

Quick, to class we must hurry, we must not be late!
We must run with all might to escape such a fate.
For by roll call in ped we set a great store,
So, by treats we might get at the hands of Miss Moore.
Then into the ped room we galloped and sank,
Our nerves all a-flutter, our minds all a blank.

III.

Not a word to each other, deep silence we kept,
As on English with Browning we sat all enrapt.
The bell rang. No longer our eyes were on him,
No longer our thoughts; they were flying to gym.
The book closed, up leaped of a sudden the class,
And out of the door we bolted full blast.

IV.

Neck by neck, stride by stride, we kept a great pace.
To get to our rooms was a Marathon race.
Then I cast loose my rain-coat, let go belt and all,
Shook off both my jack-boots as I ran down the hall.
Gym suit donned, to myself I said, "Yet there is time,"
And down to the gym joined the galloping line.

—Elizabeth Craig, '13.



Red Letter Days at the Normal

SEPTEMBER, 1912.

- 18.—New students arrive. Noticeable increase in humidity of the atmosphere about college campus.
- 19.—A damp-cheeked, red-eyed procession reports for examinations.
- 21.—All old students arrive except Seniors. Juniors in absence of Senior dignity, seek to impress newcomers with the idea of respect due upper classmen.
- 22.—Freshmen's first Sunday away from home.
- 23.—Postman forced to make two trips to carry homesick epistles written the day before.
- 24.—Work begins—enough said.
- 25.—E. L. and C. D. report to Infirmary. Dr. Gove diagnoses case and prescribes for strained optic nerves.
- 26.—A new student, on being requested to report at the office, calls and finds President out. Leaves visiting card.
- 28.—A party of Freshmen go sightseeing—they follow the car track.
- 30.—Festivities begin. Miss Moore sends out cards for her first "At home."

OCTOBER.

- 1.—Great excitement—it is rumored that Seniors will arrive on the third.
- 3.—They come. Study hour suspended.
- 4.—Seniors move from sidewalks to alcoves, attics and all corners hitherto unoccupied.
- 7.—Hygiene lectures begin!
- 11.—Seniors go down town to hear Debs. Watch for results.
- 19.—Miscellany gets greatly interested in politics and instigates a Presidential campaign. Socialists, Bull Mooses, Democrats and Republicans all line up.
- 21.—Zealous adherents of Debs attempt a parade at the fifteen-minute period. Miss K—— takes command. The Socialist party quickly disbanded at a secret session a half hour later. For inside information apply to Groves, Mann, Sumner, Rankin, Robinson, Rice and Harrington.
- 25.—Adelphian Initiation.
- 26.—Cornelian Initiation.
The goats and the greasy poles of the new girls' dreams made a reality.
- 27.—Just a blue Monday!



CAROLINIAN



NOVEMBER.

- 16.—Moving day for the Seniors! Big enough to fill the whole calendar for this month.

DECEMBER.

- 1.—Annual editors get to work.
5.—Change in menu today—*bacon* for breakfast, *mutton* for dinner, *beans* for supper.



A SENIOR'S REFLECTIONS

- 8.—Long mirrors put in doors at Senior Hall.
The College thought best the "Gift to gie us, to see ourselves as ithers see us."
20.—Homeward bound.
21.—Senior cooking class meets at 6 a. m. Our sympathy we lend, but not our presence.

JANUARY, 1913.

- 2.—Students on campus again—rain without, no sunshine within.
7.—Students Christmas gift to College—a case of measles.
16.—Terrible fight in Senior Hall—many flies killed.
18-25.—No one goes to town—exams.
27.—Nightmares—visions of the past (week).
29.—Letter from home—"We got your grades." "I think you had better turn over a new leaf."
31.—Dr Foust receives many calls from students.

FEBRUARY.

- 6.—"Echoes from the park" are heard in the *dark*—Senior tree day exercises.
8.—University Glee Club entertained.
10.—Loads of mail from Chapel Hill.
11.—All Carolinian material in the hands of the editors (?) (?)



CAROLINIAN



- 12.—“The proofs have come! The proofs have come!”
- 13.—Telegram. Mr. Photographer, will you return to the Normal on Friday to give several young ladies another sitting? The likeness in many cases was *too exact*.
- 26.—The Freshmen do honor to George. They dress in Colonial costume and sing to the “dear tree we’ve planted.” Now, of course, this is strictly confidential, but some of us saw Uncle William planting that tree early in the morning.

MARCH.

- 3.—The Carolinian goes to press. For the first time in many weeks the Carolinian editors come to breakfast with well-brushed hair and fingers innocent of ink stains.
- 6.—But there is no rest for the wicked—they must make up all back studies from December 1st to date.
- 17.—Bill for pictures—money panic!
- 19.—Political campaigns in order—marshals to be elected soon. Prospectives, keep off the grass and smile upon the lower classmen.
- 22.—New hats go to church.

APRIL.

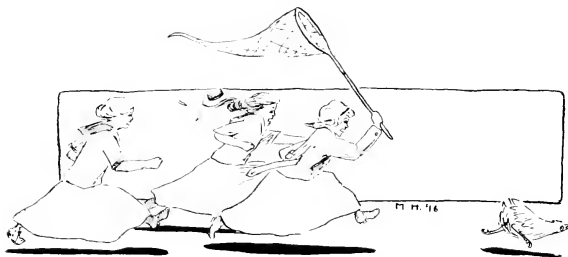
- 1.—Student body gathers as usual for mid-day exercises. Find that Faculty have cut chapel.
- 12.—Virginia-Carolina game. Rah! rah! rah! Carolina.
- 14.—Bad lessons today—couldn’t study Saturday night. Refer to 12th instant of this calendar for further information.
- 23.—New announcement: Magazine editors need more material for next issue of magazine.
- 28.—Miss Mc—— gives order in gym. Ears upward turn! M. J. attempts to obey orders.

MAY.

- 1.—Several new students have at last found the campus and have become so enamored of it that they “cannot leave it for two weeks.”
- 9.—(Friday). Heavy mail receipts for Miss Moore—ask the delinquents why.
- 10.—Senior exams. Big no “ad” sign on front door of Senior Hall.
- 19.—Carolinian staff gets nervous.
- 22.—Biggest day yet—Carolinian on sale.
- 27.—10 a. m. Seniors get nervous. Juniors look important—the hour is almost come.
- 11 a. m. Seniors capture the coveted prize. Each lower classman has her importance heightened in her own estimation. “1913” departs from the land of Seniorhood and sets her face toward the wide, wide world.



CAROLINIAN



The Lost Bird

A Senior, weighing a plan in her head,
Thus mused on her prospects for the day it is said:

"Let me see—I should think that a dollar would procure
Enough nice things for our breakfast, to be sure.
Wait just a moment—what shall I do—
First consult Mary and Sallie and Sue;
To-morrow is Sunday, there'll be no school,
We can sleep 'till ten and break no rule.
A quarter from each will buy a chicken and bread,
With these and some crackers we will be very well fed."
This Senior who weighed this plan in her head,
Went to Mary and Sal and Sue and said,
"A quarter from each will buy a real live chicken,
And such fun it will be to take part in the pickin'."
Mary and Sal and Sue when they had heard the plan
Jumped up and down in joyful glee, and said, "Oh, that'll be grand!"
Then off to Huttons straight they went and bought a handsome bird;
The storeman offered to have him dressed
But the girls said they preferred.
Out behind the dormitory they proudly took their prize,
"Just hold his feet," said Mary to Sue, "and in just two minutes he dies."



CAROLINIAN



But by some mischance they both let go at once the treasured goods,
Whereupon Mr. Chicken did the fancy "chicken trot away into the
woods."

The four Seniors who had weighed such plans in their heads,
Searched the barn, lot, and parks it is said,
But search as they could and chase as they would
They ate dry bread for breakfast, for the chicken was gone for good.
Now many a proverb has been changed by many a worthy man
And stated backwards, or in other words, to suit the writer's plan.
So the moral I draw from this story, girls, is that unless you're very
skilled,
You should never count on chickens until you've had them killed.

The Roommates of the Sick

O roommates of the sick ones,
The letters you receive
From those who are imprison'd
Are 'nough your brains to cleave.

It's "Mary, write me, honey,
And tell me all the news,
Enclose some stamps and bring me
Another pair of shoes.

"You are a dear to do it,
I hate to ask so much,
But send some reading matter,
Cosmopolitan, or such.

Hunt up my tooth brush for me
It's needed (à la Dr. Gove)
Be sure to save my letters,
Give all the girls my love."
—Carey Wilson, '15.



CAROLINIAN



A Tale With Something to It

Hey Diddledy dee—my little girl—ee
Just stop your giggles and listen to me,
I've a tale to tell and tell it I will,
The point, though obscure, is discovered with skill.
Tain't much of a tale I'm goin' to give,
But a point it has as sure as I live,
Or rather you'd think 'tis more proper to say
There's something to this tale; I'll prove it this day,
Hey Diddledy dee—my little girl—ee
You deserve some reward for your patience, you see,
I promised to write a story with a point,
You see I could not do it,
So look beneath this jingle and find—

A Tale With
Something To It!





CAROLINIAN



Reveries of a Latin Student

Mark, mark, mark,
With thy red ink and pen Miss B—
Here's hoping thy tongue won't utter,
The thoughts that arise in thee!

Oh well for the Senior lasses
Who starred in the Latin play,
And lost their power of sympathy,
For us poor stags at bay.

We stood the examination,
Hearts heavy against our will;
There was no touch of a helping hand,
And oh! every noise was still.

TWO DAYS LATER.

To the postoffice I went this afternoon
To see what I had got,
Horrors! in my box I found—
Well, I won't say what—but

You've marked my fate, oh teacher,
You're happy—you're through you see,
But the consolation that I did not fail
Can never come back to me!

Senior Privileges

Senior privileges. What are they?
We found out just the other day.
Although we were Seniors away last fall
They thought we might not be this spring at all.
But finally they've said that all of these
We can do just whenever we please—
We can go down town most every day,
But never once peep inside a café.
And at last we can go to the picture show,
In spite of the germs and such you know.
We can go to walk right on the street,
If we do not smile at those we meet.
We sit up 'till 10:30 in joy and felicity,
But how saving we must be of College electricity!
We can see friends in our own sitting room,
And if they want to, they can come again soon;
But there comes the trouble for never any more
Will they wade through the mud to reach the front door.
No wonder, with all of these privileges they've waited
'Till almost Commencement to have them created.

—Myrtle Horney, '13.



That Wonderful Switch

When the proofs of the Seniors' pictures came,
The praise of them won Mr. Photographer's fame.
These extravagant praises filled the air,
And the chief cause of praise was the arrangement of hair.

This is the secret—don't you tell
Of how their hair came to look so well.
To M. R.'s switch the success was due,
Of a medium shade it matched each hue.
The most versatile thing you ever saw;
Its various adaptibilities would fill you with awe.

On one head it formed a smooth, shiny braid,
Then was torn off by the next wearer's aid,
(For to be ready on time required great art,
The successive sittings being ten minutes apart).

The haste with which it was quickly transformed
Into a psyche would you have alarmed.
Then off it came to do duty in the hair
Of a sweet, simple maiden, in a coil soft and fair.

Oh! in styles innumerable that switch did serve,
And much of our gratitude it does deserve.
So in the future, Seniors, remember with care
That M. R.'s switch made lovely *your* hair.

—M. Justice, '13.



CAROLINIAN



Heard About the Campus

(THESE ARE JOKES)

A Normal girl knocks at the pearly gate.

St. Peter, drawing the bolt and opening gate slightly: "Well, what can I do for you?"

Normal girl, timidly: "May I come in?"

St. Peter, suspiciously: "Whence come you?"

Girl, rather proudly: "I am from the Normal."

St. Peter shuts the gate, fastens the bolt securely, then whispers through the key-hole to the astonished lass: "I am very sorry, but if I let you in then I will have to let the whole six hundred in."

* * * *

Miss J—— to Johnston: "Didn't you tell me that your mother-in-law lived ten miles from a railroad station? How is your wife going the rest of the way after she gets off the train?"

Johnston: "Wal, you see, ma'am, I done tole her to hire a *convenience* to take 'er dere."

* * * *

Lady caller: I would like to see Miss K.

Mandy, who had answered the door: Miss K. is out, ma'am. Did you want to see her on *inquisitive* business?

* * * *

Member of Bird Club: I can't find a single thing about the chip-sparrow. I am going to ask Dr. Gudger to what family of birds it belongs.

Bright companion: The chip-sparrow? Oh, I know. His mother must be a woodpecker.

* * * *

The following conversation took place years ago when William, now one of the well-known servants of the College, was a newcomer:

Student: William, when can we get you to clean off the tennis court?

William: I can't do it today, ma'am, but if you'll bring it to me I'll do it the fust thing in the mornin'.

* * * *

We would like to tell an inquiring member of the student body that the *Annual* is only published once a year.

* * * *

Miss M. selected the following sentence to read to her English Class: He had a tubby stomach and wore an inadequate short coat. She read: "He had an inadequate stomach"—she got no further.

* * * *

B. Terry in Latin said: "The author compares bees with an *oxen*."



Senior Auction Sale

ITEM ONE.

One well-worn volume, "Keeping Up With Lizzie," for sale by E. B.

ITEM TWO.

Best in South! Reputable firm of Jeffress and Motzno offers at astonishingly low price one "Add"ing machine. Reason for selling, need of cash.

ITEM THREE.

New line of alarm clocks, all makes; guaranteed to disturb no one except those within radius of one-half mile. Faison & Robinson.

ITEM FOUR.

Get our complete line of complexion cream, soap, powder and perfumes. Will make you beautiful in one night. All necessary implements for application free of charge. Only reason for selling, firm seeks new location and wishes to avoid express and freight charges. Apply to Brogden, Griffin & Rice.

ITEM FIVE.

Saws! Saws! Saws! Best Keen Cutters! Grogan & Groves.

ITEM SIX.

Safe investment! We will sell to the highest bidder our interest in the "university." Phelps and Lynch.

ITEM SEVEN.

Best bonbons, seafoam, fudge. Warranted to contain enough cold cream to keep off all uninvited guests. I. Pierson & Co.

ITEM EIGHT.

I have a fine collection of *Frat pins* which I will offer at reasonable rates to persons less fortunate than I. G. Stanford, jeweler.

ITEM NINE.

We have gone into bankruptcy, so will auction off at very cheap rates our membership in the "Consumers' League." A good bargain for those who have the "spon." See Idol, Toomer, Mann and Mial.



CAROLINIAN



ITEM TEN.

Quantity and quality is our watchword. Apply to us for rules. We keep all kinds of rules, and we *keep* more rules than all our comrades. Quality is unsurpassed—never a one is broken. Rutledge & Co.

ITEM ELEVEN.

Famous all over the world! See our lot of beautiful flowers. This season we have an especially fine crop of *thyme*. Given free upon application to all our customers. Criso and Mitchell, florists.

ITEM TWELVE.

Horns of all descriptions! Ours are cheap and easy to blow. Get one and "too! your own horn." The E. Keeter Horn Co.

ITEM THIRTEEN.

Clearance sale! Biggest auction of the season! We must get rid of all borrowed goods in order to make room for more. We cannot find owners, so will sell at reduced rates. Come early and avoid the rush. Motzno & Harrington, No. 24 Woman's Building.

ITEM FOURTEEN.

Recent publication. Best seller! My latest volume entitled "Neither a Borrower Nor a Lender Be," is now on the market. Good hints to special individuals. F. Jeffress (Southern author).

ITEM FIFTEEN.

First-class set of wits—devoid of sharp edges. Apply to R. Gudger.

ITEM SIXTEEN.

To sell big lot of first-class dresses. Wish to get these out of the way to prepare for new spring styles. A. Williams.

ITEM SEVENTEEN.

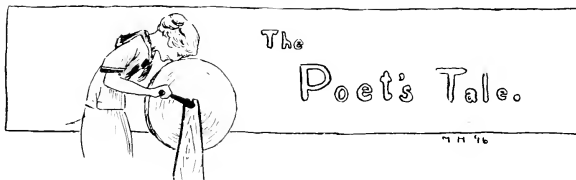
An entirely good volume of "The Old Curiosity Shop" for sale by E. Jordan.

ITEM EIGHTEEN.

I have made several new discoveries in science. Will sell my patent on these at any time. E. Alexander.

ITEM NINETEEN.

Everyone likes to be heard. I will teach you to make yourself heard for miles around even when speaking in a whisper. Satisfaction guaranteed. G. Taylor, throat specialist.



"Grind! Grind!! Grind!!!
With your nose to the cold stone wheel!
You must try to write us a poem!"
Hiss the editors at my heel.

My wildest fancies go sailing out
Into havenless realms of space,
And still I've not written a poem,
And time hastens on apace.

Grind! Grind!! Grind!!!
But oh, it will never be,
For my poor old pen can't utter
Poetry that is not in me.

Ah well for the woman of letters
That she writes whole volumes, a day;
Ah well for the light hearted lass
With no "writing" to sadden her play.

But alas! for the would-be poet
Who in the Annual her poems would see!
And oh for one touch of a vanished art,
And a poem that will never be!

—Louise Goodwin.



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Wanted

I.

A roommate. O solitude, where is thy charm? F. Hildebrand.

II.

Brilliant Latin students. Apply to "Snidey's Latin Quarter," Crawford and Deans, proprietors.

III.

A joke! A joke! My kingdom for a joke! Apply to editor of this department.

IV.

Tenants! tenants! We have some, but we want "Moore."

V.

A patent chin-reducer. Apply to M. Rankin.

VI.

The measles, by E. Craig.

VII.

A good-looking picture for the Carolinian. Send samples to S. Sumner and L. Cavanaugh.

VIII.

The assurance of a job as trained nurse. N. Johnston.

IX.

The supervision of a *select* dancing school. M. Justice.

X.

A less laborious way of curling the hair. P. Spurgeon.

XI.

A permanent cure for freckles and a turned-up nose. M. Beatty.

XII.

Reliable sleeping powders. Address L. Reddick.

XIII.

A few more Senior privileges. Ruth and Huldah Groome and Ivy Paylor.

XIV.

To teach my roommate a few classical pieces in music. A. Whitty.

XV.

To dispose of some wornout daubing brushes. M. Porter.

(377)



Echoes from the School Room

Teacher in Freshman English: Illustrate in a sentence the meaning of the word isolated.

Pupil: When we got up this morning the ground was covered with sleet and the telephone wires were all *isolated*.

Miss H. on French Class: Explain the use of *en* in French.

Junior: *En* meaning *in* is used without the article before all *female* countries.

Mr. J——: "Name five of the most important Indian tribes."

R. G.: "The Tuscaroras, the Iroquois, the Cherokees, the Creeks, and——" hesitation.

C. M. (interrupting): "Oh, I know. The book said the white people were cruelly massacred by the *Aborigines*."

On a certain Thursday Mr. J—— politely requested his History Class to "*learn*" for next Monday the lesson assigned for last Monday."

There was a discussion in Sophomore History Class as to the location of the Netherlands.

M. S.: The Netherlands is directly south of France.

J. B.: No it isn't either. I know where it is, but I can't *surround* it!

"The Latin Failures"

By One of Them

A direful thing happened to our class

That did its members much harass,

The Latin students, with all their loads,

Got mixed in the maze of Horace's odes;

And bitter failure stared them in the face

To their bitter shame and utter disgrace.

But true and loyal members still

They vowed they would that failure kill;

So all summer long did work and sigh

And came back next fall with hopes so high

Only to have them dashed to the ground

For the Latin they'd learned was very unsound.

So Miss Moore published on the wall

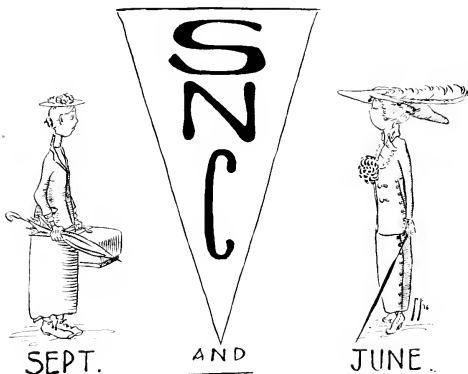
That the Latin failures were not Juniors at all.



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Sadly, sadly,—that class did meet
And find its numbers not at all complete.
Quickly it came to the bright conclusion
That work without them would be only confusion,
That even though for Latin they were not sufficient
Yet in matters of class they were quite efficient.
So with brave spirits, yet by adversity undaunted,
Their courage in the faces of all they flaunted,
And sent to the Faculty such a lamentation
That 'twas agreed to give them another examination.
That old adage proved itself to their Latin class
About, "Try and try again, you'll succeed at last";
On that third critical trial they managed to pass
And with much jubilation joined the Junior class.





Acknowledgment

The editors wish to acknowledge their grateful appreciation to Miss Boddie, Miss Annie Petty, and Mr. Jackson, except for whose untiring efforts and kindly supervision this volume would not have been possible. They also wish to offer their sincere thanks to Miss Lee for the sketch used in the Pageant department, to Miss Mendenhall for her appreciation of Dr. Chas. D. McIver, to Miss Annie Petty for her article on the Library, to Mr. Smith for his tribute to Mr. Gray, and to all those members of the Faculty and other interested friends who have given valuable information about the old days. Lastly, the thanks of the Board are due the whole student body for financial support, and especially is the Board indebted to those students who have so cheerfully contributed to this Book.



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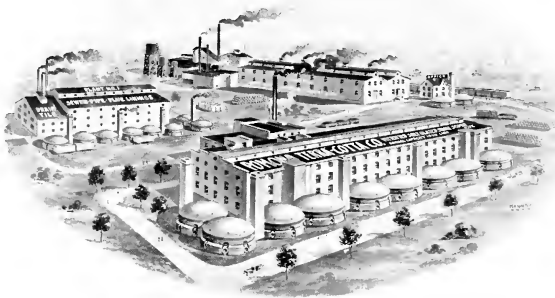
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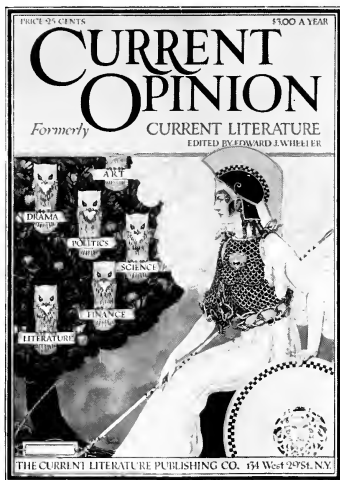
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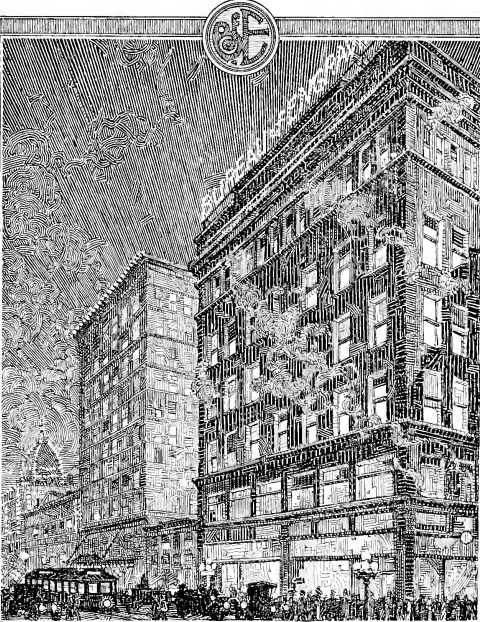
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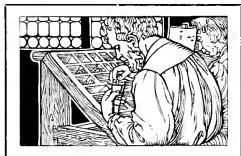
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